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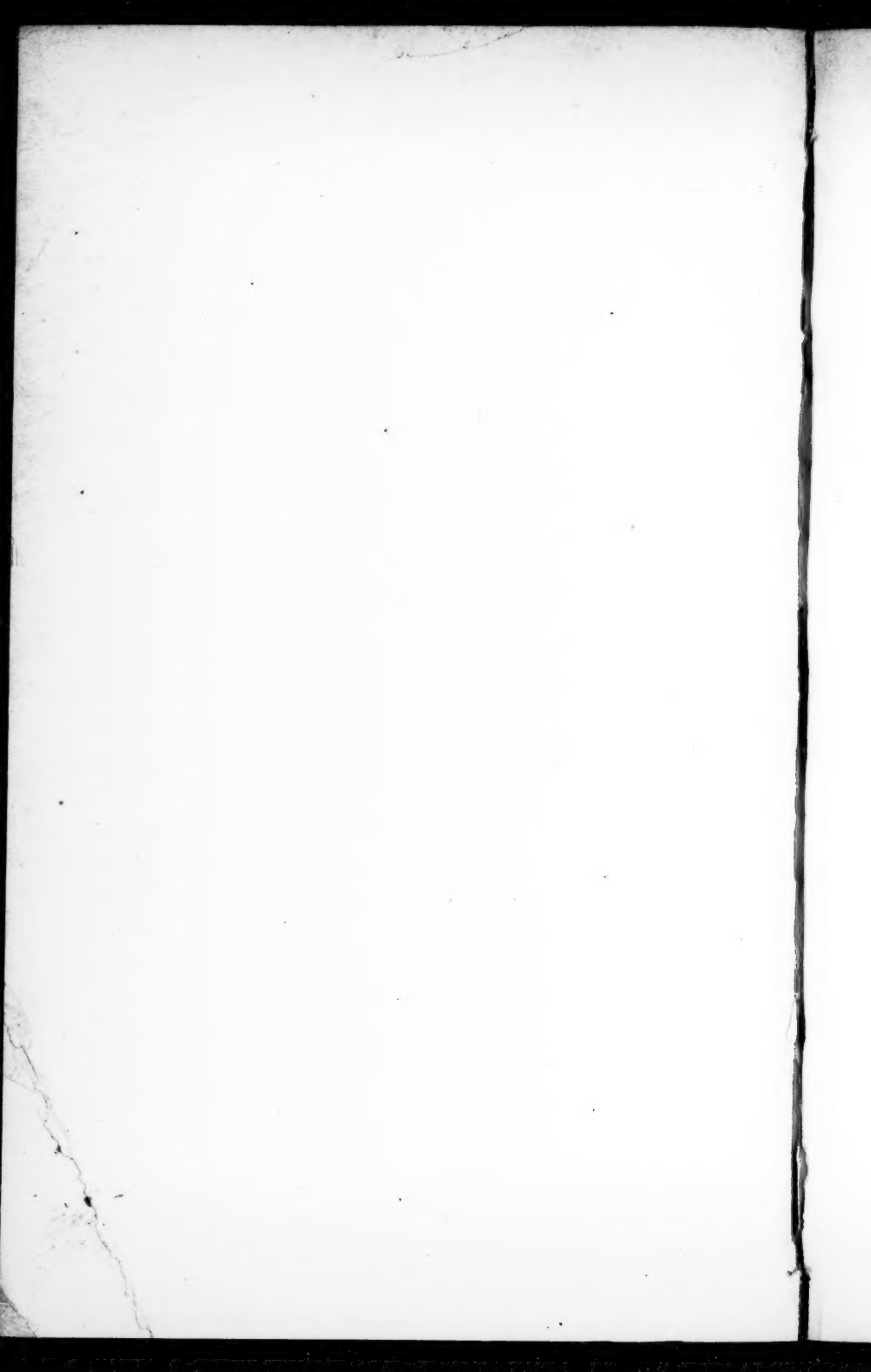
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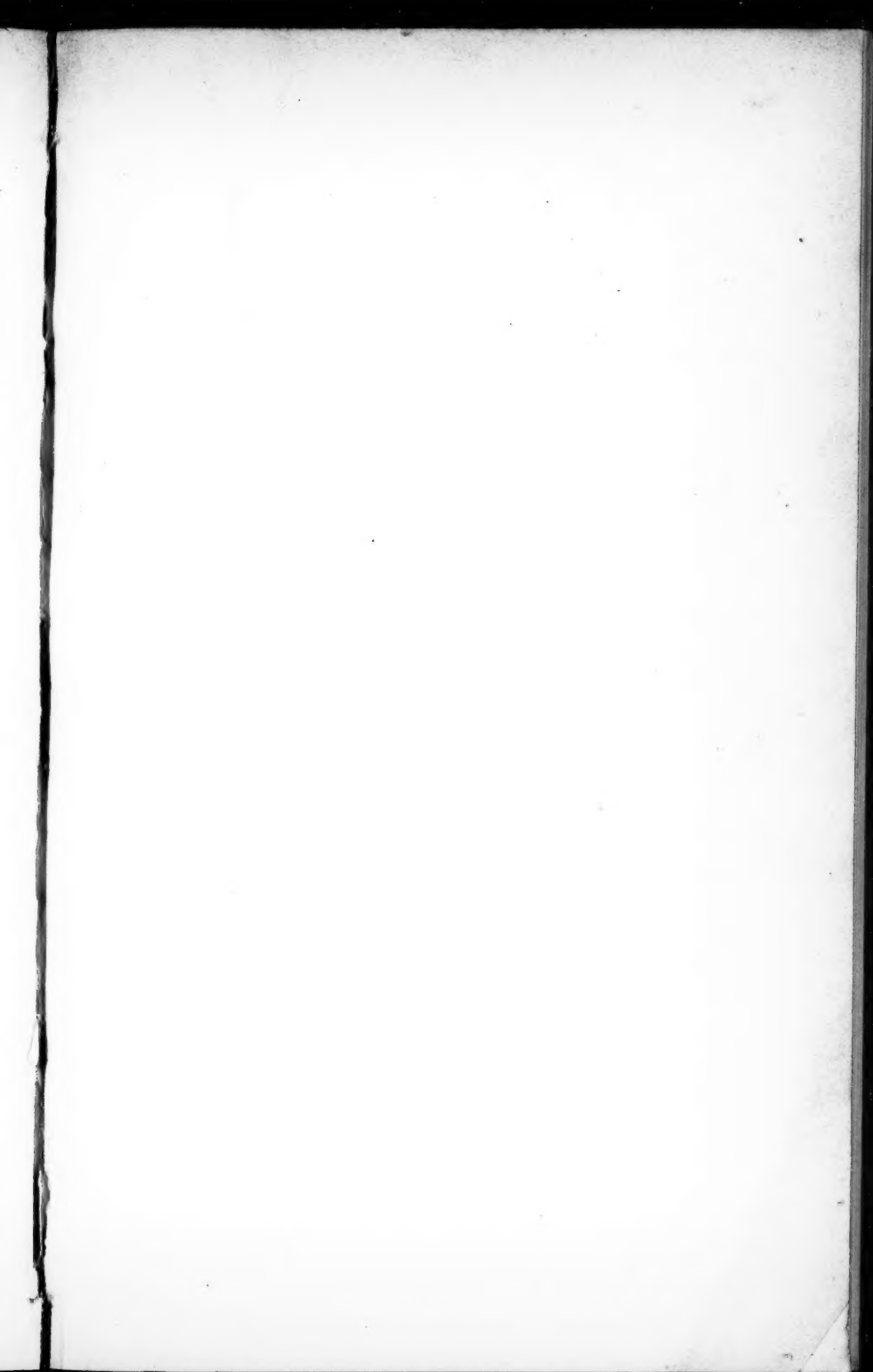
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AMONG the heroes who have done the greatest service to their race, it is hardly paradoxical to assert, that the thanks of the world are chiefly due to those who have most boldly ventured to differ from it. If the evils of obstinacy be placed in the scale against the perils of innovation, it needs but little study of history to show that the former have been far the more pernicious of the two. Since, on most questions, the verdict of the world is as likely to be wrong as to be right, and since on almost every question that is open to doubt we, as Englishmen and Christians, are persuaded that the majority of mankind are in the wrong, it follows that great benefactors must generally be great innovators, and that in most disputed points the *primâ facie* presumption ought to be in favour of change. Doubtless, in practical matters, conservatism has merits of its own. But it is in intellectual questions that the world is most prone to obstinacy; and it is in these questions that obstinacy is sure to be most fatal. Rashness may lead to error, but prejudice cannot possibly lead to truth. "Ever regard your friend," said the old proverb, "as a man who may one day be your enemy." Ever support your opinions—so we may safely amend the maxim—as judgments which you may one day have to impugn.

The domain of theology supplies a striking proof of the truth of these assertions. It is impossible to deny that scriptural criticism in the last few years has received far more from the enemies than from the friends of a rigorous theological con-

servatism. Whether orthodox views be true or not, it is not orthodox divinity which has brought about the vast progress that has been lately made in the knowledge of Sacred Writ. So it has been from the earliest ages of the faith. St. Paul was more than suspected of heresy when he offered the Gospel to the Gentiles. All the superstition and tyranny of which the church has been guilty has been due to its conservative champions; every step of progress has been first trodden by one who refused its yoke. It surely is more than a chance coincidence that the first known commentary on Scripture, the first extant canon of the sacred books, even the first virtual assertion of their inspiration, are all from the hands of heretics. A Protestant church should deal but little in anathema, which remembers that the first protest for freedom of private judgment came from the heretic Luther. In modern times, the task of "searching the Scriptures" has been preëminently the work of writers who have bowed with some reservation to their authority. "The Bible as it is, and its interpretation as it was!" Such, if we may parody a modern party watchword, is the rallying cry of too much English divinity. It is a maxim from which little light can spring, and in which all superstition may lie hid. In the stir and tumult of critical controversy, amid the harvests of fresh knowledge that are springing up in Germany and England, in face of the patience, zeal, and courage of the pioneers of theological labour, a large party of our churchmen claim ostentatiously, like the faded constitutionalists of France, to have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing. And yet action is so much better than inaction, progress than inertia, that knowledge is cheaply purchased at the risk of some rash caprice. Let men have freedom of inquiry, of speech, and of thought, and leave the consequences to the future. The first article in the creed of every friend of intellectual progress should be, that conservatism in intellectual questions is the head and front of error.

It must needs be that offences come in the march of theological belief. Chiefly, however, because it will in the end be serviceable to the cause of peace, we must welcome the publication of Bishop Colenso's book. The mass of Englishmen of the middle class, though they care little for the refinements of controversy, care a great deal for the authority of a bishop. Heresy under episcopal sanction is a species of heresy which men will readily pardon in themselves, and easily accept in others. The infallibility of the historical details of Scripture is a dogma under the yoke of which generation after generation of Englishmen have groaned, and which it requires but a few bold leaders

to enable them to shake off. To advance in the path of veritable unbelief, to battle with what seem the injunctions of religion, to push liberty in the face of all that tradition renders venerable,—this is what men must now learn to do, and what they need help in doing. The arm that wields but a lawn sleeve carries a strong weapon for the consciences of timid men. A bishop sets out at once with two advantages. He is sure to obtain a hearing, and he is sure to be fairly heard. Ordinary men have said the same things before to an indifferent public: the step which the bishop took last year has long ago been taken by most educated men. But no voice had yet been heard from the seat of the elders to reassure the timid and the wavering, and critics might criticise in vain. *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*: the pagan casuist has started the English reformation of belief. When the time is ripe for a great movement, it needs but a trifle to give the first feeble impulse; the energy that has been accumulating through years of enforced conformity, and the progressive tendencies of the age, will be enough to do the rest.

We spoke of the English reformation. The surrender of scriptural infallibility will come, to many minds, as a shock no less tremendous in its issues than that which came from the surrender of the infallibility of the church. And yet our generation will have to bear it as surely as the years advance. Delay it by thunders of Convocation, impede it by the persecution of its over-restive champions, fetter it with legal restraints,—the waves of the sea can as well be stopped as the tide of advancing thought. It began to flow on the Continent soon after the great Reformation; and in Germany its strength has long carried all before it. From the days of Grotius to our own, there has been a series of liberal thinkers, of acute reasoners, of patient workers, who have left but little for Englishmen to do but to follow in their steps. Michaelis, Eichhorn, Rosenmüller, Gesenius, De Wette, Tuch, Bunsen, Ewald,—these are the men who have raised Old-Testament exegesis to the position which it holds at present; and with these there can be matched among our own divines but the solitary name of Lightfoot. When the long peace brought in renewed intercourse with the Continent, and such writers as Schulz and De Wette became more known to Englishmen, the criticism of the sacred records first took root in this country. On a firmer basis than that of last century, and with finer and keener tools, the work was begun and carried on. Forty years ago there was hardly a book of critical theology in England which deserved the name. Year by year more has been known, and more has still been sought. A better acquaintance

with the Bible is a fit preliminary to a freer use of it. It may be that we are ready now; that the authority which an age of ignorance possibly found necessary, and which has been long rejected by the most earnest and laborious students, may at last be removed from all. Yet orthodoxy seems disposed to treat the forward step of the Bishop of Natal with as loud a peal of execration as that which rang from the cloisters of the monastery of Tours, when the unflinching Bishop of Lyons, a good nine centuries ago, lent all his wicked influence to the appalling but successful blasphemy, that the sacred penmen, in composing their inspired treatises, had not invariably adhered to the ordinary rules of grammar.

The question that the students of Scripture have for some time put to themselves and to one another is, Has the time come for speaking out? It is our belief that it has. It becomes more and more impossible every day to screen a conviction of the mistakes contained in the Bible by a general profession of reverence for its majesty and beauty. We are not speaking of what we do not know, when we assert that a general liberty to profess such views as those of the Bishop of Natal would be hailed with delight by numbers of half-hypocritical students,—clergymen and laymen alike,—who at present are contented to wait and see their liberation coming, and are afraid to raise a hand to seize it. The *Essays and Reviews*, with all their faults of rudeness and rashness, did this great service—that they raised the public from its slumber. As an instance of progress hardly less remarkable than that of Bishop Colenso, we may take a writer whom he frequently quotes on the reactionary side of the debated questions. Seven years ago Dr. Kalisch published his Commentary on Exodus; and with considerable ingenuity, and apparent candour, he defended the authority of the text, and refuted the objections of adversaries. Three years later Genesis appeared; and in the preface appears this remarkable passage: “The conviction of the surpassing importance of the book has strengthened us to face the numerous difficulties of a conscientious interpretation.” In other words, the author had made up his mind to speak out. And the difference in value between the two Commentaries is such as might have been expected from the change.

The most curious feature of the book before us is the *naïveté* with which the bishop sets out on his errand of convincing the public of its folly: “Go to,” he seems to say; “I will change the theology of my country.” But it is the good fortune of a writer in his position that his very faults will be

serviceable to him. What is wanted at present is, not a treatise for converting the learned,—the time for that is long past,—but a manifesto for enlightening the multitude. The popular tone assumed, the candid detail of the progress in the author's mind, the very pettiness and almost ludicrous minuteness of some of the arguments, will be as useful weapons as any that could be employed for the special task in hand. The bishop attaches importance to trifles—so do the less instructed of his hearers; he deals with the simplest forms of thought—so do the uncontroversial middle classes of his countrymen; he repeats himself again and again,—it is the very way to gain over a listening crowd. The book is essentially popular. That a priest cannot eat eighty-eight pigeons every day, is just the kind of solid fact which will fasten itself in the apprehension of the vulgar. Stated as a mere jest, it would be repelled with disgust by a nation which, beyond all things, hates a scoffer; stated with earnestness, sanctioned by character and position, enforced in a spirit of reverence and religion, it must be fatal to ideas of Mosaic accuracy in the minds of most of its readers. The bishop's friends have done wisely in making no attempt to represent him as a luminary of scholarship. Two years ago he confesses that he did not know what books to read on the subject; early in his work he shows his appreciation of the modern lights of English theology by quoting Scott and Pool; and his present idea of the extent of his field of labour may be gathered from his ingenuous statement, that as soon as he has settled the interpretation and status of the Old Testament, he intends, in the same spirit of straightforward inquiry, to proceed to the criticism of the New!

If asked for a candid judgment on the merits of Dr. Colenso's work, we should say that, in the first place, we are considerably surprised that its author should have done so little; and, in the second, that we are still more astonished to find how well he has done it. This book may be said to have proved the occasional inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative with the same completeness, and with very much the same method of argument, as that by which Blunt, in his *Coincidences*, proved their occasional accuracy. Of the tone and temper in which the book is written, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is courteous, truthful, and reverent. To speak without shocking the deepest feelings of others ought to be no more impossible in a theological than in a political partisan; and though it is not always the most reverent advocates who have most served the cause of truth, none other will ever powerfully sway the opinions of the bishop's countrymen. In well-bred

courtesy, in the absence of contemptuous or malicious invective, the author is equally happy. The mutual recriminations of theologians have long been the disgrace of the study which they pursue; and they are not confined, as the bishop seems to imagine, to the conservative cause alone. He instances Hengstenberg as a flagrant offender on the orthodox side; and perhaps he might have quoted that author's mention of Strauss as a man who wrote his *Life of Jesus* to "gratify his evil passions," as the furthest point to which the *odium theologicum* can carry the most malicious though the dullest of partisans. But though the orthodox offend most, and though not an abusive word will be found in the pages of the best of the liberal theologians of England, yet there are others who are not free from blame. Dr. Davidson has no hesitation in charging Keil with dishonesty; and the Rev. Rowland Williams cannot be said to err on the side of considerate gentleness.

The thesis which Bishop Colenso maintains is, that the statements of the Pentateuch are in great measure not historically true. He is particular in his choice of words; and it will be observed throughout, that, much in the same way as Ewald, for fear of being misunderstood, forbore the use of the word "myth" in his treatment of similar subjects, and as we shall in these remarks abstain from speaking of "inspiration," our author has in no case characterised the story as "fictitious." He is no doubt aware that he is treading on delicate ground. It cannot be too carefully pointed out, that no two questions could be more distinct than these—Did the author write what is true? and, Did he intentionally write what is untrue? We shall have occasion hereafter to consider the answer to these questions; at present we will endeavour to analyse accurately what it is that the bishop says. His chief arguments, condensed, are the following:

1. Judah was forty-two years old when he went down to Egypt, and was yet old enough to have great-grandsons (by Tamar), who went down with him.

2. It being premised that the number of the Israelites at the exodus, computed from the Mosaic statements, exceeds two millions, the court of the tabernacle could not have held them all, as it is said to have done.

3. With the same premisses, Moses could not have read the law to all the people.

4. Again: the huge camp must have rendered the duties of the priest (carrying out the offal, &c.) impossible.

5. Two numberings distant in time by half a year give identical results.

6. Premising as above, how were the necessary 200,000 tents made and carried?

7. This vast host has arms, and yet is in panic-terror of Pharaoh; or else is not armed, and yet vanquishes the Amalekites.

8. The account of the institution of the Passover is utterly inconsistent with so great numbers, dispersed as they must have been.

9. The same impossibility applies to the march out.

10. The enormous flocks and herds can have had no subsistence in the desert.

11. The danger apprehended from the increase of the "beasts of the field" in Canaan is chimerical, on the hypothesis of so large a population.

12. The small number of the first-born contradicts the large number of the whole.

13. These large numbers could not have been produced in four generations from seventy men; especially, for example, the Danites and Levites.

14. There were only three priests, with duties enough for three hundred.

15. The account of the war on Midian involves (besides its cruelty) a host of improbabilities and inconsistencies.

Such are the point-blank arguments of the bishop; and we must acknowledge that they are, on the whole, well worked out and very clearly presented. The most striking are those which we have numbered 8, 9, 10, 13, and 15. Whenever something is to be said which admits of plain matter-of-fact treatment, some common-sense inference, some broad telling statement, the bishop is in his element. How grandly he brings his Natal experiences to bear in the following examination of the march out!—

"As we have seen, this large number of able-bodied warriors implies a total population of at least two millions. Here, then, we have this vast body of people, of all ages, summoned to start, according to the story, at a moment's notice, and actually started, not one being left behind, together with all their multifarious flocks and herds, which must (§ 73) have been spread out over a district as large as a good-sized English county. Remembering, as I do, the confusion in my own small household of thirty or forty persons, when once we were obliged to fly at dead of night,—having been roused from our beds by a false alarm, that an invading Zulu force had entered the colony, had evaded the English troops sent to meet them, and was making its way direct for our station, killing right and left as it came along,—I do not hesitate to declare this statement to be utterly incredible and impossible.

Were an English village of (say) two thousand people to be called suddenly to set out in this way, with old people, young children, and infants, what indescribable distress there would be! But what shall be said of a thousand times as many? And what of the sick and infirm, or the women in recent or imminent childbirth, in a population like that of London, where the births are 264 a day, or about one every five minutes?

But this is a very small part of the difficulty. We are required to believe that in one single day the order to start was communicated suddenly, at midnight, to every single family of every town and village throughout a tract of country as large as Hertfordshire, but ten times as thickly peopled; that, in obedience to such order, having 'borrowed' very largely from their Egyptian neighbours in all directions (though, if we are to suppose Egyptians occupying the same territory with the Hebrews, the extent of it must be very much increased), they then came in from all parts of the land to Rameses, bringing with them the sick and infirm, the young and the aged; further, that, since receiving the summons, they had sent out to gather in all their flocks and herds, spread over so wide a district, and had driven them also to Rameses; and lastly, that having done all this since they were roused at midnight, they were started again from Rameses the very same day, and marched on to Succoth, not leaving a single infirm person, a single woman in childbirth, or even a 'single hoof' behind them!

Such is a fair specimen of the work,—manly, ingenious, sometimes superficial, always popular. But the bishop is quite as successful in his stray shots as in his grand broadsides. A mere suggestion here and there is thrown in, which is fully as damaging as his strongest direct accusations. He presents a picture of an advocate who has a good case to take up, and an average jury to persuade. He has mastered his brief well, knows its strong points, understands the men he is talking to, lets slip no advantage, and ends by creating an impression on his hearers which a far abler or more subtle pleader might strive in vain, with all his ingenuity, to produce. As it is, he makes few blunders; but it may fairly be said, that if his book had been more learned, it would very probably have been less effectual.

There is one observation which will have at once occurred to every one who has perused even a summary of the book. Almost all the *direct* arguments (from 2 to 14 in our list) proceed on the assumption of the genuineness of the numbers mentioned in the sacred record. It seems at first sight a small peg on which to hang so large an argument. Let us examine it. Six hundred thousand fighting men implies a population of two millions and a half, which renders the facts of the history impossible, as very many even of the orthodox will grant. But they urge that the numbers are exaggerated by the mistakes of the copyists.

To this it is replied, that the numbers are consistent with one another, and that this consistency spreads over many chapters, and is involved in many calculations. There is method in the madness. But the defenders of the Pentateuch reply,—It is possible that in some one or two verses an error may have crept in, and that succeeding copyists, perceiving the discrepancy, may have felt the necessity of making an alteration, and altered all the other passages to suit these, instead of altering these to suit the others. Such is the ground taken up by many defenders of Old-Testament accuracy. We cannot say that we think the supposition impossible, though, even granting, for argument's sake only, that the rest of the narrative is accurately true, the present numbers divided by ten will by no means meet all the difficulties. But though not impossible, it appears for several reasons to be extremely improbable.

In the first place, the hypothesis assumes that the alteration in the numbers would be merely that of the transposition of the vowel-points, or of the substitution of one letter for another. But to suppose this, is to suppose that the Hebrew system of numeration was similar to the Greek and Roman. There is no proof that letters were used as numerals in the Hebrew Bible; and written numbers cannot so easily be altered by mistake. In the 11th of Judges Jephthah is made to say that his ancestors lived in cities east of the Jordan three hundred years. It has been plausibly conjectured that the word 'years' was originally 'cities,' the two in the original being not utterly dissimilar; and the statement as it now stands is in flagrant contradiction to the book of Joshua. But with the present reading, what was there to prevent a scribe from altering the numeral three hundred to correspond to the facts of the case, if numerals were so easy to alter? The fact that such a change was never made, even under so strong a temptation as this, goes far to prove that the theory of the errors of copyists is very far from valid. In the second place, the exaggeration in numbers is not confined to the Pentateuch. We can more easily suppose that the 600,000 fighting men were the product of the compiler's enthusiasm, when we see a king of Israel slaughtering in one day 120,000 men of Judah and taking as many more captive; or remember the famous battle in 2 Chron. xiii., in which more than a million men are on the ground, and half a million on one side alone are killed. Nor can it be urged that the chronicler alone is given to exaggeration; for the Benjamite army in Judges is given at above 40,000 men, and David slays in a subsequent book a like number of Syrian horsemen. The fact is, that to any one who considers how inexact, in respect of numbers and of rhetorical

exaggeration, the oriental mind has always been, it will appear superfluous to attempt an explanation of the marvellous figures of the Pentateuch. Every one knows the story of the Persian sight-seer in London, and the letter he wrote home to his friends, describing the wonders he had seen. He goes to the Opera, and relates enthusiastically how before each box were forty chandeliers, in each chandelier fifty branches, in each branch four lights. He is taken to Vauxhall: in every walk he meets with ten thousand beautiful hoursis. At King's College each successful prizeman is applauded by the forty thousand spectators; at Astley's fifty thousand ladies enchant him with their imposing loveliness. This is no mere parody. His Royal Highness Najeef Koolée Meerza thus wrote his journal exactly twenty-six years ago. Was this exaggeration intended to deceive his friends? or was it not rather the mere vagueness of detail, which is sure, in the absence of critical education of mind, to colour every statement in which effect is cared for chiefly, and rigid accuracy despised?

It does not, then, appear necessary to suppose that the numbers in the Pentateuch have been tampered with. Whether it was wise in Bishop Colenso to rest so much of his argument on ground which afforded any plausible evasion may fairly be questioned; though he might possibly reply that his object is almost gained if he can establish the fact that the present statistics of Exodus are not reliable. However this may be, it must not be forgotten that there is a second volume to come, and one which deals, if we are rightly informed, with many topics, of which, from the pages now before us, we should have imagined the author to be at the moment in profound ignorance. The hypothesis of two or more original documents,—the "Elohistic" and "Jehovistic" narratives,—which is supported by almost every biblical scholar of modern times, is never alluded to in the volume; and perhaps the same explanation may account for the fact, that the bishop certainly takes many results for granted which are at present far from established. Thus he adopts the shorter period of 215 years as the limit of the sojourn in Egypt; whereas he must know that the scriptural statements are contradictory, and that the number 430 is that which is most explicitly given, and is supported by the authority of the best modern commentators—Ewald, for example. He neglects, in his criticism on the Exodus, the vexed question of the identity of Raamses and Rameses; in his discussion on the "tents" of the Israelites, he forgets that both the words 'booths' and 'tents' may be and are used in Scripture for almost any kind of dwelling;—a mistake which Professor Stanley himself falls into, when he infers the nomad character of the tribes of

Reuben and Gad from the use of the word in relation to them. The simple fact, that in 2 Sam. xi. 11 סָבִיב is used with no reference to boughs of trees, and that אֶהְיֶה expresses, in Psalm lxxviii. 51, the abodes of civilised Egypt, establishes a looseness in the usages of the words which effectually prevents any hostile argument drawn from the inconsistency of the two. In a few questions, such as the number of the first-born, the bishop limits his reading to a very few, and those not the most successful, of the commentators on the orthodox side. More plausible explanations could in more than one case be given than those which he has selected to refute. But it is by no means to be inferred that the volume is carelessly put together, or that it is liable to such charges as those which have been brought against it in the pages of some of the conservative journals. To one of them we cannot help referring, because it is more foolish and ill-mannered than any thing that we ever remember to have seen as proceeding from one who claims to be considered a learned divine. The Rev. T. B. McCaul declares, in a letter to a "religious" paper, dated November 6, that on opening Dr. Colenso's work he was truly astonished. "The book I found to be full of the most astounding inaccuracies and ludicrous mistakes. I confess that I felt devoutly thankful to see the nature of the objections which were brought against the historic truthfulness of the sacred writers. Take, for example, chap. vi. of Dr. Colenso's treatise. His palpable ignorance of the Hebrew idiom is calculated to excite a titter amongst true critics, to whatever shade of orthodoxy or unorthodoxy they may belong, all over the world. Foreigners will ask, Can it be possible that the author of such sciolistic trash is a bishop of the far-famed Church of England?"

For this charge the sole foundation is a supposed mistranslation by the bishop of Levit. iv. 11: "The skin of the bullock, &c. . . he shall carry forth without the camp:"—rather, we should say, his acquiescence in the supposed mistranslation of the English version. Mr. McCaul continues: "The word which we have translated 'he shall carry forth,' is in the original (*vehotzi*) 'he shall cause to go forth,' i.e. have conveyed. It is the Hiphil, or causative conjugation of the verb *yatza* = *exivit*. A very pretty specimen of scholarship this to go forth to the *savans* of the civilised world."

So writes the champion of the Mosaic narrative. We have above urged the importance of courtesy at all hazards towards opponents. But if ever we were tempted to break the rule, it was when we read a criticism of so intolerable an audacity as the above. Mr. McCaul is right in his statement about the general

sense of the Hiphil conjugation, though if he means to assert that the Hebrew conjugations are invariably constant in their meaning, his knowledge of the Hebrew language must be far smaller than his name would have led us to expect. But will it be believed that the word in question is not a difficult and unusual, but a very common one; that no one ever dreamt of giving it any other meaning in this passage but that of the English version; that it occurs in numbers of passages where it could have no other possible sense; that Gesenius, the first lexicographic authority, recognises it as unquestionable, and that he only allows a causative meaning in one single passage of the Old Testament, and that one in which a causative meaning is neither obligatory nor, indeed, in our opinion, probable?*

It has been said above, that the hypothesis of a systematic alteration in the numerals of the Pentateuch cannot be absolutely and certainly disproved. But that such a hypothesis would be fatal to Dr. Colenso's objections must not be for a moment allowed. Divide the numbers by ten, and a few of them—as, for example, the discrepancy with regard to the first-born—will fall to the ground; but the most serious of them will still remain in force. It is nearly as difficult to believe that each priest ate eight pigeons a day as that he ate eighty-eight. A nation 250,000 strong is not too large to conquer the tribes of Palestine; but it is far too large to allow the details of the day of the exodus to be believed in their literal sense. It is as impossible to kill 100 lambs a minute as to kill 1000. And, to speak candidly, the enormous numbers agree far better with the whole tenor of the record than their tenth part would. Fourteen thousand die in the plague which followed Korah's sin; twenty-four thousand in that which the intercourse with the Midianites provoked. The Egyptians, their enemies, were strong, and we may well suppose them numerous; but God increased his people exceedingly, says the Psalmist, and made them stronger still. The stars of heaven, the sand by the sea-shore—such are the comparisons which fill the mind of the writer. And when the Mesopotamian prophet comes to curse the chosen people, he goes from peak to peak of the mountain range before he can exhaust the views of the wide encampment. Who could count, he cried, the dust of Jacob, or the number of the fourth part of Israel?

Such arguments as those drawn from the incredibility of

* Since the above was written, Mr. McCaul's second letter has come before us. He supports his charge of gross ignorance against the bishop by trying to prove that in three instances, out of nearly three hundred, the word may perhaps be used in a different sense from that in which the bishop uses it!

the numerical statistics are fully sufficient for the purpose with which the Bishop of Natal writes; the purpose, that is, of rousing ordinary people to a truer conception than they have yet entertained of the character of Old-Testament history. But with thoughtful men—with those who are prepared to judge candidly, and who at the same time can rate arguments at but their fair value—these are not the considerations that are likely to have the greatest weight. In our opinion, the human character of the details of the narrative is made most probable by their anthropomorphism, their incomplete ideas of morality, and, more than all, by their triviality.

Triviality is the strongest charge which the assailants of Bishop Colenso bring against his work; and there is no more telling accusation which he may fairly urge against the superhuman authority of the books about which he writes. The bearings of the charge are worth some attention. The Bible asserts what is impossible, says our author, when it declares that the Israelitish priests went through some specified enormous labour. The most powerful of his assailants replies, with apparent force, "Do not take the awful step of discrediting Scripture on so frivolous a pretext as this!" Let us, above all things, be logical. No argument can be affected in its cogency by the magnitude of the issue at stake. We declare that an inconsistency or impossibility, be it upon a great subject or a small, proves historical error; and it proves it exactly as much in the case of a scriptural statement as in that of a newspaper narrative. To say that a critic attacks Divine Writ with an argument about pigeons, is an unfair way of putting the fact before the public. The critic is not attacking Scripture; he is asserting one view of it, and not another, to be the true one. And though the argument be about pigeons, it is all that he can possibly need if a statement about pigeons can be proved to be unhistorical. That some of the bishop's objections may be frivolous, we are not bound to deny: to amass small cavils is a temptation which every one who enters upon this field of labour well knows that it is extremely difficult to resist; and objections on the score of armour used against the Amalekites, when we hear of no armour before, or a monstrous assembly in a courtyard, which by a free interpretation may be easily stripped of its absurdity, are weak, not because they deal with small subjects, but because they deal with them in a manner that is inconclusive and conjectural. But some of the bishop's reasonings are clear, precise, and cogent; and the charge of triviality must therefore utterly fail. When retorted upon the Pentateuch itself, and the miraculous authority which is claimed for it, it becomes penetrating

and fatal. God has given us powers of judging and appreciating; and to require us to believe that his special, awful, and eternal sanction rests on the statement that Ahira was the son of Enan, is to ask us to believe that which our sense of proportion and our ideas of his majesty cannot but reject and deny.

Before going further, let us make one observation. We do not claim for ourselves, or for the critical school of interpreters, any infallibility. We do not stigmatise the defenders of the old views as idiotic, or their arguments as necessarily futile. We believe conscientiously, and after no light examination, that the new views are the true ones, and that they will prevail. But if any one with his eyes open, and after discarding prejudices and fears, believes that the statement that an omer is the tenth part of an ephah bears the impress of superhuman direction, or that the details of the childbirth of Tamar are profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, we will say no hard words. We will judge them as we hope to be judged. And we hope to be judged as men who, in the sight of Heaven, and with conscience void alike of insincerity and irreverence, desire to find the truth.

Do these five books invariably state what is exactly true, or do they not? Dean Alford, in his *Prolegomena* to the New Testament, takes, as an example of the differences of the four evangelists; the several versions which they give of the inscription on the cross, and argues that their claim to perfect accuracy is disproved by their inconsistency. Such an argument is good as far as it goes; but it only extends in this case to perfect verbal accuracy. It does not affect the meaning; and in the New Testament there is, as far as we know, only one instance of an apparent positive contradiction in respect of fact—we allude to the accounts of the Passion Week—which no harmonist has been able satisfactorily to reconcile. But many such instances occur in the Old Testament: the books of Chronicles are full of inconsistencies with other books, so marked, that they are by modern critics commonly attributed to design; and we find it impossible to doubt that distinct contradictions also occur in the earlier books. We have selected some twelve, the greater number of which have been already pointed out by previous critics, and offer them without detailed argument, and in the briefest possible form. Many, indeed most, of them have been already propounded, discussed, and “refuted;” they are repeated here on the distinct ground that such refutations have not appeared satisfactory. If in each of the following instances one of the two statements is wholly true, inspired directly by the very Deity, what is to be said of the other?

(a.) Ex. xvi. Aaron lays the pot of manna before the testimony, *i. e.* the two tables: in Ex. xxxiv. the tables are made long afterwards. The same implicit contradiction occurs in the mention of the shekel of the sanctuary, before the sanctuary existed.

(b.) Ex. xvi. the quails are sent before Sinai: in Numb. xi. after Sinai. This points to the theory of two documents, as also does (d).

(c.) Numb. xx. the Israelites were refused a passage through Edom: in Deut. ii. 29, the contrary is stated.

(d.) In Ex. vi. 3, God is said to have been known to the patriarchs as El Shaddai, and not as Jehovah; yet in Gen. xxii. Abraham names a place Jehovah-jireh.

(e.) Ex. xx. sabbath ordained to commemorate the creation: Deut v. to commemorate the deliverance from Egypt, it being expressly stated that "he added no more."

(f.) In Exodus the duties of the Levites are very subordinate and distinct: in Deuteronomy the distinction nearly vanishes, and the priests are even called Levites.

(g.) In Gen. xlix. the separation of the Levites is represented as a punishment: in Deut. x. as an honour.

(h.) In Numb. viii. they were appointed at Sinai: in Deut. x. not till afterwards.

(i.) Numb. xiii. 18, the first-born animals are to be eaten by the priests: in Deut. xv. 20, by the owners.

(k.) Numb. xxxii. 41. Some villages are named after a son of Manasseh: Judg. x. 4, after one of the judges.

(l.) Numb. xxi. the Israelites take all the towns of the Amorites and Bashanites, and leave not a man of the tribe alive: in xxxii. some of them have to do it over again.

(m.) Ex. xii. 40, the sojourn in Egypt was 430 years: from a comparison of Ex. vi. 18, 20, and vii. 7, it must have been less than 300.

These are not important inconsistencies; they impair very slightly the value of the narrative. But they seem to indicate that infallibility is not to be looked for. So, too, some of the etymologies given in the course of the story may be fairly pronounced to be mistaken: as in the case of Moses, a word really Egyptian; Noah, which is ungrammatically formed; woman, *אִשָּׁה*, which in all probability has no etymological connection with *אִישׁ*, man, as Gen. ii. 23 implies; Cain, which can hardly be derived from the root implying "acquisition." So, too, those parts of the legislation which are contrary to political economy, as the law of usury; or to medical science, as certain directions in Leviticus, which will be hereafter noticed. How unimportant

these things seem! But is it idle to bring them forward as arguments? Is not the idleness rather on the side of those who charge the Deity with the special direction of these minutiae? No blame to a man for mistaking the derivation of a word; but why constitute the Father of Spirits its author and champion? Let us recognise in all that appeals to our hearts and consciences the voice, the influence, the inspiration, from which every good and perfect thing proceeds; in what deals with genealogies and dates and marches, the traditions of the race and the speculations of the scribe, let us perceive the human hand. To humanise the divine is irreverence; but to deify the human is idolatry.

The theory which assigns the Pentateuch to two or more authors, accounts for the inconsistencies it contains, and implies no bad faith in the writers. It may be convenient to some readers that we should state precisely what the view held by most modern critics is, and what are the chief grounds on which it rests. The "documentary hypothesis" is based on the fact, that the "books of Moses" may be broken up, though not with perfect clearness, into two series of fragments, distinguished by the names Elohim and Jehovah, applied by each severally to the Supreme Being. Critics believe that they can detect a different tone and purpose running through each of these; and there is perhaps a third hand, if not still more, to be discerned, besides these primary two. Hence are supposed to arise the duplicate and slightly-varying stories of the Creation, of Abimelech and Sarah, of the flight of Hagar, of the water at Meribah, of the manna, and others. This view is corroborated by many slight variations, which can hardly be classed as inconsistencies. In Ex. vii. the Passover begins the year; in Ex. xxxiv. 22, the harvest. In Ex. vi. 20, Amram marries his aunt, which the Levitical law forbids. In Ex. vi. Hebron has no sons; in Numb. iii. he has. In Deut. the law is given from Horeb; in Ex. and Lev. from Horeb or Sinai indifferently. In Ex. and Numb. the names of Zipporah's father are hopelessly confused, except on the hypothesis of two authors. The legislation in Deut. is full of kings and prophets, neither of which offices are hinted at in the other books. We need not multiply such instances; but a further argument is to be found in the abrupt transitions which repeatedly occur in the narrative.

The adherents of this view generally suppose that the fragmentary traditions and documents of the race, including perhaps some genuine Mosaic compositions, and, as in Gen. xiv. xxxvi., a few non-Israelite documents, were collected by the Elohist early in the kingly period of the Jewish history, and by the Jehovist

somewhat later. The author of Deuteronomy cannot have lived till a rather late period,—according to Ewald in the reign of Manasseh, according to Bunsen in that of Hezekiah; but the exact time at which the Pentateuch took its present form can only be a matter of conjecture. Such is, in general terms, the prevailing theory. It is not indisputable; we are aware of the arguments on the other side, and some of them are strong; but, on the whole, the weight of proof seems overwhelming on the side of a late authorship. The best of Jewish commentators, Aben Ezra, long ago submitted to its force. Let us attempt a summary of the evidence; premising, at the outset, that the arguments derived from a consideration of the language of the books are nearly equally balanced on each side. In the first place, then, the manner of several passages is that of a writer who lived later than the scenes he describes. “And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness they found a man . . .” is not the tone of a contemporary writer. “The Lord said unto Moses, Write this in a book,” seems to imply that Moses was not the author of the whole. In Gen. xii. 6, “the Canaanite was then in the land;” hence when the book was written he had been extirpated. The description of its king without any protest against his appointment could hardly have been written while the theocratic idea was in its full strength. Again, we find allusions to subsequent events in such passages as Deut. ii. 12: “. . . dwelt in their stead; as Israel did unto the land of his possession, which the Lord gave unto them;” and xxviii. 68, “shall bring thee into Egypt again *with ships*.” It is difficult to see how Shiloh could be mentioned before the people had reached it; or Laish be spoken of as Dan many years before the colony of Danites occupied the place, a fact virtually anticipated also in Joshua in the position which the tribe of Dan occupies in the enumeration. But more important still is the absence of allusions to the Pentateuch under circumstances which, supposing it in existence, would seem almost to necessitate a reference. If the law of Deut. xvii. 14-20 were extant in the time of Samuel, nothing, it has been well remarked, could possibly have been more appropriate than a reference to it. But what are we to say to the flagrant and almost numberless transgressions of the positive commands of the law by men of good and bad reputation alike, under circumstances of all possible variety, and without the smallest hint throughout that a solemn ordinance was being violated? If there is one injunction in the Pentateuch more emphatically pronounced than the other, it is that which is directed against the assumption of the priests’ duties by any but themselves. The sacrifices are to be offered only at one place;

the sons of Aaron alone are to officiate, and the Levites alone to minister. So strict is the law, that Korah, a Levite, even a Kohathite, dies because he covets the dignity of the sons of Aaron. Now compare this with the practice. In the days of Joshua himself a sacrifice is offered at Bochim, though the tabernacle was not there. Later, Gideon, a Manassite, sacrifices at Ophrah; Manoah, a Danite, at Zorah; Micah (whom Hengstenberg accordingly calls a villain) at Mount Ephraim; and the whole people at Bethshemesh and Gilgal. Samuel, whether Ephraimite or Levite, was no priest, and yet he offered sacrifice repeatedly, and in many places. In 1 Sam. xiv. 32, every man is directed to offer a victim for himself. David, of the tribe of Judah, offered sacrifice, though he asked the priests for oracles; he made his sons priests, and Adonijah sacrificed, and Solomon; and when he offered burnt-offerings at the threshing-floor of Araunah, the wrath of Heaven was appeased. As Professor Stanley significantly remarks, "the national religion, down to the time of Hezekiah, may almost be said to have been a religion of high places." Is it conceivable that these men should have known the law, and yet so wantonly transgressed it? Is it possible that the last mentioned can have known—or if they knew it, is it possible that they can have fulfilled—the statute that every king should have a copy of the law written out for his especial use? No less direct are the violations of the law by the earlier prophets who called for the destruction of Edom, though Deut. xxiii. 7 expressly forbids it; and by David and the priests in the slaughter of Saul's unfortunate sons, in face of the distinct command that the iniquity of the fathers shall not be visited on the sons. Surely the natural explanation is, that the law did not then exist in its present state. Lastly, the late date of the composition of the Pentateuch seems proved by such poems as the blessings on the tribes, Moses and Miriam's song, and perhaps Balaam's prophecy. Some readers may be inclined to refer the coincidences which these exhibit with the history of the Israelites to the predictive powers of those in whose mouths they are placed. But when Jacob is made, in blessing his sons as they group around him, to refer to the geographical position which their descendants shall occupy, and the names of their sacred towns; when Miriam, rejoicing after the escape from Egypt, turns her thoughts at once to the temple at Jerusalem which, centuries after, was not yet in existence; when Moses, in blessing the tribes, gives Dan for its locality not the district which it occupied by Joshua's award, but that which it did not seize till after the generation to which he spoke had passed away; and when Balaam, not content with promising the victories of

David, makes historical allusions to subsequent events so minute that we can now form no guess as to their meaning,—we begin to feel that a prophecy, which must have been a simple riddle to the hearers, would not fulfil much of the work which the office of a prophet implied, and that such vaticinations are far more probably to be laid to the account of that poetic instinct which sometimes clothes past ages with the vivid reality of the present, and often delights in endeavouring to contemplate the glories and troubles of the present from the romantic distance of the past.

That the Pentateuch as it now stands was not the work of the Mosaic age, and that it contains some evident inaccuracies, is, then, the result of an attentive criticism of its contents. It follows that we have a right to consider it freely. And now, what reason is there which obliges us to look at it as of a totally different nature, as belonging to a different order of literature from the literature of any other country? It is different in many respects, no doubt. It has a higher antiquity, imparts more valuable information, and is inspired with grander ideas. But why should it be different in kind? It is written in human language, reveals human sympathies and passions, embodies human imagination and poetry. The thoughts of other nations in the earliest ages clothed themselves in legend: why should we not allow that those of the Jews did the same? “The ass said unto Balaam,” “*Bos locutus*,”—where is the wide interval between the two assertions, beyond the fact, which we readily allow to the credit of the Jew, that his representation of the marvellous times of old bears a higher stamp of moral and religious earnestness? The gradual change in the tone of the earlier books of Scripture is exactly similar to that of the primitive records of all nations; it begins with pure myths,—surely few will deny that the material Garden of Eden, with its apples of knowledge and of evil, is, whatever its import be, a *myth*,—some idea of good and evil, happiness and sorrow, enshrined in a framework of physical and unreal circumstances. Gradually it advances through the legendary stage, where true and solid history is blended with the subjective colouring of a period which thinks it unsuitable to the dignity of past ages to represent them as exactly like the present; finally, it comes down to the stage when facts are given as they are, with only the errors that accident or imperfect information introduces. How genuine, how real, the offspring of the national mind appears, if viewed in this light! No one who has not tried can tell the delight with which the critic, when he has once thrown off the cramping influence of a fancied superhuman infallibility, enters into the study of the sacred narrative, as something with which he can freely sympathise; and sees in

the early history of the Hebrew race a field for the exercise of all the ingenuity, patience, and skill, which the stories of Greece and Rome have for ages monopolised to themselves.

Jacob, when dying, had Joseph's sons brought before him; Ephraim was the younger, and Manasseh the elder; but the patriarch crossed his hands when he blessed them, and gave Ephraim the birthright before his brother. So it runs in the early traditions of a race of men like ourselves. If stated in the pages of a heathen poet or annalist, we should know how to interpret the story, and we should fix no stigma in our minds on the veracity of the age that produced it. When it comes before us in Genesis, what are we to say? If we are bound to take it as literally true, we read it, and wonder, and pass on. But if no special interpretation or passive acquiescence is prescribed, we may then give it a life and meaning: we may find in it some allusion, it may be, to the fact that Manasseh was the most important tribe at the outset, but was eclipsed by the rising greatness of Ephraim; we may trace its issue in the division of the "eldest" tribe, the varied pursuits, the diverging dialects of the two, their jealousies and fratricidal wars, the dramatic story of Abimelech, the perplexing language of the Psalms.* In which view is the Bible more worthy of study? Balaam's ass, says the book of Numbers, spoke with human voice. With reverence for the Almighty Power which gave us our intellectual faculties as well as our religious instincts, we think it more probable that this quaint legend arose at a later day, from some tradition at which we cannot even guess, than that an ass did really speak as a man. Are we profane for saying so? and are Tholuck and Hengstenberg pious, who conservatively interpret in the very teeth of the narrative itself, and, afraid of sinning against common sense, afraid of impugning the dogma of infallibility, pronounce the scene a vision? It is a question, say Dr. Colenso's opponents, of vast importance. We allow it. That the ideas of Christian men and women of our age should be limited by the thoughts and assertions of the writers of the Pentateuch cannot be lightly thought of. The authors of these books thought that the God of all the earth showed part of his body to Moses. They thought that he commanded the destruction of fifty thousand Midianites, reserving for the priests a number of virgins, which an accurate calculation shows to be just fourteen to each. They thought that he gave directions for ascertaining a fact by evidence of a certain kind, which medical science has proved to be quite inconclusive. They thought that he allowed a slave to be beaten

* Ps. lxxx. 1, 2. The less obvious of the references at the end of this paragraph are to Deut. xxii. 13-21 and Levit. xxvii. 28.

almost to death. On man, and not on God, let us charge these errors. Before a Creator whose goodness is over all his works, a Redeemer who receives the penitent, a Sanctifier who gives purity and courage, we reverently bow the head. In a God who walks in the garden in the cool of the evening—in an Almighty Spirit who gets worsted in a physical wrestling-bout—in a Father who commands human slaughter, if not human sacrifice—we cannot and will not believe.

But our Lord gave his sanction to the belief in the truth of the books of Moses. This, it is plain from all that we have heard and seen of the present controversy, is the real ground of the distrust commonly felt to the advanced school of Biblical criticism. It is a difficult question to handle; and it is one which it is impossible to settle by abstract and metaphysical discussion alone.

The argument seems to be this. Every thing that is reported by the Evangelists as having been spoken by our Lord must be absolutely and perfectly true, admitting of no artificial interpretation, no theory of accommodation to the hearers, or acquiescence in the thoughts of the period, no "explaining away." Now our Lord says that "Moses wrote of me." Therefore the "books of Moses" were actually written by him, and no one else; and—though the argument here becomes less cogent—they are infallible *throughout*.

Early in the history of Hebrew literature, a kingly poet, on one special occasion, found himself almost overwhelmed by reflection on the greatness of God and the littleness of man. He saw every where evidence of a power immeasurably above his own, and gazed with wonder and awe at the puny race to whom the Most High yet deigned to declare his majesty, and even in part to delegate his government. He looked on their ways and doings, and then, in sublime adoration, his thoughts rose up to the glorious universe which the very Godhead filled, the heavens, far above him, which were once the work of his fingers. *Of what!* Can we have read rightly? The eternal Being, whom no human thought can embrace,—the awful Presence, before whom angels veil their faces,—the God of the spirits of all flesh,—does he work with a man's joints and nerves and sinews? The answer is obvious. David so spoke because it was natural to him to speak thus, and other language would have seemed unnatural to his hearers. He did not mean that his words should be taken in a rigidly accurate sense; he meant to convey an idea to his countrymen, and he chose the expressions which they knew, understood, and valued. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the explanation, and nothing would

be more harsh than to expect that the Psalmist, whatever might be the nature of his inspiration, would speak differently. That his words were an instance of simple and natural "accommodation," we shall fully agree in concluding with the most orthodox interpreters of Scripture. We have only, then, to remark that our Lord himself uses the very same expression in the 20th verse of the 11th chapter of St. Luke. "In a metaphorical sense." No doubt; in a sense, that is, in which the words are not to be taken as implying exactly what their obvious and literal acceptation would involve.

Now let us look at the passages upon which this controversy turns. "When Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart." No one will deny that "the books of Moses" was the term by which the Pentateuch was known to the Jews. He was the subject of those books; and gradually, though not, as far as we can tell, till a late period, the idea sprang up that he was the author too. We, too, speak of the book of Joshua as the book which tells of Joshua's doings, without reference to the question of authorship. "For Moses declareth the righteousness," &c. That is, the book of Moses does so. What other term was St. Paul to use, even supposing, what we could not grant seriously, that St. Paul was omniscient in matters of literary criticism, and was perfectly aware who it was that penned the very words? If an angel from heaven were to come and speak of the Sonnets of Anacreon, or the Second Epistle of St. Peter, we should not think him bent on deceiving us, on the ground that neither poems nor epistle were, in all probability, written by the authors whose names they familiarly bear. "Moses hath in every city them that preach him." The same argument holds good. "If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me." We say, with confidence and with seriousness, that it holds good still. "He wrote of me." The emphasis, it will be remarked, is on the last word of the sentence, not on the first. The sentence does not mean that the author of the Pentateuch distinctly and lucidly composed certain writings on the professed subject of our Lord's person; it means that the bearing and aim of what he wrote was towards Christ's kingdom and revelation. If such be the case, as it clearly is, why should one word of the sentence be forced into rigid accuracy more than the rest? Moses wrote of me: that is, the "books of Moses" implicitly contain what points to me. There is no more forcing of an unnatural sense here than there is in the explanation which we are compelled to put upon the phrase "the finger of God."

Do we, then, mean to assert, it may be asked, that the earlier books of the Jews are a mere tissue of fable and falsehood? Certainly not. No race has given to the world such insight into primitive history, or inspired it with so lofty a religious spirit. Compare it with the Vedas; the early traditions of a race akin to ourselves are worthless by the side of the records of this Semitic people, whose history is the only history, and their poetry the only poetry, that millions of Christians have ever read or heard. Four thousand years ago, one family, the sons of Abraham, who traced their origin to the plains of the Euphrates, separated themselves from the Canaanites, perhaps their kinsmen, and carved out a history for themselves. All we know of their religious institutions at that early period is, that they, with some few others, of whom but a trace is left, served the most high God. The necessities and chances of an Arab life made them dwellers for a time in Egypt, the land of civilisation and culture. Of their hegira from that house of bondage, the genius of their leader, the rapid organisation which he planted among their still half-savage tribes, the wild life which they led for years in the country south and east of Jordan, the long struggle by which they won their land,—tradition only, which yet left the name of Moses to lie dormant among them for centuries, and a few fragmentary documents, preserved the marvellous record. But it was handed down among them with a fidelity which lasted through centuries of trouble and anarchy, that the God whom they served had led his people like sheep, and done wonders in the field of Zoan. It is this belief, this determinate monotheism, the sacred heirloom of the tribe, which gives to the political history of Israel its wonderful charm and interest. For a change came quickly over the temper of the nation. In what way the kingly spirit and the centralising tendencies of the priesthood struggled against the old simplicity of worship and government, we have but here and there a trace. In the conflicts of Samuel and Saul, maintained in spirit through generations of kings and prophets, we have these two elements at work—the element of political order and religious ordinance, and the element of patriarchal loyalty to the theocracy. David, the most wonderful character of Jewish history, after long warfare, and not without the aid of foreign body-guards, usurped and held the kingdom, and to some extent reconciled the two. But succeeding ages show the same struggle again. Ceremony and system—the Scylla of a nation which is in peril of losing the early vividness of its faith—battled with fanaticism, its Charybdis. Priests against prophets,—we know which side our European sympathies will take. Not that the priestly spirit

had not its good side; it was for political progress, for order, for literature. The devotional spirit, which it combined with its own ritualism and engrafted on the fervour of its opponents, shows itself in the loftiness of Jeremiah, and the impassioned oratory of Deuteronomy. But the prophets were the salt of the Hebrew nation. When liberal alliances would have endangered the faith of the nation, these aristocrats of religious purity denounced them in words of fire. When a corrupt priestcraft held up its sacrifices and cleansings for a people to fall down and worship, it was they who tore the veil from its hypocrisies, and claimed the sacrifice of the heart. And in the end, when the miserable and defeated nation saw no hope or refuge left for their ambition, and were ready to bow down to the idols which it had been their ancestral mission to denounce, it was they who held up Messianism before their weary eyes, that never-failing solace of the oppressed, and even dared to proclaim, in lieu of their earthly sovereignty, a spiritual supremacy of the world, and a kingdom that should never pass away. So runs the history of the race who seem, more than all others in the world, to have lived indeed in earnest. They are our religious forefathers; their old records have a meaning for us, and the very poetry which colours them is almost sacred to our eyes. To condemn them to oblivion would be to sacrifice much more than the mere tale of the journeys and battles of a tribe. They are the treasures of a nation of whose mission in the world we ourselves have reaped the fruit. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!

And yet Christianity, civilisation, labour, have educated us to see the defects of what we so highly prize. We miss, as it is natural we should, severity of historic truth in a nation in whom the critical faculty absolutely had no existence; and we detect unworthy ideas of the Deity and his government in the writings of men whom it needed a higher faith to purify and exalt. The result is, that of the exact nature of the events recorded, the historic reality of many details, the extent to which fact has become mixed with legend, we must patiently remain in ignorance. A "mythic" theory has tried to sift this, as other narratives, and failed; pure rationalism has tried, and with no better success. No one who has studied Exodus with care will deny that much of it is true. A conscientious inquiry makes it evident that part of it is not. Where the line is to be drawn, how far we may implicitly trust the record, no labour can with certainty determine. Here, as elsewhere, the truest philosophy will be the first to confess its own impotence.

There is one school of writers from whose enervating in-

fluence English theology may specially pray to be delivered. Open intolerance, stubborn prejudice, are obstacles which may be attacked with simple arguments, and from a sure footing. The most useful auxiliary to the cause of reactionary interpretation is that tone of mingled patronage and contempt which implies an involuntary respect for the theories to which outward circumstances alone necessitate an apparent opposition. There are some writers whose views are just liberal enough to add additional zest to their hatred of intellectual thoroughness. So far as they know the truth, the truth has made them slaves. It is a poor compromise between conscience on the one hand and literary obligations on the other, to imply an obscure assent to an opinion, and make up for it by abusing its advocate. Writers in such a position are forced into a dogmatism which betrays itself by its very acrimony. To urge that Dr. Colenso's book is worthless because some texts are quoted inaccurately, shows feebleness of judgment. To infer that because he states questions in detail, his arguments must therefore be superficial, indicates want of logical power. To blame the bishop for publicly supporting a view, and at the same time to hint its truthfulness, is an inconsistency which argues either dulness or hypocrisy, or both. Such writers may be simply told, that the contempt which they profess recoils on them with augmented force from the candid students of theology. Even their half-hearted and disguised support brings little credit to the cause of honesty and courage. Not with such weapons as these, nor with such champions to lead the fight, is the battle of progress and of religious liberty to be fought.

The mass of Englishmen would be surprised if they knew how tumultuously the spirit of rebellion against religious dogmatism, and specially the dogma of biblical infallibility, is seething in the breasts of men who yet shrink from notoriety and the odium which it brings. As a body, the educated world has discarded these notions already. Among the younger generation of students the Bible is freely regarded as open to unfettered criticism. It is only in public and in print that they fear to be candid; among one another they take the question for granted. Religious liberty is the watchword of the tacit understanding which prevails in literary society on the subject. For severe criticism all men have not the leisure or the inclination; but upon the right to criticise, and the general result of this particular discussion, the writers and thinkers of the nation are in an accordance of which the dogmatists little dream. It is not a healthy state of things. It is a bad thing that the students should be so far ahead of the actors in the world; and it presses

with a terrible weight upon those who are newly setting out on the path of study. The sense of encountering at every onward step the mandate of opinion and authority, the consciousness that the road to biblical investigation is paved with anathemas, bears more heavily on the candid inquirer than we care to picture. For that terror, that agony, which rolls with overwhelming pain upon so many minds when they first are forced to examine the truth of what they have been taught, the fatal prejudices of past generations are responsible. Perhaps there is no suffering in the world more keen than that of religious doubt. May Heaven forgive those who, by overloading belief and stifling inquiry, make its pangs more severe! "A shell shot into the fortress of the soul! Cast it out!" cries episcopal placidity. "Doubt manfully on, till labour brings conviction!" we reply. He who despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful, will care as much for the distresses of honest scepticism as for the panics of startled orthodoxy.

"These difficulties are left as a trial of our faith." From our childhood up we have ever regarded *that* as a cruel and wicked fallacy. Doubts are to be solved either by intellectual or by moral means. If by intellectual reasoning, the issue cannot depend upon religious faith; if by moral determination, we reject with all the emphasis of which we are capable the doctrine, that there is any other virtue which can enter into the examination of a controversial problem than honesty, energy, and perseverance. Yes; perhaps they are given to us as a trial of faith, to see if we have strength to work them out. That courage and trust can be but faint which shrinks from inquiry from dread of its uncertain issue. Let us repay God's gift of intellect by honest and trustful use of it. Fear indeed hath torment; but perfect love casteth out fear.

There are some who look into these questions, some who read this treatise of the bishop, who will feel, as they concede a reluctant assent to its arguments, that the prop of life has suddenly been taken from them. They will think, sadly enough, that if the Book on which they have learnt to depend for strength and solace is now withdrawn from their adoration, there is nothing left to fill its place. For years perhaps they have hung on its pages with rapture; they have yielded implicit obedience to its laws; they have fled to its promises for comfort; they have trusted to its sentences for wisdom. Now it seems as if a heartless criticism were stepping in between them and their God, and robbing them of all that is precious in the world. As the awful divinity of its pages seems to fade away, they fancy that

the air they breathe seems colder, and the scenes they gaze upon less bright. The newer interpretations may be true, the old theories may turn out mistaken; but it is all that they have had to bear them through the manifold trials of life. Like Sir Bedivere, they seem to step onward into a world that knows them not.

“And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

So be it. God fulfils himself in many ways. To such as these a superhuman record may have been the fit instrument to lead them through the perilous journey of the world; none the less must those who live with the labours of the past and their own consciences to guide them tread boldly wherever their judgment leads. The camps are not hostile; the paths are not divergent. Or, if human passions and the ignorance that is in us bring trouble and enmity for a time between those who profess each to fight for truth, there is yet a unity that lies deeper than their differences; there is a harmony which in the sight of Heaven their discords cannot avail to drown; there is a sympathy which, beyond the feuds of criticism and the jarring subtleties of debate, binds in one those who labour for the same high calling, and name the same holy name.

ART. II.—ORLEY FARM.

Orley Farm. By Anthony Trollope. Chapman and Hall. 1862.

M. FORGUES has recently taken occasion, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to express, under the unflattering title of “*Dégénérescence du Roman*,” his views as to the present state of English fiction, and the future prospects of English morality. As he grounds his opinion in the one case on a survey of about a dozen of the most worthless stories of the day, and in the other on the revelations of Sir Cresswell Cresswell’s court, it is natural enough that the account which he gives of us should be of a somewhat gloomy and humiliating character. With perfect good humour, and with a polite vindictiveness, the fruit evidently of prolonged provocation, he turns the laugh of his audience against the affected severity of our social code, the delicacy of our taste, and the boasted prudery of our literature. British mothers, he says, look upon a French novel as “the

abomination of desolation," and British youths veil their faces in pious horror before the innuendos of Paul de Kock, the eager voluptuousness of Dumas, or the ingenious impurity of Ernest Feydau. And yet, continues our frank monitor, England stands a good chance of descending from her pinnacle, and proving herself, in outward demonstration, no better than her neighbours. Such exposures as the Windham trial show that profligacy is much the same on one side of the Channel as the other, and the activity of the Divorce Court bespeaks an unhallowed restlessness in the matrimonial world. On the other hand, free trade is likely enough to extend from material to intellectual productions: along with the vintage of Bordeaux and the silks of Lyons, the sturdy Puritans are day by day imbibing the lax notions of less austere communities; and England, whose *métier* it has been to lecture the rest of Europe on improprieties, already possesses a race of novelists who want only the liveliness of their neighbours and the tricks of the trade, to be as viciously entertaining, and to gratify their own and their readers' improper cravings and unchastened sensibilities, by delineations as daring, a levity as complete, a license as openly avowed, as any thing that Eve's latest and most degenerate daughters can pluck from the fruit-trees of forbidden knowledge in the lending libraries of Paris.

Such a work as *Orley Farm* is perhaps the most satisfactory answer that can be given to so disagreeable an imputation. Here, it may fairly be said, is the precise standard of English taste, sentiment, and conviction. Mr. Trollope has become almost a national institution. The *Cornhill* counts its readers by millions, and it is to his contributions, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the reader first betakes himself. So great is his popularity, so familiar are his chief characters to his countrymen, so wide-spread is the interest felt about his tales, that they necessarily form part of the common stock-in-trade with which the social commerce of the day is carried on. If there are some men in real life whom not to know argues oneself unknown, there are certainly imaginary personages on Mr. Trollope's canvas with whom every well-informed member of the community is expected to have at least a speaking acquaintance. The disappointment of Sir Peregrine, the boyish love of his grandson, the conceited transcendentalism of Lucius Mason, the undeserved prosperity of Graham, the matrimonial troubles of the Furnival establishment, and the high life below stairs to which Mr. Moulder and his travelling companion introduce us, — have probably been discussed at half the dinner-tables in London, as often and with as much earnestness as Royal Academies, International Exhibitions, the last mail from America,

Sir William Armstrong's newest discovery in the science of destruction, or any other of the standing conversational topics on which the conventional interchange of thought is accustomed to depend. The characters are public property, and the prolific imagination which has called them into existence is, without doubt, the most accurate exponent of the public feeling, and of that sort of social philosophy which exercises an unperceived, but not less actual, despotism over the life and conscience of every individual who forms a unit in the great aggregate of society. More than a million people habitually read Mr. Trollope, and they do so because the personages in his stories correspond to something in themselves: the hopes, fears, and regrets, are such as they are accustomed to experience; the thoughtfulness is such as they can appreciate; the standard of conduct just that to which they are prepared to submit. It becomes, therefore, an interesting inquiry to see what are the principal characteristics of an author in whom so large a section of the community sees as it were its own reflection, and who may himself unhesitatingly be accepted as the modern type of a successful novelist:—how far are we justified, with *Orley Farm* in our hands, in rebutting M. Forgues' accusations, and in maintaining that neither in literature nor morality has the period of English degeneracy as yet commenced.

One part of the charge may, we think, be very speedily disposed of. If the popularity of the portrait is the result of its truthfulness, and English life is at all what Mr. Trollope paints it, whatever its other failings may be, it is at any rate a very correct affair; writer and readers alike look at the performance from a strictly moral point of view: there is a general air of purity, innocence, and cheerfulness. The Bohemians that now and then flit across the stage are the tamest imaginable, and are only just sufficiently Bohemian to be picturesque without violating propriety. There are occasional villains of course, but they seem to belong to an outer world, with which the audience has so little in common that it can afford to treat their crimes as a matter of mere curiosity. The low Jewish attorney, the brass-browed Old Bailey practitioner, Mr. Moulder in his drunken moods, Dockwrath in his revengeful spite,—are none of them models of what gentlemen and Christians should be; but they are never brought sufficiently near to display the full proportions of their guilt, or to suggest the possibility of contamination. The real interest of the story is concentrated upon well-to-do, decorous, and deservedly prosperous people, who solve, with a good deal of contentment and self-satisfaction, the difficult problem of making the most both of this world and the next.

The family of the Staveleys is in this way perhaps the most characteristic group which Mr. Trollope has as yet produced. They are thoroughly successful, and their success is well deserved; they have a calm, well-ordered, and healthily unobtrusive religion; they are quite above intrigue, shabbiness, or malevolence. Lady Staveley is a model as wife, mother, and mother-in-law; and Madeline, though she falls rather more precipitately in love than that *bien rangée* young lady should, is on the whole just such a daughter as a Lady Staveley would wish to have. The Christmas party at Noningsby could have been written only by a man who had experienced and appreciated the enjoyment of a well-ordered, hospitable, unpretentious country-house, where there are plenty of children, wealth enough to rob life of its embarrassments, simplicity enough to allow of a little romping and flirtation, and where every member of the family is on confidential terms with all the rest. Among the guests are a vulgar scheming young woman, the daughter of a London barrister; a nice simple lad, heir to a neighbouring baronet; and Felix Graham, clever, talkative, and agreeable, but ugly and penniless, and encumbered moreover with "an angel of light," in the shape of a young lady whom he has rescued from poverty, supplied with the rudiments of education, and promised, some day or other, to make his wife. Every thing is, however, perfectly innocent; and Graham, having been guilty of nothing but a generous indiscretion, proceeds forthwith to throw the angel of light into the background, and to fall in love with the young lady of the house. There are Christmas games in the evening for the children; and Graham is selected by one of them as her champion, and effects on her behalf a successful raid upon the snap-dragon, over which Miss Staveley is presiding as ghost and dragoness.

"'Now Marian,' he says, bringing her up in his arms.

'But it will burn, Mr. Felix; look there, see, there are a great many at that end. You do it.'

'I must have another kiss, then.'

'Very well, yes, if you get five;' and then Felix dashed his hand in among the flames and brought out a fistful of fruit, which imparted to his fingers and wristband a smell of brandy for the rest of the evening.

'If you take so many at a time, I shall rap your knuckles with the spoon,' said the ghost, as she stirred up the flames to keep them alive.

'But the ghost shouldn't speak,' said Marian, who was evidently unacquainted with the best ghosts in tragedy.

'But the ghost must speak when such large hands invade the caldron;' and then another raid was effected, and the threatened blow

was given. Had any one told her in the morning that she would that day have rapped Mr. Graham's knuckles with a kitchen-spoon, she would not have believed that person. But it is so that hearts are lost and won."

All the point in this sort of scene depends on the innocence of the performers; and it is because Mr. Trollope can manufacture passages of the kind in any quantity required, that he has made himself the favourite writer of the day. The people on whose behalf he interests one are thoroughly sterling, warm-hearted, and excellent. Every body would be glad to spend Christmas at Noningsby, to go for a walk on Sunday afternoon with the good-natured old judge, to have a chat with Lady Staveley, and to receive a rap on the knuckles from Miss Madeline. What every body would be glad to do, every body likes to read about, and hence a universal popularity without either an exciting plot or forcible writing, or the least pretence at real thoughtfulness, to support it. Contrast Mr. Trollope in this respect with such a writer as the author of *Guy Livingston*, his superior certainly in melodramatic conception, in vivid scene-painting, brilliant dialogue, and in familiarity with several amusing phases of life. Not all the ability, however, of *Guy Livingston* and its successors can force them into popularity against the steady dislike and disapproval which their loose tone excites. Throughout them there is an aroma of indelicacy, a half-admiration of profligacy, a familiarity with crime, which an English audience finds it impossible to forgive. There are, no doubt, sets of people whose proceedings and sentiments they correctly represent; but the great mass of readers regard them with aversion, and if they consent, for the sake of an amusing story, to make a transient acquaintance with the personages who play it out, accord them no welcome to their memories, and reject the whole picture as a libel upon modern society. When M. Forgues assures us that we are corrupt, and that our novels prove it, it would be enough, as regards this country, to contrast the fate of such books as *Sword and Gown* with that of *Orley Farm*, and, with respect to France, to remind him that such a volume as has within the last few weeks proceeded from the pen of M. Edmond About, at one time the most decent as well as the wittiest of his profession, would be unhesitatingly refused admission to every English library or railway-stall, and would certainly forfeit for its author not only literary reputation and general popularity, but would make him an outcast from all respectable society.

But if we reject the imputation of one kind of degeneracy, it should be admitted that the success of Mr. Trollope's school of writing suggests the possibility of another. Such delineation

tions are, to say the truth, but very low art; and while they do not corrupt the morals, they may degrade the tastes, and foster the weaknesses of those for whose edification they are contrived. Mr. Trollope, it has been truly said, is a mere photographer; he manipulates with admirable skill, he groups his sitters in the most favourable attitudes, he contrives an endless series of interesting positions; but he never attains to the dignity of an artist. He has a quick eye for external characteristics, and he paints exclusively from without. He does not make us intimate with his characters, for the excellent reason that he is very far from being intimate with them himself. He watches their behaviour, their dress, their tone of voice, their expression of countenance, and he makes very shrewd guesses at their dispositions; but there is a veil in each one of their characters, behind which he is not privileged to pass, and where real conceptive genius could alone suffice to place him. Almost every nature has depths about it somewhere, with all sorts of moral curiosities at the bottom, if one has plummet deep enough to sound them. It is the inclination to do this, and the mental energy to do it with ability and discrimination, that constitute poetic power, and which give to writers like Charlotte Brontë or the authoress of *Adam Bede* so deep a hold over the interests and affections of the reader. When they have finished a portrait, one seems to have seen it through and through: it is a conception, created in their minds and brought visibly before their readers, by scenes so contrived as to bring the most secret passions into play, "to try the very reins and the heart," and to show the true nature of the actor more clearly even than he sees it himself. Mr. Trollope sets to work in quite another fashion. He arms himself, in the first place, with a number of commonplaces on religion, morals, politics, social and domestic philosophy. These supply his theory of life, and beyond them, in his most imaginative moments, he never raises his eye; but, accepting them as a creed, and as the ultimate explanation of all around him, he watches the society in which he lives, and elaborates a series of complications, which interest, partly from the sympathy one feels for pretty, nicely-dressed, and well-behaved young ladies, and partly from a natural curiosity to see how the author will get himself out of the scrape into which the evolution of the story has brought him. This sort of writing can never produce a profound emotion, and leaves us at last with a sense of dissatisfaction. Mr. Trollope himself seems to feel that it falls short of the requirements of a real emergency, and screens the defect by implying conversations, feelings, and expressions which he does not choose precisely to delineate. It is precisely these that we want to have, if we are to care in the

least about the characters of the tale, and in their absence we feel a void exactly proportionate to the interest previously excited. Take, for instance, the case of Lady Mason: nothing could be more exciting than the position assigned to her. She is beautiful, engaging, refined; an old country gentleman of high standing is her accepted lover, and she has just confessed to him that she has for twenty years been living on the proceeds of perjury and forgery, for which she is about, in a few weeks, to be brought into a court of justice. Sir Peregrine Orme, who was to have been her husband, sees of course the impossibility of his marriage; and Mrs. Orme, his widow daughter, and Lady Mason's confidential friend, proceeds to offer advice, consolation, and forgiveness. "Many," says Mr. Trollope, "will think that she was wrong to do so, and I fear it must be acknowledged that she was not strong-minded. By forgiving her, I do not mean that she pronounced absolution for the sin of past years, or that she endeavoured to make the sinner think that she was no worse for her sin. Mrs. Orme was a good churchwoman, but not strong individually in points of doctrine. All that she left mainly to the woman's conscience and her own dealings with her Saviour, merely saying a word of salutary counsel as to a certain spiritual pastor who might be of aid. But Mrs. Orme forgave her as regarded herself."

This seems to us about the most feeble way of getting through a striking scene that it is possible to conceive, and the suggestion of calling in the clergyman puts the finishing touch to the "mildness" of the whole. Contrast it, for instance, with the description of Miriam and Donatello, in *Transformation*, after the commission of the murder, or with that of the heroine of the *Scarlet Letter* after the discovery of her guilt. It is mere trifling to slur the scene over with hack religious phrases, to send for the parson just as one would for the parish engine, and calmly to pretermitt the exact tragical *dénouement* to which the whole story has been leading up. Later on in the book we have a glimpse of the sort of consolation which, we suppose, the "certain spiritual pastor" administered on his arrival. "No lesson," the author more than once informs us, "is truer than that which teaches us that God does temper the wind to the shorn lamb." A shorn lamb! and this of a woman whose whole life has been one long lie, whose every act has been studied for a hypocritical purpose, and who is driven to reluctant confession at last, not from any sudden conviction of guilt, not because she finds the burden of her solitary crime becoming absolutely intolerable, not because in an agony of fatigue and remorse she tears off the mask she has worn with such suffering endurance, —but because she is not wretch enough to incur the infamy of

involving a noble old man in the disgrace and ruin which she knows, and which other people know, is shortly about to break upon herself.

There are, no doubt, people going about the world with secrets locked up in their hearts, to the safe custody of which, as of some ferocious wild beast, their whole existence is devoted. The Spartan lad with the hidden fox gnawing his flesh is probably no exaggeration of the agonies they endure, and the heroic self-restraint which concealment necessitates. "Let the great gods," cries Lear in the thunder-storm,

"Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life!"

The tragedy of such careers is a dark one, and the artist who essays to paint it must be prepared with a courageous hand, intense colouring, and shades and lights in more striking contrast than are to be found in the mere conventional routine of ordinary society. Hypocrisy is a painful trade, and must make itself felt over an entire character, where once its employment has become essential. Lady Mason, after twenty years of it, would have been something very different from the calm, handsome, well-dressed, but impressible and half-coquettish woman to whom Mr. Trollope introduces us. Her experience would have put her beyond the reach of such gentle ministrations as Mrs. Orme's, and would have made it impossible for her in the crisis of her fate to behave like a silly impressible school-girl. Imposture "should be made of sterner stuff," and the sternness should be evidenced by a resolution, a courage, prepared nerves, a daring spirit, a readiness to run risk and encounter disaster, such as we find no trace of in Mr. Trollope's creation. Repentance, when it comes, must be the result of something more than accident, and remorse, if it is to be real, must require deeper comfort than little bits of texts, pet curates, and pretty proverbs.

How tragical does such a position become in the hands of a really pathetic writer! Who has not almost shuddered at Hood's description of the utter isolation, the nervous watchfulness, the growing horror of the secret criminal living alone amid the crowd of innocent school-boys?—

"Peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red."

Eugene Aram lives in one's thoughts as a reality; Lady Mason fades into indistinctness as soon as Mr. Millais's pretty sketches of a graceful sentimental woman, always *bien mise* and always in an appropriate attitude, have ceased to enlist our sympathies or arouse our curiosity.

But if Mr. Trollope's position in the artistic world is not very high, it is to this very circumstance that he probably owes much of his reputation. He travels with great agility, it is true, but never in a region where the million readers of *The Cornhill* find the least difficulty in following him. He paints life in its easy, superficial, intelligible aspects. Felix Graham and Lucius Mason, who are intended to be originals, deviate in no essential quality from the ten thousand other young men who might with equal propriety have been introduced to fill their place. Lucius is on the whole a greater fool than Graham, and being less of a gentleman, lets his folly escape in more disagreeable ways; but neither of them suggests any real rebellion against the actual constitution of society, the theories by which life is shaped, and the maxims which the majority at once obey for themselves and inflict upon others. The whole picture is full of sunshine; the tragedy of life, of which every man is conscious in his graver moments, and which at some particular crisis absorbs his thoughts,—the grave doubts, the painful struggles, the miserable anxieties, the humiliating defeats, all that makes the world something else than a mere playground for children or a bed of roses for idlers,—find no place in the cheerful, sanguine, well-to-do philosophy which feeds the perennial font of Mr. Trollope's fictions. "Si vis me flere," says the Roman instructor in the art of influencing others, "dolendum est Primum ipsi tibi." People like Charlotte Brontë speak out of the fulness of their heart, when they depict the sufferings of our existence, and they infect us with sympathy for vicissitudes, disappointments, or regrets, with which each of us has something in common. They go nearer the truth, and they teach us a worthier lesson than he whom a good-natured superficiality and a perilous influx of success prevent from looking into the gloomy caverns which surround him, from visiting the chamber where he, like his neighbours, has a skeleton on guard, and from indulging in the aspirations to which suffering flies for refuge, and which alone saves the miserable from despair.

A world of Lady Staveleys would be, after all, a poor concern, and angels like Madeline would be the inhabitants of a duller heaven than even that which conventional theology has depicted as the future residence of the blest. Contentment is a noble achievement, but it must not be the content of a mere material well-being, of shallow thought, of slight insight, of

narrow scope. It is to this sort of mood that Mr. Trollope's stories are calculated to minister; and by fostering it, they perhaps do as much towards lowering the dignity, enfeebling the energies, and coarsening the prevailing taste of the times, as if they in any tangible particular violated the conventional standard of decorum. The mass of second-rate people is preserved from corruption only by a leaven of genius, and the world goes its way in peace only because a few men here and there are sensitive enough to appreciate its catastrophes, and bold enough to infringe its rules, question its methods, and attack its abuses. Without them we should degenerate into that Lilliputian congeries of petty interests, timid thoughts, and unworthy ambitions, which Béranger, with a gloomy mirth, depicted as the approaching condition of his countrymen:

“ Combien d'imperceptibles êtres !
De petits jésuites bilieux !
De milliers d'autres petits prêtres
Qui portent de petits bons dieux !
Béni par eux tout dégénère,
Par eux la plus vicille des cours
N'est plus qu'un petit séminaire :
Mais les barbons regnent toujours !

Tout est petit,—palais, usines,
Science, commerce, beaux arts,—
De bonnes petites famines
Désolent de petits remparts ;
Sur la frontière mal fermée
Marche, au bruit de petits tambours,
Une pauvre petite armée :
Mais les barbons regnent toujours !”

Some such danger seems to us, we confess, to impend over a generation for which such contrivances as *The Cornhill* secure an infinity of “Orley Farms,” and which seduces an artist like Mr. Millais from his legitimate occupations to draw little commonplace sketches of commonplace life, with be-crinolined young ladies fresh from the pages of *Le Follet*, and incidents whose trivialities his pencil alone could rescue from being absolutely vulgar.

When we have said, however, that Mr. Trollope is incapable of conceiving a tragedy, or of doing justice to it when circumstances bring it in his way, we have well nigh exhausted the complaints that need be brought against him. It is a more agreeable task to touch upon the many excellent qualities which have concurred in recommending him to the good will of his countrymen. His pages are unsullied by a single touch of malice, unkindness, or revenge. His amusing sketch in *The Warden* of three bishops, given as a burlesque account of

the three sons of the archdeacon, proves that he could, if he pleased, be personal to the greatest effect; and every author must have little spites and dislikes of his own, which only a resolute good feeling can prevent from intruding upon his canvas. Mr. Trollope never sins in this respect, and his immunity from this failing might well be accepted as an apology for a host of minor delinquencies. Another great charm is, that the author is for the most part kept well out of sight, and if he appears, shows himself thoroughly interested in the piece, and sincerely desirous that his audience should be so likewise. Mr. Thackeray's curious taste for careless, rambling, "round-about" writing, and the clever knack he has of making the most of "an infinite deal of nothing," has set the fashion to a host of imitators, who do not scruple to stop at every convenient point of their narration to indulge in a few personal confidences, and enunciate their views about their story, themselves, or the world in general. Mr. Thackeray, in particular, loses no opportunity of, so to speak, yawning in public; saying how dreadfully tiresome his novels are to him, how he falls asleep over them at the club, and strongly recommends his friends to do the same. Mr. Trollope has no touch of this affectation; he does his very best: he believes in the piece, he detests the villains, admires the heroes, and can scarcely refrain from caressing his pet heroine when she crosses his path. If he comes for a few moments on the stage, it is only to bustle about, to adjust the ropes, to hurry the scene-shifters, and to assure the beholders that no pains are being spared for their entertainment. Mr. Thackeray, on the contrary, lolls in dressed in a dressing-gown and slippers, stretches his arms, cries, "Eheu! fugaces,—monsieur, mon cher confrère;" and acknowledges that he has often done vilely before, but never so vilely as on the present occasion.

Mr. Trollope does not, however, invariably preserve the wholesome rule of impersonality. Though a thorough optimist, and believing in his heart that the world is the best of all possible worlds, he has one or two little grievances which keep us just short of absolute perfection. With characteristic carelessness and high spirits, he points out the tiny flaw which he has discovered, and adds a scarcely serious murmur to the general chorus of complaint. One of his troubles, for instance, is, that there should be such wicked people as lawyers in the world, and he grows quite sentimental over the circumstance that gentlemen should put off their consciences when they put on their wigs, and consent, for the small remuneration of one guinea, to make the worse appear the better cause. In support of his views, he has constructed an elaborate trial scene, with a proper appa-

ratus of bullying counsel, lying attorneys, frightened witnesses, and, finally, frustrated justice. A discriminating critic, who appears to write with professional enthusiasm, has been at the pains to tear the whole thing to pieces, and to show that in every essential particular Mr. Trollope did not know what he was talking about, that no such facts as those on which he grounds his insinuation could possibly exist, and that all but a few black sheep in the profession do precisely what Mr. Trollope says that they ought. So much good labour seems to us in a large degree wasted upon a writer with whom instruction is necessarily subsidiary to amusement, and who scarcely pretends to any but the most superficial acquaintance with the evils of which he complains. Some of the details of the trial, especially the cross-examination by the counsel for the defence, are so ludicrously unlike real life, that it is evident Mr. Trollope's visits to a court of justice have been few and far between, and have left on his mind only a vague and indistinct impression, which nothing but the haze in which it is involved preserves from instant exposure. Ideas of this kind hardly admit of being definitely stated, but may be easily insinuated in the course of a story constructed for the purpose of exemplifying them. Witnesses, no doubt, are sometimes bullied into confusion and even forgetfulness; but Mr. Trollope cannot seriously mean that when a poor fool like Kenneby gets into the box to swear away another person's life or character, his capacity to remember any thing, and the degree in which he actually does remember the particular facts in question, ought not to be tested with the utmost severity. It is curious that, in the very case which Mr. Trollope frames in his own support, the performers do precisely that which justice required. Mr. Chaffanbrass, from the Old Bailey, may have been a great rogue; but he acted quite properly, and served the general interests of society in demonstrating that Dockwrath had private motives of the very strongest kind for supporting the prosecution, just as Mr. Furnival acted quite properly in showing that Kenneby had only half his wits about him, and had no such accurate recollection of a matter which happened twenty years before as to justify a conviction for perjury. Mr. Trollope probably meant nothing more than that barristers are sometimes vulgar and unscrupulous, and judges sometimes petulant and overbearing; but he should beware of discussing as a grievance that which is really a necessity, and of grounding on imaginary and impossible facts an imputation on the honour and good faith of a profession which certainly contains in its ranks as many scrupulous and high-minded gentlemen as any other.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the same sort of unsubstantial complaint thrown in without any real conviction,

as a sort of sentimental garnishing to a matter-of-fact narrative. In his last tale, for instance, the author stops in the midst of the description of a village to contrast our present ideas of rural grandeur with those of our forefathers. In old times the good squire "sat himself down close to his God and his tenants," and placed his house so as "to afford comfort, protection, and patronage" to those around him; nowadays "a solitude in the centre of a park is the only eligible site; no cottage must be seen but the cottage *orné* of the gardener; the village, if it cannot be abolished, must be got out of sight; the sound of the church-bells is not desirable," &c.; in fact, the present race of country gentlemen are a sad falling away from the traditional benevolence of their race. Does Mr. Trollope, we wonder, really believe this? What is the golden age with which the present iron epoch is contrasted? Does he look back with a loving eye upon feudal times and the "*droits de seigneurie*"? or are we wrong in believing that the maxim, that property has duties as well as rights, has never been more thoroughly accepted than in our day, and that the squires of England, more perhaps than any other class of proprietors in existence, are alive to the responsibilities of their position, and struggling conscientiously "to afford comfort, protection, and patronage" of the most substantial sort to their poorer neighbours?

We can afford to touch only upon one other characteristic of Mr. Trollope's writings, to which he would, we think, do well to pay attention,—their occasional broad vulgarity. He drops every now and then with suspicious ease into a society which is simply repulsive in its stupid coarseness; and as he has not the extravagant fun that Dickens pours over low life, and which has immortalised such personages as Mrs. Gamp, these parts of Mr. Trollope's writings are singularly tedious and unattractive. Some people have a genius for such descriptions: the authoress of *Adam Bede* can draw a set of countrymen drinking in a public-house so humorously that we forget every thing but the fun of the scene; but Mr. Trollope's commercial gentlemen, lodging-house keepers, and attorneys, are simply snobs, into whose proceedings one feels no wish to pry, and who might with great advantage be banished altogether from the picture. A stupid violent man like Moulder, coming home half tipsy, and proceeding to complete the process of intoxication before his wife and friends, must be very amusing indeed meanwhile, if we are to look on without disgust; in Mr. Trollope's hands he is any thing but amusing, and tries to atone for his dulness by being unnecessarily coarse. Mr. Trollope succeeds capitally in depicting nice young ladies like Madeline Staveley, and pleasant gentlemanly lads like Peregrine Orme; and he may con-

tentedly resign the portraiture of Moulders, Kantwises, and Kennebys, to artists whose knowledge of life is more varied than his own, or whose conceptive ability enables them, as in some rare instances is the case, to dispense with the experience from which all but the very highest sort of artists are obliged to draw.

ART. III.—THE CRISIS IN PRUSSIA.

THE politics no less than the scenery of north-eastern Germany are by no means attractive. The interminable marshes of the Havel, the dreary sand-waste which surrounds the capital, the rich but unlovely plain of Magdeburg, have all their antitypes in the history of Prussia. From time to time some enterprising English newspaper sends a correspondent to Berlin; but the editor soon discovers that not one reader in a thousand pays any attention to his letters, and the veil once more descends upon those confused struggles, of which, even more truly than of the pictures of Wouvernans, it may be said, that it is difficult to make out "which is plaintiff and which defendant."

But Prussian politics have a meaning after all, and sometimes, as at this moment, very grave issues are depending on the decisions of Prussian rulers and the good sense of the Prussian people. Our object in this article will be to point out, as clearly as we can, the present state of parties at Berlin, sketching the antecedents of rival politicians, and attempting to form an estimate of the chances of the future. In order to do this, it will be necessary to review at some length the recent history of Prussia, in which it is easy to distinguish four well-marked periods.

The first of these extends from the accession of Frederick William IV., in June 1840, to the opening of the United Landtag, in April 1847.

The second commences with that event, and terminates with the dissolution of the National Assembly and the proclamation of the new Constitution on December 5th, 1849.

The third begins with the proclamation of the new Constitution, and extends to the assumption of the regency by the Prince of Prussia.

The fourth opens with that occurrence, and is still in progress.

To the three first of these periods we may with confidence assign the names of the period of *expectation*, the period of *revolution*, and the period of *reaction*; but he who could with con-

fidence give a distinctive name to the fourth, would know the secret of the future of Germany, perhaps the secret of the future of constitutional government upon the Continent.

In June 1840, Frederick William III. closed his long and chequered career. Tried by both extremes of fortune, he had shown few great qualities in either, and the numerous expressions of regret, which followed his decease, proved only the loyal sentiments of his deceived and long-suffering subjects. A quarter of a century had passed away since he pledged his kingly word to give a constitution to Prussia, and death surprised him before he had made up his mind to do what he had promised. The advent of his successor was heralded by many hopes. The Crown Prince was not very well known; but those, who had been admitted to his society, spoke highly of his accomplishments, his learning, and his liberal opinions. His good disposition had not, people said, been changed by his altered position. He had remarked, it was reported, to Alexander von Humboldt, that as Crown Prince he was necessarily the first noble of the realm, but that as king he was only the first citizen. The new reign opened with a series of gracious and popular acts. A general amnesty for political offences; the recall to high office of Schön, the illustrious and beloved fellow-labourer of the deeply venerated Stein; the advancement of Boyen, who was regarded as the inheritor of the traditions of Scharnhorst and of Gneisenau, cheered the hearts of all enlightened and liberal Prussians, and excited no little alarm at Vienna and St. Petersburg. The morning which dawned so brightly was not, however, destined to be long unclouded. The first untoward event was the answer given by the monarch to the states of East Prussia, when, on the occasion of the *Huldigung* (homage) ceremonial at Königsberg, they ventured to express their hopes that the long-promised Constitution would at last become a reality. Somewhat later an order in council appeared, which left no doubt on the minds of reflecting men, as to the real intentions of the king. It was clear that the sort of change which he contemplated was not that which the nation wished. Some half middle-age, half lower-empire organisation might take the place of the old order; but of a constitution founded on abstract ideas of what was right and just, or on the actual necessities of the nation, there was no chance whatever. The appointment of Eichhorn, a member of the ultra-pietistic and absolutist party, to the important office of minister of public instruction, in the room of the wise Altenstein, the one man of enlightenment who had contrived to the last to retain the favour of the old king, further increased the uneasiness of the public mind. With the advancement of this mischievous tool of obscurantism began a series of coercive and ill-

conceived measures, which had their natural result in the antagonistic follies and excesses of 1848. The censorship grew ever stricter and stricter; numerous press prosecutions took place, the most famous being that of which Dr. Jacoby of Königsberg was the victim, and which ended in the acquittal of the accused by the High Court of Berlin, much to the disgust of the king and of the government. Eichhorn extended his mischievous activity into all departments. Students were encouraged to denounce the religious or political heresies of their professors; the books in the libraries of schoolmasters were carefully inspected; the standard of elementary education was intentionally lowered; men were advanced in the various gymnasias and universities, not on account of their attainments, but on account of their attachment to the views of the pietists. The régime of the most literary of contemporary monarchs seemed destined to result in the same hostility to all real learning which was openly avowed by the Emperor Francis. It was, however, too late. In vain Stahl, who had succeeded the liberal jurist Gans at Berlin, repeated the watchword, that science must retrace her steps. In vain Hengstenberg and his crew tried to bring in a Prussian if not a Roman popery; in vain Eichhorn travelled from university to university, suspending here, denouncing there; in vain successive ministers of the interior seconded him with all their power,—ordering domiciliary visits, turning liberals from other German states out of the country at two hours' notice, suppressing newspapers, and so forth. In vain the king himself, for seven long years, scolded now this city and now that—Breslau one day and Berlin another; in vain he speechified, and in vain he cajoled; in vain he dismissed petition after petition, which the provincial state assemblies addressed to him; in vain he tried to make the Prussian people content with a representation formed of an agglomeration of committees, chosen from the different provincial state assemblies, and possessed merely of a deliberative voice. The pressure from without grew too strong; and at length, after mature consultation with confidential advisers, the "patent" of February 3d, 1847, was given to the world.

The king was a most ardent, as he was certainly a most influential, disciple of the "historical" school of publicists and jurists. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the merits of Savigny and his fellow-labourers, as long as they confined themselves to explaining the present by the past; but unfortunately these same men, when they came to be ministers of state, made an altogether improper use of their own researches. They were justly proud of having shown how baseless were the speculations by which their immediate predecessors had

attempted to account for existing phenomena in the domain of politics. They hated the *à priori* verbiage which had been the cant of the day during the French Revolution, and they jumped to the conclusion, that all the state arrangements which were historically explicable, and which had once been reasonable, should still be kept unimpaired, or at most should be developed. They forgot that for more than half a century the people for whom they had to legislate had been sitting at the feet of those often mistaken but still effective teachers against whom they had made war.

The United Landtag, which was called into being by the "patent" of the 3d of February, was a masterpiece of learned reconstruction; but it was not a body likely to be of much use in a world of hard realities. It met on the 11th of April, and sat through a considerable part of the summer. The king had told it that the last thing in the world which he wished its members to do, was to represent the feelings of the people. "Die Rolle sogenannter Volksrepräsentanten" ("the roll of so-called people's representatives") was an object of supreme contempt to the royal *savant*. Nevertheless, the one good result which it produced was to give vent to the popular uneasiness. Already the names of Vincke and others, who have since been famous for their advocacy of liberal opinions, began to make themselves familiar to the public ear. The king talked theocratic nonsense: "Never, never will I allow a piece of written paper, like a second Providence, to force its way between our Lord God in heaven and this land, to rule us with its paragraphs, and to supersede by them the old holy loyalty." No wonder, then, that he was embittered by the language held by some of the deputies, and that he closed the session in no good humour. It is difficult to say how long the farce might have lasted if events had not occurred beyond the frontier which changed altogether the aspect of affairs.

The news of the outbreak in Paris came to Berlin on one of those sunny February days which cheer the long cold spring of the great German plain. Groups were soon gathered on the Linden, and the exciting intelligence, passing from mouth to mouth, quickly reached the remotest quarters of the city. The tidings of the flight of Louis Philippe, and of the fall of the monarchy of July, followed in quick succession. On the 6th of March the first public meeting took place in the Thiergarten. The events of the 13th at Vienna brought the revolution nearer, and on the 18th Berlin was in full revolt. No little mystery still shrouds the occurrences of that day and of the one which followed it. Thus much is, however, clear: there was no intention on the part of the people to provoke a conflict; and, on the

other hand, the two shots which were fired by the soldiery were fired without orders. In the palace the greatest indecision prevailed. The king lost his head, and his nearest relatives were more occupied in intriguing for their own advantage than in taking measures to insure his triumph. At length, while the contest was still undecided, when the military were in full possession of the principal streets and squares, and the insurgents had fallen back into the side streets and suburbs, the order went forth from the highest authority, that the troops should be withdrawn. Withdrawn they were, to the annoyance of many moderate liberals, who felt that either the conflict should have been avoided altogether, or the insurrection should have been effectually crushed.

With the withdrawal of the troops began eight uneasy months, in which no party, and hardly any public man, in Prussia gathered any laurels. The first scene was the deep humiliation of the king, who was made to stand with uncovered head before the bodies of those who had fallen in defence of the barricades, while a hymn composed by his ancestress, the wife of the great Elector, "*Jesus, meine Zuversicht*" ("*Jesus, my trust*"), was sung by the immense crowd which had gathered under the windows of the palace. In the beginning of April the United Landtag was called together, but merely for the purpose of preparing the way for the National Assembly, which was to succeed it, and which was opened on the 22d May. This body, which ought to have fulfilled the functions of a constituent assembly, proved itself curiously incapable of useful work. The king, whose imaginative and excitable temperament had been impressed by the grandiose proportions of the popular movement, seems really at first to have wished to deal honestly by his people; but he was pushed further and further towards the reactionists, partly by the blunders of the national representatives, and partly by the growing insolence and atrocity of the mob. The plundering of the arsenal on the night of the 15th June—the outrageous attack on the hotel of the liberal minister Auerswald in the month of August—the revolutionary harangues of such wretched demagogues as Held and Müller of the Linden—the assaults which were made upon unpopular journalists, showed that the lower classes of the population as little understood the difference between liberty and license, as the reactionary cliques amongst the nobles, the clergy, and the military, understood the distinction between order and servitude.

The National Assembly was divided into unnumbered cliques and fractions of cliques; but we may distinguish in it four very well-marked shades of opinion. First, there was the "extreme left," the foremost names of which were Waldeck and Jacoby;

the former an impetuous and able speaker, who united strong Romanist religious sympathies with extreme popular opinions—the other, the author of that famous pamphlet of which we have spoken above, and which had been to the Prussian revolution what the tract of the Abbé Siéyès on the Tiers Etat had been to that of France. This section leant to republican ideas.

Next to it, but separated by a real though narrow division, stood the “left centre,” which was led by Rodbertus, and was distinctly anti-republican, although determined to carry out to their fullest logical consequences the concessions made by the king in the month of March, and to turn the old absolutist Prussia into a limited monarchy governed on advanced liberal principles. To this section also belonged Schulze-Delitzsch, of whom we shall have something to say hereafter.

The true “centre” was led by Von Unruh, who was for some time speaker, and whose name was associated with the last adventures of the short-lived and unfortunate body over which he presided.

The “right” numbered amongst its foremost names the gifted Catholic lawyer August Reichensperger, well known as a passionate lover of Gothic architecture, and the celebrated Protestant preachers Jonas and Sydow, both names to be had in honour, and the last of whom is still closely connected with the liberal *Protestantische Kirchen-Zeitung*, and represents the traditions of Schleiermacher in the pulpit of Berlin.

On the whole, however, there was less ability in the Assembly than might have been expected, and, above all, there was a deplorable want of political experience and tact. The successive ministries which had to deal with it were not more skilful. The so-called “transition” ministry of Camphausen, which was called into existence on the 29th of March, gave way in the course of the summer to the Hansemann cabinet, which called itself somewhat self-consciously the “ministry of action.” When the king had begun to despair of any good results being attained by the National Assembly, and the intriguers who surrounded him had cast their eyes on Wrangel and his battalions, whom they regarded as the destined means of restoring the old state of things, the Hansemann ministry was succeeded by that of General von Pfuel, and that again in a few weeks by that of the king’s half-brother Count Brandenburg, who on the 9th of November announced to the assembled deputies that their sittings were adjourned to the 27th, and that their next meeting was to be held, not at Berlin, but at Brandenburg. We need not follow the Assembly through its last inglorious days. On the 11th the national guard was disbanded, on the 12th the state of siege was proclaimed at Berlin, and on the 5th Decem-

ber the National Assembly was dissolved and the new Constitution announced.

Arrived at the end of the revolutionary and at the opening of the reactionary period, we may pause, and ask whether the Prussian people had gained any thing by the agitations and losses of 1848. The answer must be in the affirmative. The Constitution of the 5th of December was not by any means perfect, and some of the modifications introduced into it in the years which followed were far from being improvements; but the step in advance was not the less great and real. It was more than worth the blood which had been shed and the property which had been wasted.

The dissolution of the National Assembly had been pronounced by M. Manteuffel; and as it was his influence which was in the ascendant during the whole of the reaction, this is the proper place to say a few words about him. The Freiherr Otto von Manteuffel was born in Lusatia in 1805, and belongs to an ancient family. He entered the Prussian bureaucracy early in life, and rose rapidly through all its grades, giving ever new proofs of his diligence, his attorney-like acuteness, and his knowledge of administrative detail. In the Landtag of 1847 he defended the bureaucratic method of government against the advocates of the parliamentary system; and when he came into power in the end of 1848, he lost no time in showing that he regarded himself simply as a servant of the Crown, and that he was absolutely indifferent to the opinion of the parliamentary majority. Those who have read the *Gespräche aus der Gegenwart* ("Conversations from the Present") of Radówitz—which is, we may remark in passing, one of the best helps to understanding the state of things in Germany on the eve of 1848—will remember the character of Eder. M. Manteuffel was the spokesman of all the Eder class; the bureaucrat *par excellence*. He is a man of few illusions and of no high aims. He was clear-sighted enough to understand that the Kreuzzeitung party was an anachronism, but he could not reconcile himself to an honest constitutional policy. There is something mean and underhand in the nature of the man, as there is something singularly dry and unattractive in his manner. His favourite weapon is intrigue, and his favourite department is the police. To keep his own place and to advance his own fortune, was his first object; to prevent sudden changes and to keep things quiet, was his second aim.

The first parliament elected under the new Constitution assembled in the beginning of 1849; but the Second Chamber was dissolved in the month of April, chiefly on account of its vote against the maintenance of the state of siege. Before

allowing the elections to proceed, a new electoral law was enacted by the simple process of a royal edict; and the democratic party, seeing that it had no chance of success, retired from the contest, and brought forward no more candidates till 1861.

When the new Chamber met in August, it was found that the ministers had not been mistaken in their calculations. The reactionists were in a decided majority, and immediately proceeded to revise the Constitution in an anti-liberal sense. When their labours were finished, the revised Constitution was laid before the king. In the first days of 1850, he replied by a message, in which he asked for further concessions. The Chambers took the royal proposals into consideration, accepted some, and rejected others. At last a compromise was arrived at, and the king, with much solemnity, swore to the Constitution in the Rittersaal of the palace at Berlin. In a speech which he delivered on the occasion, he explained the reason which had led him to proclaim the much more liberal Constitution of December 1848, in which, however, it must be remarked, stood a clause which enabled him to issue edicts having the force of law. He then thanked the Chambers for having revised his own work, and diminished its dangerous liberalism.

The "German question," in the mean time, grew ever more important. Prussia, which had definitively broken with the Frankfort Parliament, and had given up all hopes of obtaining the hegemony of the whole of Germany, had been trying plan after plan for a smaller federation, in which she might have the undisputed lead. Alliances quickly made and as quickly broken, a congress and a college of princes, a parliament at Gotha, and what not, the affairs of the Germanic confederacy in 1849 and 1850, are not a labyrinth into which our readers would thank us for conducting them. Suffice it to say, that in December 1850 the question presented itself in the form of submission to the dictates of Austria and peace, or adherence to the Germanic pretensions of Prussia and war. Brandenburg died of chagrin. Radowitz was dismissed. Manteuffel was not the man to play double or quits; he hurried to Olmütz, and gave up every thing.

The disaster of Olmütz soon led, by way of the Dresden Congress, to its natural result,—the reëstablishment of the federal relations which had been overturned in 1848, and the revival of that ill-contrived body the Frankfort Diet, which one of the most rising of German statesmen, M. de Roggenbach, has aptly called "the contradiction of thirty-five wills." In internal as well as external affairs the party of reaction grew ever bolder. M. Manteuffel declared in so many words, in the first days of 1851, that the government meant to break finally with the revolution. M. von Westphalen, who repre-

sented in the cabinet the feudal section of the conservative party, called once more into life the old provincial assemblies, which all Europe had thought finally laid to rest by the legislation of the previous year. The journey of the king to meet the Emperor Nicholas at Warsaw added to the uneasiness of the liberals, and the *coup-d'état* of the 2d of December in France encouraged the pamphleteers of M. Manteuffel to call loudly for a new revision of the Constitution. The year 1852 brought no change for the better, except in so far as it showed more distinctly the diversity of opinion between the two halves of the dominant party; Manteuffel and the bureaucratic conservatives looking across the Rhine for a line of conduct to imitate, and the feudalists vehemently denouncing the French ruler, and reserving their sympathies for the Emperor of Russia, who visited Berlin in the month of May. The elections, which took place in the autumn, were so managed by the government that very few liberals were returned; and the power of the reactionists, from this time to the end of 1857, was modified only by their internal dissensions, and by the presence in the lower House of a powerful body of Catholic representatives, who frequently voted with the opposition, to subserve the special interests of their coreligionists.

The negotiations which preceded the Russian war, and that war itself, diverted for a considerable period the attention of Prussian liberals from their internal affairs. They had given up all hope of a speedy change for the better at home; but they trusted that if the government could be forced into siding with the Western powers, a new turn would be given to the fancies of the king. The nation was soon divided into three parties, —the liberals of all shades desiring an alliance with France and England; the feudal faction urging the government to assist Russia; and Manteuffel's adherents determined to uphold the neutrality of Prussia at any sacrifice.

The name of the *Kreuzzeitung* party became now for the first time familiar to Europe. This name was, as many of our readers are aware, given to the feudalists in consequence of their having for their principal organ the newspaper started to assist the reaction, and called the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, but which, in order to show its orthodoxy, bore a large black cross on its first page. The leaders of this party were Stahl and Gerlach. The former, who is recently dead, was originally a Jew, but changed his religion at seventeen. He was born in 1802, at Munich, and studied chiefly at the small Bavarian university of Erlangen. In time he became a professor there, and was summoned thence to Berlin in 1840 by Frederick William IV., for whom his Biblico-juristical mysticism had a

great fascination. From first to last Stahl's influence was simply mischievous; intolerant and obscurantist, he would, if he had appeared earlier on the scene, have been a most dangerous counsellor; but the cause of religious liberty was virtually gained in Prussia before he arose. As it was, he and his friends did infinite evil.

Otto von Gerlach, and his brother the general, were devoted to the same cause. The name of the latter was mixed up with the disgraceful intrigues by which the Kreuzzeitung faction tried to support their influence at court, and of which so much was said in the papers of the day, in connexion with the names of the spies Lindenberg and Tehen. Otto von Gerlach is a man of great although misused ability. He was born in 1795, and is sprung from a respectable family, but one which by no means belongs to the old gentry, whose cause he has always supported. He served in the war of independence, and after its conclusion entered the bureaucracy. Unlike Manteuffel, however, his nature is not bureaucratic. Nay, rather he is the enemy of centralisation, the friend of local government. The government which he prefers is not, however, self-government, but that of an infinite number of petty despots—a parish and county government, administered by squires and parsons. From the first he has been consistent. Already, forty years ago, he contributed to a newspaper which took for its motto, "Not counter-revolution, but the contrary of revolution;" and before 1848 he got into great trouble with the *bourgeoisie* for maintaining that only men of noble birth should be permitted to be officers in the army. He would have the nobles gathered into chapters, the citizens gathered into guilds, and all things as like the golden days of the German middle age as they well can be. He is a friend to England, but it is the old church-and-king England of which he thinks. He dislikes the autocratic system of Russia, but leans to her as a friend of order, and sympathised with her during the Crimean war. A ready and powerful debater, he was ever at the breach attacking the Constitution, and holding aloft the banner of "German Right and Evangelical Christianity."

The liberals at this time were led by Vincke, one of whose speeches made a great sensation in England in 1854. The descendant of an old Westphalian house, the Freiherr von Vincke was born in 1811. His father, and most of his ancestors, had been in the bureaucracy, and the young Vincke, after studying at Göttingen and elsewhere, was for some time a judge. Perhaps, however, his most valuable training was gained in the provincial assemblies, and when he appeared in the United Landtag of 1847 he was already an orator. He

spoke in favour of a real constitution, of the liberty of the press, of the Polish nationality, against the disabilities of Jews and Christian dissenters, and connected himself with all the best movements of the time. In 1848 he sat on the right, and opposed revolution as strongly as he had opposed absolutism. So great was his influence over the moderate conservatives and liberals at Frankfort, that the Club Milani, to which Radowitz, Count Schwerin, and Bruck, who was afterwards finance-minister in Austria, belonged, was called "The fortyfold-repeated voice of Vincke." He has since been accused of being sometimes too fond of fighting for his own hand, and preferring the fame of a daring guerilla to that of a wise general. His oratory would seem to have something of the character of Mr. Bright's, but his political sympathies and his party connexions are quite different. He is more of a whig, or liberal conservative, than a radical; though perhaps we can hardly use these terms in relation to Prussian affairs without giving rise to confusion and misunderstanding.

The most remarkable result of the differences of opinion about the Russian war, was the breach between the Prince of Prussia and the government. The heir to the throne had no great liking for the Emperor Nicholas, who was by no means over-courteous in his treatment of his Prussian relatives. Nor did he believe in the success of the imperial system of repression. On one occasion, after Nicholas had been expressing himself with more than his wonted violence against coquetting with liberalism, the prince asked a Russian who stood high in the favour of his master, whether he thought that revolutionary notions had been effectually kept out of Russia. "So far am I from thinking so," was the answer, "that I do not believe my head, or the head of any of the emperor's advisers, is worth ten days' purchase after his eyes are closed."

The prince represented the old Prussian military spirit, which never forgave the emperor for telling the officers at Berlin, as he had the want of tact to do, that they were his advanced guard; and his feelings grew more and more bitter as Prussia sank lower and lower in the estimation of Europe. No doubt his conduct was not without its influence in determining the semi-hostile position which Prussia assumed towards her great neighbour just before the conclusion of the struggle.

During these years, the various sections of the conservative party maintained their ascendancy in the internal politics of Prussia. The long-adjourned question of the definitive organisation of the upper House was settled in October 1854 in a manner which, although it did not entirely meet the views of the

feudalists, was at least far more favourable to them than they had any right to expect. The provincial and communal legislation of 1850, which was redolent of the modern theories of 1848, was seriously modified in 1852, but rather in the sense of the bureaucratic than of the feudal faction. This last, however, succeeded in giving the name of "Herrenhaus" ("House of Lords") to the first, and that of "Abgeordneten-Haus" ("House of Deputies") to the second Chamber; a trifling matter, which it had much at heart. The elections of October 1854 were extremely unfavourable to the liberals, in spite of the strong support of the Catholic clergy, who, for reasons relating to their own church-affairs, were opposed to the government, and more especially to the High-Lutheran and Kreuzzeitung zealots who presided over the ministry of the interior and that of public instruction. Vincke, who had been the great orator of the constitutional opposition in the two preceding parliaments, declined to stand, and his friends in the lower House were led by Count Schwerin and by M. Patow. The Kreuzzeitung faction was very strong, and was commanded as usual by Gerlach. As well without as within the walls of parliament, it asserted itself in a very offensive way, and the adherents of M. Manteuffel were almost forced into the position of liberals. The bad feeling between the two conservative factions reached its height in 1856, and was made notorious to all Europe by the duel between the bureaucratic Hinckeldey, the director-general of the police, and M. von Rochow, a young officer, and a member of the Kreuzzeitung party in the Herrenhaus.

No material change took place in the situation of parties until the king's illness in October 1857. It was clear that if the Prince of Prussia should succeed to the regency, the days of the Manteuffel ministry were numbered. Nevertheless, the friends of the future ruler observed a wise silence, and made no sign. The Kreuzzeitung faction at court did what it could to prevent the heir presumptive succeeding to the regency with full powers, as provided by the Constitution. Their efforts were, however, in vain, and a royal ordinance of October 1858 put an end to the exceptional state of affairs, and conferred the regency upon the prince, who summoned the Chambers to meet him on the 20th of that month.

The first change was the retirement of the detested Westphalen, who had been deeply concerned in all the intrigues against his new master. On the 26th the regent swore to the Constitution, and on the 6th November the Manteuffel ministry was dismissed. The leading spirits of the new cabinet were the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, MM. von Schleinitz, Patow, Bethmann-Hollweg, and Auerswald.

The Prince of Hohenzollern, the head of the new cabinet, was, up to 1849, an independent prince. In that year he concluded a treaty with Prussia, by which he surrendered all his sovereign rights, retaining only the title of Hoheit (Royal Highness) and the position of a younger son of the royal house. His mother was a niece of Murat, and one of his daughters married the late King of Portugal. Another, born in 1845, is reputed to be, as the fairy-tales have it, "the most charming and accomplished princess in the world." He is a Catholic; and his appointment had a good effect upon the Rhenish populations, who had been teased by the small proselytising of M. von Westphalen and his friends. For the rest, he is a man of wide political knowledge, and of moderate and enlightened ideas, while his practical adhesion to the views of those who think that the position of the smaller princes is becoming impossible makes him acceptable to all who desire the reform of the German Confederation.

The Freiherr Alexander von Schleinitz was born in 1807, and belongs to the Brunswick branch of his family. He has been employed principally in the home and foreign departments of the diplomatic service, and owes his political importance chiefly to the friendship of the prince regent, whom he had sheltered on the memorable night of the 19th March 1848, when his life was in considerable danger. He is an indolent and pleasure-seeking man, not without ability, but inspiring little respect or confidence; and he made a very indifferent minister for foreign affairs.

M. Patow was born in 1807, and was a schoolfellow of Man-teuffel's. He has spent nearly his whole life in the bureaucracy, and up to 1848 was understood to belong to the "Ceder" section of administrators, to which we have alluded above. Summoned to take the place of minister of commerce and public works in the Camphausen cabinet, he had the sense to recognise the signs of the times, and has ever since been a good constitutionalist. His qualifications for the post which was given him in the Hohenzollern cabinet,—that of finance minister,—are unquestionably very great.

A far more interesting though not more useful personage is M. Bethmann-Hollweg, to whom was assigned the delicate task of inaugurating the new system in the management of religious and educational matters. He was born in 1795 at Frankfort, and was the son of a M. Hollweg, who married a daughter of the wealthy house of Bethmann, well known to travellers in connection with the Ariadne of Dannecker. His private tutor was the great geographer Carl Ritter, and his early education, conducted partly at home and partly at the Frankfort gymnasium, where

Schlosser and Matthiæ then taught, was as careful and thorough as admirable management and large means could make it. He became professor of jurisprudence at Berlin, after a distinguished university career. Thence he went to Bonn, where he held a similar position. In 1840 he entered the service of the government, and has ever since been an important public character in Prussia. Like the late king, he has been influenced very strongly by the romantic school; but he possesses a better head and a deeper culture. In church-matters, to which he has ever given great attention, he belongs to the "mediation" school; and his tall figure and grave countenance may often be remarked at Nitzsch's sermons. He is a great patron of the Evangelical Alliance, which has at least the merit of being bitterly hated by the zealots who follow Hengstenberg, and which should hardly be judged by the names of the persons who are connected with it in this country. M. Bethmann-Hollweg became some years ago the proprietor of Rheineck, which he has restored with great splendour.

Rudolf von Auerswald is one of several brothers belonging to an excellent family at Königsberg, who were brought up in close intimacy with the present and the last king of Prussia during the residence of the royal house in East Prussia. All of them had the good sense not to wish for the position of court favourites, but worked, each his own way, by surer although slower methods. The eldest, a distinguished officer, was murdered with Prince Lichnowsky at Frankfort. The youngest sat in the Camphausen cabinet, and the second in that which followed it. It is he who again appeared as an important actor in 1858. He was for some time in the army, but his chief training has been that of a county magnate and a provincial administrator. All the Auerswalds belonged to the school of East-Prussian liberals, of which Schön was so great an ornament, and in which the influence of Kant and the hated neighbourhood of Russia tempered the old aristocratic and exclusive traditions.

Conservative influences were not entirely unrepresented in the cabinet. Von der Heydt, a clever time-server, kept his place as minister of commerce, and M. Simons remained for a time as minister of justice. Later, too, General von Roon, who leans to the *Kreuzzeitung* party, superseded the liberal General von Bonin.

Flottwell, who took for a time the department of the interior, is an enlightened bureaucrat, who was much employed under Schön, and Count Schwerin, who soon succeeded him, is a strong constitutionalist, who belongs to the family of the celebrated general of Frederick the Great, and has, as the son-in-law of Schleiermacher, always taken a strong part on the liberal

side in Prussian ecclesiastical affairs. Perhaps he is most in his place as president of an assembly—the Shaw Lefevre of Prussia.

The Regent lost no time in issuing a manifesto, in which, while making many reserves, he acknowledged the necessity of amending the communal legislation, which had, as we have seen, been much altered since 1850 by the efforts of the feudal party, and pronounced strongly against the mixing up religion with politics, which had been so characteristic of his brother's rule.

The new elections completely changed the balance of parties. The feudalists, who, thanks to the zeal of M. de Westphalen, had been so successful in 1852 and 1854, were reduced to 62; while the ministerial liberals counted 236: 38 Catholics and 18 Poles made up the Assembly.

It may be asked by those who remember 1848, how it was that the accession of the Prince of Prussia to the regency excited the hopes of the liberals, and was followed by the advent of a liberal ministry. In that year it is notorious that the absence of the heir presumptive from Berlin was considered necessary to his personal safety; and if we turn to the political writings of the time, or even to so impartial an authority as the remarkable article on Prussia in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 1847, we shall see that he was regarded as any thing but a friend to popular rights.

The answer to this question will throw some light on the occurrences of the last few months. The Prince of Prussia was in one respect radically different from the king. He had not a particle of his religious mysticism; nay, rather his homely somewhat sceptical common-sense revolted from the maudlin follies of his brother's court. When, then, the reactionary party began to be all-powerful, and such advisers as General von Gerlach ruled the day, the prince made no secret of his annoyance and disgust. Again, the events of 1848 had shown the extreme weakness of his brother's character, and for a time it seemed that he was likely to be forced into the position of a mayor of the palace. Further, the attitude of Prussia during the Russian war, as we have seen, irritated him excessively, and led to something very like a breach between him and his brother's ministers. The influence of his wife, a woman of talent, the granddaughter of Karl August, was exerted in a liberal direction, as well from choice as from policy; and, above all, his experience of Kreuzzeitung rule in the Rhineland, and his personal quarrel with Kleist-Retzow, the tool of the Westphalen section of the cabinet, who occupied part of the same palace at Coblenz, tended effectually to open his eyes. Subsequent events have shown that his liberalism did not go very deep.

The democratic party took no part in the elections of 1858.

They did not wish to alarm the new ruler, and they thought that the Vincke party had a fair right to reap what it had sown. The outbreak of the Italian war, however, caused an immense agitation in Germany. The old dream of a united fatherland came back more vividly than ever. Internal questions, too, had arisen, more especially that relating to the organisation of the army, which seemed to the advanced liberal leaders to afford them an opportunity for action, and the democratic candidates appeared in great numbers at the elections of 1861. Very wisely, however, they changed the name of their political connexion, and called it the "*Deutsche-Fortschritt-Partei*," to signify that they were at once zealous for internal reforms and for the settlement of the German question.

The principal aims of this party may be summed up thus:

1. Reform of the upper House.
2. A liberal system, conscientiously carried out in all the details of the administration, with a view to avoiding the scandals now of frequent occurrence, when an obstinate or bigoted official sets at defiance the liberal inclinations of the government, trusting to backstairs influence.
3. Ministerial responsibility.
4. An easy method of bringing to justice guilty officials, who are at present, as in France, in all conflicts with simple citizens, like men armed *cap-à-pie* fighting with the defenceless.
5. The abolition of all disqualification on account of religious opinion.
6. An improved system of national education, which has, since the victory of the reactionists, been deliberately, and of malice prepense, lowered and corrupted, with the express purpose of subjecting the minds of the young to the yoke of the feudal and fanatical party.
7. The abolition of certain privileges of the land-owners, such as the appointment of their own police.
8. A revision, in a liberal sense, of the laws relating to trade.
9. Economy in the management of the army, maintenance of the *Landwehr*, physical training of the youth of the country.
10. The adoption of a firm line of policy, with a view to place Prussia at the head of a united Germany.

Parliament met on January 14th, 1862. The *Haus der Abgeordneten* was constituted pretty nearly as follows:

Ministerialists	156
Party of Progress and Fraction Harkort	100
Roman Catholics	50
Poles	18
Feudalists	16
Doubtful	12—352

The cry which the party of progress had raised most loudly at the elections was the cry of economy. In the former parliament the ministry had brought forward a proposal, to which it was understood the king attached the greatest possible importance, relative to the organisation of the army. Of this we shall presently give some account; but before doing so, it may be well to state a few particulars as to the principal persons who had seats in the new Chamber.

The leading man of the Fortschritt party was perhaps Waldeck, nicknamed by his enemies the Bauern-König, from his constant advocacy of the cause of the humbler classes. His tall commanding figure and striking countenance do not bear so many traces of political persecution as might have been expected in one who suffered so much at the hands of the reactionaries. Close beside this white-haired leader, but differing from him on several points, notably on the German question, is Schulze, called from his birthplace Schulze-Delitzsch, a man still in the prime of life: he is best known as the apostle of coöperative associations in Germany, but is also honourably distinguished as an orator, a poet, and a magistrate. Waldeck is "Grossdeutsch;" that is, he wishes for a united Germany including Austria. Schulze wishes for a narrower confederacy, exclusive of Austria; he is, in other words, "Kleindeutsch." Virchow, a most eminent medical professor at Berlin, is another active member of the Fortschritt party. He is a very young man, just old enough to sit in parliament,—the minimum of age is twenty-eight,—but has already achieved considerable success in debate, in spite of a certain dryness of expression and perhaps a touch of pedantry. Franz Duncker edits the organ of the party, the clever and popular *Volkszeitung*. Other members are: Becker, known, from his appearance and the supposed colour of his politics, as "Red Becker;" Prince Smith, whose English name well fits a free-trader; Hagen, who brought forward the motion which led to the dissolution.

We have reckoned along with the Fortschritt party the section known as the Fraction Harkort; so called from M. Harkort, an old man who was wounded at Ligny, and has since led a most active and useful life, promoting the material prosperity of his native Westphalia and other districts,—advocating railways and steam-navigation, enlightening the peasantry, and fighting in Berlin, now the mob and now the reaction. To the same nuance belongs Diesterweg, the Pestalozzian school-reformer.

The chief persons of the less advanced liberal party were: Grabow, who was chosen president, and Simson, an ex-professor of jurisprudence at Königsberg, who is celebrated in Prussia as one of the ablest of her orators and as a model president. Some imprudently over-loyal remarks at the time of the coronation

festivities lost him his old seat, and he was returned for a small place too late to be chosen president, although he was better fitted for that office than the excellent Grabow, who is somewhat deaf. Vincke declined to stand, and remained watching events. The great point at issue was the military question. The old system of Scharnhorst, excellent for its purpose, was, in the opinion of the king, no longer suited to the circumstances of the nation. He determined to change it, and the chief alterations which he introduced were as follows: he abolished the exemptions, which had gradually crept in, and obliged not 40,000 but 63,000 young men every year to take up arms. He extended the period during which Prussians are obliged, if necessary, to serve in the regular army to eight years, out of which three are to be spent by the infantry, and four by the cavalry, in actual service; the rest is to be passed in the reserve. He placed the *Landwehr* of the first "ban" on the same footing as the regular army, and so made the old *Landwehr* of the second "ban" the only real *Landwehr*; and he created permanent "cadres" for all the troops who were liable to be called out in case of the army's being "mobilised."

By these means he trusted to make mobilisation much more easy, and to obtain a much more effective force. All this, however, could not be done without money; and for the obtaining of money it was necessary to go to parliament. We cannot ask our readers to follow us through the tangled skein of complicated questions which have arisen; but so much we may ask them to remember. The changes in the army were first debated in the session of 1859-60; the government carried its point in the *Herrenhaus*, but failed in the *Haus der Abgeordneten*. They returned to the charge in 1861 with similar results; and again in 1862 it was this question that led to the motion of the Fortschritt deputy Hagen, which brought about the resignation of the liberal government, and the dissolution of the second Chamber.

In May the elections took place, and in the same month the deputies formed themselves again in Berlin. Things looked worse for the king than ever, for the Fortschritt party had gained considerably. The new ministry was very inferior to the old. Its more prominent members, in addition to Von der Heydt, were: M. von Jagow, a man much hated for his annoying and arbitrary measures when he was director of police; Prince Hohenlohe, a member of one of the less violent sections of the Kreuzzeitung party; M. Mühler, who, as the author of the excellent bacchanalian song "Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus," deserved some reward, but for whom a place more suitable than that of minister of instruction and public worship might possibly have been found.

He is said too, by his enemies, to atone for the merriment of his youth by the fanaticism of his age. Von Roon kept his place, and Bernstorff, well known and but little admired in England.

These were not the men to meet and manage such an assembly as that with which they had to deal. Most of the leading Fortschritt politicians had come back fiercer than ever; and the moderate liberals, although they tried to prevent the last extremities, were not by any means friendly.

The principal speakers of the moderate liberal party in the present parliament are, Vincke, who has again appeared on the scene; Twesten, who was ranked in January last with the Fortschritt section, but who seems more recently to have inclined to those politicians who desire to postpone discussions about internal reform to energetic action in the German question; and Professor von Sybel, the well-known and popular historian.

Twesten is the son of the theologian of that name, and is best known by his duel with General von Manteuffel. Small and slight, but possessed of a singularly clear enunciation, he is said to be a successful debater.

Heinrich von Sybel, born at Dusseldorf in 1817, is the son of a well-known Prussian liberal and parliamentary speaker. He studied at Berlin, and became a passionate admirer of Ranke, whose method he has adopted. His most important historical works relate to the Crusades and to the French Revolution; but his studies in old German history have been those which have most influenced his political career. He was the youngest member of the Parliament at Erfurt, by which Prussian statesmen hoped to arrive at some satisfactory settlement of the German question; and, in a speech which excited much attention, he urged Prussia to fulfil her great mission, and to raise up anew a German empire. His ideas on this subject did not prevent his being called to Munich by King Maximilian; and he remained there in great favour till the events of 1859 resuscitated the hopes of the Gotha party, which had slumbered since the disaster of Olmütz. Munich then became too hot to hold him, and he accepted the chair at the University of Bonn left vacant by the death of Dahlmann. He was elected in 1861, but was prevented by illness from taking his seat. In 1862 he was again returned, and has, as we have said, acted chiefly with the Vincke section.

The recognition of the kingdom of Italy brought some good-will to the government, and they carried the ratification of the commercial treaty with France by a large majority; but the fatal question of the military expenditure could at last

no longer be postponed, and an unusually fierce debate ended, on the 20th of Sept., by the absolute rejection of the demands of the government, with regard to the money required for the reorganisation of the army. Bernstorff and Von der Heydt had the wisdom to retire, and Count Bismark Schönhausen took the unenviable post of president of the council. His first act was to withdraw the budget of 1863, which was about to meet the fate of its predecessor; his second, to send to the Herrenhaus the budget of 1862, and to have the military part of it, which had been eliminated by the representatives of the tax-payers, reintroduced and authorised by that imprudent assembly; his third was to prorogue the second Chamber, which had protested against the unconstitutional proceedings of the other House, until the 13th of January 1863.

Our readers are now, we trust, in a position to understand the views of the several parties which are contending for power in Prussia, and the leanings of most of the politicians, on whose resolves the near future of that country, to a great extent, depends. It remains to offer, with great diffidence, some suggestions as to the probable course of events.

The simplest and most satisfactory solution of the present difficulty would be the king's abdication. Public opinion forced Louis of Bavaria to resign, and placed the Austrian diadem on the head, not of the rightful heir, but of his son, the young Francis Joseph. There is every thing to be said for, and nothing to be said against, this plan. William I., junior to his brother by only seventeen months, was an ensign at ten years old, and never till comparatively lately contemplated his accession to the throne as a probable event. His time was occupied by the cares of the garrison and the parade-ground, or by pleasures, not always of the most exalted character. He is simply incapable of comprehending the position of a monarch with a real constitution. His views are analogous to those of an old French legitimist duke who remarked to Niebuhr, when asked whether he had not had a hand in framing the *Charte*, "Oh, yes, I had; but, good God! do you suppose I ever imagined that the king was not to do what he liked, in spite of it?"

In the event of his abdication, his son would be able gracefully to retire from an untenable position, and the state machine might at length be got into good working order. We only fear that such a course is too wise a one to have any chance of being adopted. True it is, that the brood of "court theologians, missionary deaconesses," and the like, who enraged Alexander von Humboldt, no longer flit about the palace. Marcus von Niebuhr, the unhappy son of an illustrious sire, has been stricken by a malady not unlike that which destroyed his royal

master. General von Gerlach caught cold at the funeral of the late king, and died a few days after; but the influences now brought to bear on the royal mind are, although different, not much better. The king is in the hands of a military clique—of the “Ungeist (reaction) in uniform,” as the Berliners say; and the policy which it is likely to recommend will hardly be one of concession. M. von der Heydt, the Elberfeld banker, who was the moving spirit of the last ministerial combination, is a man of shifts and expedients; a keen intellect, but of a coarse low type, both mentally and morally. In his heart he was probably not disinclined to yield,—witness the incident of the stolen letter, which was used last spring to influence the elections. M. von der Heydt, at the commencement of his political career in 1847, took the side of the constitutionalists; and, according to Prussian ministerial *convenances*, he is perhaps not quite responsible for all the reactionary proceedings of the cabinets of which he has formed a member. M. Bismark Schönhausen never was a constitutionalist. From the first he has been the avowed enemy of free government. He was one of the founders of the *Kreuzzeitung*; and although he has of late rather drawn off from it in the direction of French absolutism, he still holds most of its heresies.

Many seem to think that his policy will be to bid for the support of the Gotha party throughout Germany, and of those politicians of the constitutional and Fortschritt sections in the Prussian parliament who care more for the German question than for internal reforms, by picking a quarrel with Austria, or by attacking Denmark. That personal hatred to Count Rechberg, and strong political feeling, would impel him to persuade his royal master to buckle on his old sword, and begin a new thirty years' war, is likely enough; but those who, relying on his known admiration for the success of the imperial *legerdemain* at Paris, expect him to inaugurate a brilliant despotism at home, and “to flood Hesse, Hanover, and the Mecklenburgs with troops,” do not give him the credit of knowing the difference between the world of dreams and the world of realities. If, again, any arrangement satisfactory to Germany is to be arrived at with Denmark, it will hardly be by violence. We who hold that Lord Palmerston's proposal for dividing Schleswig was about the best likely to be hit upon, would tremble for the results, if Prussia, by her rash proceedings, forced all peace-loving Europe to become distinctly Danish. The powers will hardly allow this international chancery-suit to end in a war.

A more satisfactory turn of events, as it seems to us, would be the following. The government will meet the Chambers in January. August Reichensperger, or some such person, might

propose a vote of indemnity to the ministers for their unconstitutional proceedings, which might be carried, on the understanding that henceforward all the estimates should be presented before any money is paid, except under most peculiar circumstances. The government project for the reform of the army organisation might also be accepted, as it is a *fait accompli*, the king yielding the popular demands about introducing the non-noble element more largely into the far too close corporation of officers.

It must be admitted, we fear, that, from the military point of view, the king is to a great extent right in his proposals. The old Prussian army would appear to be a very indifferent force, likely to be swept away as easily as at Jena in any contest with France. Further, the king ought to concede the reform of the *Herrenhaus*. His most reactionary ministers will find it hard work to get on with that absurd body.

All we are now saying may be destined to be merely what the Germans call *fromme Wünsche* ("pious hopes"); and before these pages see the light, events may occur to render what we venture to propose entirely impossible. The king is angry. The liberals are, most naturally, exasperated. The chief of the cabinet is a violent and headstrong man. Any day may bring us evil tidings; but, next to the king's retreating from a position to which he is quite unequal, we should think that the solution which we have sketched would best save the dignity of all parties, and lead to the most permanent gain, alike to the internal constitutional life of Prussia, and to her position in Germany. The minor states will never rally round a despotic or half-despotic power. A thoroughly liberal system should rise before the eyes of the King of Prussia, like the cross of Constantine: "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

ART. IV.—SHELLEY'S POETICAL MYSTICISM.

Relics of Shelley. Edited by Richard Garnett. Moxon, 1862.

Memorials of Shelley. By Lady Shelley. Moxon, 1859.

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawny. Moxon, 1858.

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Vols. I. and II. Moxon, 1858.

THE little volume which stands at the head of our list will not add much, probably was not intended to add much, to the fame of Shelley. One poem, indeed, of rare beauty, printed before only in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, it contains; but for the rest we have nothing but sparkling fragments of fancy—like powdered diamond-dust—to prove, what no one doubted, that even the clippings of Shelley's bright imagination had caught the intrinsic lustre of his mind. Perhaps the literary part of the volume is rather an excuse to usher in Mr. Garnett's reply to Mr. Peacock's reflections on Shelley's conduct towards his first wife. But even this is scarcely wise; for though it is a convincing argument for an arrest of judgment in the case, until the further evidence promised by the poet's family shall in due time be produced, few would have been inclined to pass sentence wrongfully in anticipation of that publication, and these unfortunate instalments of an incomplete apology have the effect of concentrating a needless and fatal attention on the morbid places in the poet's life. Whenever the private reasons that still induce his family to withhold circumstances which they regard as clearing his memory from the only grave moral imputation ever cast on it shall cease to operate, it will be the proper time to estimate Shelley's character and career as a whole. In the mean time, with the fresh materials that the last few years have given us,—in Mr. Trelawny's *Recollections*, Mr. Hogg's satirical and vulgar but still important biographical volumes, and Lady Shelley's *Memorials*,—this seems no unfit occasion to review afresh the general character of his poetry in special relation to the intellectual influences which it has exerted, and will continue to exert so long as the young continue to thirst for the intoxicating ether of intellectualised passion and to spurn the clay of common earth.

Shelley was a poetical mystic, but a poetical mystic of a very unique kind. Usually the word denotes a tendency to bore deep into the world of divine Infinitude, a disposition to prostrate the mind before the Eternal Will, and to bring the

mysteries of faith close to the simplest acts of daily life. This is not only the common tendency of the religious mystics, but it was the characteristic of some of Shelley's own contemporaries: in philosophy, of Coleridge; in poetry, of Wordsworth. In this sense, however, mysticism is usually the characteristic of a mature, not of a youthful, mind; and Shelley's poetical mysticism is,—in the quick throb of its pulses, in the flush and glow of its hectic beauty, in the thrill of its exquisite anguish and equally exquisite delirium of imagined bliss,—essentially and to the last the mysticism of intellectual youth. Shelley's poetry is the poetry of desire. He is ever the *homo desideriorum*;—always thirsty, always yearning; never pouring forth the strains of a thankful satisfaction, but either the cravings of an expectant rapture, or the agony of a severed nerve. This is the great distinction which separates him from the other poetical mystics of his day. Wordsworth, for instance, is always exulting in the fulness of nature; Shelley always chasing its falling stars. Wordsworth gratefully pierces the homely crust of earth to find the rich fountains of life in the Eternal Mind; Shelley follows with wistful eye the fleeting stream of beauty as it for ever escapes him into the illimitable void. Hence Shelley's great admiration for Goethe's *Faust*, as a poem expressive of illimitable desires. He says, in one of his letters to Mr. Gisborne, that "it deepens the gloom, and augments the rapidity of ideas;" "and yet," he adds, "the pleasure of sympathising with emotions known only to few, although they derive their sole charm from despair, and the scorn of the narrow good we can attain in our present state, seems more than to ease the pain which belongs to them. Perhaps all discontent with the *less* (to use a Platonic sophism) supposes the sense of a just claim to the *greater*, and that we admirers of *Faust* are on the right road to Paradise. Such a supposition is not more absurd, and is certainly less demoniacal, than that of Wordsworth, where he says:

'This earth,
Which is the world of all of us, and where
We find our happiness, or not at all.'

As if, after sixty years' suffering here, we were to be roasted alive for sixty million more in Hell, or charitably annihilated by a *coup-de-grace* of the bungler who brought us into existence at first." This passage, written not in Shelley's earlier days, but within a few months of his death, when he was thirty years of age, brings out with striking force, in its utter blindness to Wordsworth's meaning, how impossible it was for the eager-souled poet of unsatisfied desire—the poet of perpetual flux and reflux, the Heraclitus of the modern world—to enter into the mind of

the poet of intellectual rest and "lonely rapture." Of course Wordsworth had no such theological meaning as Shelley indicates. He merely intended to affirm, that if the springs of infinite joy are not to some extent discoverable in man *here*, as he was sure that they were, they can scarcely be inherent in human nature at all, and therefore not in the world to come. But it was so impossible for Shelley to conceive any fulness of joy in the present world, that he supposed Wordsworth to be launching a thunderbolt against the school of the Unsatisfied,—the school who sang with him :

"Nor was there aught
The world contains the which he could approve,"—

when he was in fact only testifying to the spiritual opulence of this homely earth. The same extraordinary contrast comes out in two of the most beautiful poems which our language contains,—Shelley's "Skylark" and Wordsworth's "Skylark." Shelley's "Skylark" is a symbol of illimitable thirst drinking in illimitable sweetness,—an image of that rapture which no man can ever reach, because it soars so far from earth, because it is ever rising with unflagging wing, ever exhausting old delights. Shelley will not recognise its earthly form or abode at all ; it is not a bird whose nest is on the ground ; it is a winged desire, always rising, aspiring, singing, "like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun :"

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,—
Bird thou never wert,—
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest ;
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest ;
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy, whose race is just begun."

Yet even this symbol of a thirst ever new, and ever slaked from sweeter fountains, throws him into utter dejection before this most marvellous of English lyrics closes :

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;—
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near."

How strong is the contrast with Wordsworth's "Skylark"! Shelley's is far the more wonderful poem, for the quick pulses of his panting measure seem to give us the very beats of those quivering wings, while Wordsworth's stately lines are obviously the expression of the thoughts of a meditative watcher. But while Shelley has ignored the earth and the real bird altogether in his ideal flight, the firm grasp of Wordsworth's thought gives the green earth her full due in her "ethereal minstrel's" rapture, and bids us observe, that it is not the distance from earth, but the nearness to it, which inspires the celestial joy:

"To the last point of vision and beyond
Soar, daring warbler; thy love-prompted strain,
Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain.
Else mightst thou seem—proud privilege—to sing
All independent of the leafy spring."

It was Wordsworth's lifelong faith, that fidelity to the "kindred points of heaven and home" made both earth the more joyous, and heaven the more sublime. Shelley's was a different creed,—the creed of longing and of loss, which sought to spring from earth and to create its own heaven,—in which it is not easy to succeed.

Shelley, then, was essentially the poet of intellectual desire, not of mere emotion. The thrill of some fugitive feeling, which he is either vainly pursuing, or which has just slipped through his faint intellectual grasp, gives the key-note to every one of his finest poems. His wonderful description of the Hours in the *Prometheus Unbound*,—one of the few passages in which Shelley has given a great subject to any painter capable of entering into him,—is a description in fact of the two poetic postures of his own mind:

"The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars;
Others with burning eyes lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward."

As it seems to us, Shelley himself, in one of his moods of wild-eyed breathless inspiration,—“l'Inglese malinconico,” as the poor people called him at Florence,—leaning passionately forward into the future or backwards to the past, should be the impersonation of these spirit-charioteers of time. Eager, visionary, flashing forms, “drinking the wind of their own speed,” they are wonderful impersonations of his most characteristic poetic moods. If we look at any of the lyrics on which he has set the full stamp of his genius, we find that it images one of these two attitudes of intellect,—the keen exquisite sense of want, looking wildly forward or wildly backward, but vainly striving to close on something which eludes its grasp.

“The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow,”—

that is the true burden of every song. Sometimes the gaze is fixed on the future, and sometimes on the past; sometimes it is,

“Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!”

and sometimes,

“When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is fled;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot;”

but whether forward or backward gazing, the attitude of unsatisfied desire is always the same, distinguishing Shelley from the many great contemporaries who, like Goethe himself, for instance,—except in *Faust*, where he had set himself to delineate the pangs of an insatiable heart and intellect,—sing out of the wealth of happy possession even more melodiously than out of the gnawing ardour of desire. And even between the animating spirit of *Faust* and the poetical essence of Shelley's poetry there is one very marked distinction. Faust's passion is a hunger for experience,—human experience in the largest and most universal sense; but the thirst which breathes through Shelley is a continual thirst for those rare moments of tingling veins and flushing soul, those instants when the whole frame of

nature and human life seems a transparency for sweet emotion, which are but one element in Faust's pursuit. What the portions in *Faust* were which fascinated Shelley most intensely he himself may tell us. Speaking of some fine German etchings of *Faust*, he says: "I never perfectly understood the Hartz Mountain scene until I saw the etching; and then Margaret in the summer-house with Faust! The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I only dared look upon once, and which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew that it was figured." This is of the very essence of Shelley. He is the poet, not of human yearning in general, but of the yearning for that youthful ecstasy which bounds like fresh life through every nerve. He cannot be satisfied without a *thrill* of his whole soul. He knows nothing of serene joy. He thinks the whole universe should be ever thrilling in every fibre with mysterious tenderness. The nature of this thirst cannot be better described than in his own musical words:

"With a spirit . . . trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment. Thou demandest, What is love? If we reason, we would be understood: if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's: if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own,—that the beams of her eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own,—that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best food. This is love;—this is the bond and the sanction which connects not only the two sexes, but every thing that exists.

We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature—to this eagerly refers all sensations thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype—the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of our own—an imagination which can enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibration of our own—and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands,—this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, and the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air, there is found a secret correspondence with our heart that awakens the spirits to a

dance of breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says, that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere wreck of what he was."

It is this constant longing to have ever sweet pulsations of feeling coursing through a transparent organism of life and nature which constitutes the "lyrical cry," as Mr. Arnold has so admirably termed the distinguishing note of lyrical poetry, in Shelley's poems. Sometimes, after a long strain on the nerves of intellectual desire, the cry rises almost to a shriek, as, for instance, in the closing lines of *Epipsychidion*:

"Woe is me !
The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire ;
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !"

And his most characteristic poem, *Alastor*, is a mere picture of a mind pierced with sweet susceptibilities rushing in mad pursuit of an empty vision of the night that has set those susceptibilities throbbing with liquid fire. "*Quærebam quid amarem, amans amare*," is the motto that he takes for it from St. Augustine. Other lyrical poets write of what they feel, but Shelley almost uniformly of what he *wants* to feel. The source of his idealism and mysticism lies in this constant protest against the manifold dross of an opaque life, through the thick films of which he could not discern—nay, could not well imagine that he discerned—any sweet fountains of warm life.

And Shelley's idealism betrays its genuineness in the sorrowful wail, the even hoarse discordant note, which frequently rings through it. A true idealist must become restless as he leaves the earth and finds that he is getting into a drearier and colder atmosphere. There is a kind of faith or quietism, the very opposite of proper idealism, which is sometimes confounded with it because it is always finding, like Platonism, that earth is full of the thoughts of God. Shelley thought himself a Platonist, but with the least possible insight into Plato's true faith. In that constant yearning which he felt for a tingling thrill of new intellectual life, there was at times, as there is in all profound love of excitement, a jarring nerve, a thread of discord, which even reflected itself in his general demeanour, as all craving for excitement is apt to do. Hazlitt, keenest of observers, describes him as having the general *physique* of a fanatic. He had "a fire in his eye, a fever in his blood, a maggots in his brain, a hectic flutter in his speech, which mark out the

philosophic fanatic. He is sanguine-complexioned and shrill-voiced." Mr. Hogg, too, tells us that the voice, which in poets at least is apt to denote some quality profoundly rooted in the character,* was "of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission,—it excoriated the ears." And Shelley was quite aware of this hectic fever in his own nature. In one of his latest letters he writes to Mr. Gisborne: "As to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in these articles; and you might as well go to a ginshop for a leg of mutton as expect any thing human or earthly from me." There were many of his contemporaries whose poetry had infinitely more in it of mere stimulant than Shelley's; for the excitement he craved was of a highly distilled intellectual kind, a stimulant for the finest sensibilities—never for the senses. What he loves to feel is a new quiver through his soul,—a quiver of delicious flame, if it may be, but a shiver of horror, if it may not. The high treble key of Shelley's poetry is sometimes a cry of yearning; but sometimes also a cry of ghastly revulsion at a spectre raised by himself. His early poems especially are full of "wormy" horrors; and the loathsomeness of the incident on which the plot of the *Cenci* turns, evidently had a dreadful fascination for him. Mr. Hogg tells a playful little story of his vegetarian days, which reflects this side of Shelley's nature:

"He broke a quantity, often, indeed, a surprising quantity, of bread into a large basin, and poured boiling water upon it. When the bread had been steeped awhile and had swelled sufficiently, he poured off the water, squeezing it out of the bread, which he chopped up with a spoon; he then sprinkled pounded loaf-sugar over it, and grated nutmeg upon it, and devoured the mass with a prodigious relish. He was standing one day in the middle of the room, basin in hand, feeding himself voraciously, gorging himself with pap. 'Why, Bysshe,' I said, 'you lap it up as greedily as the Valkyriæ in Scandinavian story lap up the blood of the slain!' 'Aye!' he shouted out with grim delight; 'I lap up the blood of the slain!' The idea captivated him; he was continually repeating the words; and he often took panada, I suspect, merely to

* Compare Hazlitt's description of Coleridge and Wordsworth's voices, both of them most expressive of their poetic character. "When I got there," Hazlitt says, "the organ was playing the Hundredth Psalm; and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe." Wordsworth, says the same close observer, "sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the Northern burr, like the crust on wine."—From *My First Acquaintance with Poets*.

indulge this wild fancy, and say, 'I am going to lap up the blood of the slain ! to sup up the gore of murdered kings !' "

The story might, no doubt, be told of almost any one ; yet the fascination of this not very striking joke for Shelley's mind is partly explained by the character of much of his poetry, which not unfrequently and purposely dips into curdling subjects, simply for the sake of the chill to the blood, the vibration to the nerves. When he says to Nature in *Alastor*,

"I have made my bed
In charnels and on coffins, where black death
Keeps records of the trophies won from thee,"

he probably scarcely exaggerates the reality. At least, one of his letters to Mr. Hogg begins with an excuse for a bad handwriting on the ground of cold, because "I have been pacing a churchyard all night." And there is not one of his longer poems in which he does not alternate the breathless upward flight of his own skylark with occasional plunges into a weird world of morbid horrors. He has described to us, in his hymn to Intellectual Beauty, how intimately connected in his mind was the first thrill of his adoration for the universal Beauty with these moods of startled and fascinated dread :

"While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :
 I was not heard, I saw them not ;
 When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of buds and blossoming,
 Sudden thy shadow fell on me ;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !
I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine ; have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave : they have, in visioned bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight,
 Outwatched with me the envious night :
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou would'st free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express."

"Awful Loveliness" Shelley calls this only object of his adora-

tion; and there is, we suppose, no doubt that he ascribed some real significance to the term; but certainly not the significance which we assign to it,—certainly not that bending of the humiliated spirit before a free Power from whom it craves much, from whom it can compel nothing, that expresses to our minds the essence of “awe.” The loveliness which he called “awful” was one which he hoped to unveil and take by storm, the awe only whetting the force of his desire;—not a generous, liberal power, but a discernible secret of anticipated rapture. Profound awelessness, indeed, characterises all Shelley’s poetry, both on subjects of human and divine mystery. No doubt the habit of tearing the veil rudely from all subjects over which the reverence of nature or custom had cast them was natural to the revolutionary era in which Shelley was born, and cannot have been counteracted by either the companion of his youth or the companion of his maturity. His college friend and biographer, Mr. Hogg, seems, by his own account, to have acted the part of a very conceited Mephistopheles to Shelley’s Faust, mocking his enthusiasm and encouraging all his wildest irreverence. Such an influence as is shown by the following story cannot but have tended to render Shelley even less inclined to bow before the object of others’ worship than he was by nature :

“Shelley took me one Sunday to dine with his father, by invitation, at Miller’s hotel, over Westminster Bridge. We breakfasted early, and sallied forth, taking as usual a long walk. He told me that his father would behave strangely, and that I must be prepared for him; and he described his ordinary behaviour on such occasions. I thought the portrait was exaggerated, and I told him so; but he assured me that it was not.

Shelley had generally one volume at least in his pocket whenever he went out to walk. He produced a little book, and read various passages from it aloud. It was an unfavourable and unfair criticism on the Old Testament—some work of Voltaire’s, if I mistake not, which he had lately picked up on a stall. He found it amusing, and read many pages aloud to me, laughing heartily at the excessive and extravagant ridicule of the Jewish nation, their theocracy, laws, and peculiar usages.

We arrived at the appointed hour of five at the hotel, but dinner had been postponed until six. Mr. Graham, whom I had seen before, was there. Mr. Timothy Shelley received me kindly; but he presently began to talk in an odd unconnected manner; scolding, crying, swearing, and then weeping again; no doubt he went on strangely. ‘What do you think of my father?’ Shelley whispered to me.

I had my head filled with the book which I had heard read aloud all the morning, and I whispered, in answer, ‘Oh, he is not your father. It is the God of the Jews; the Jehovah you have been reading about!’ Shelley was sitting at the moment, as he often used to sit, quite on the edge of his chair. Not only did he laugh aloud, with a wild

demoniacal burst of laughter, but he slipped from his seat and fell on his back at full length on the floor.

'What is the matter, Bysshe? Are you ill? Are you dead? Are you mad? Why do you laugh?'

It was not likely that a man who was thus early taught to throw away in one cast the reverence of nature for an earthly and a heavenly father, could have ever permitted the mere shrinking of instinct to deter him from entering in imagination into the arcana of any subject where the stream of desire led him; and the only wonder is, that in later life he should, in comparison at least with Byron, have shown a spirit of lofty reverence and self-restraint.

Shelley's awelessness of nature—"curiosity," as Hazlitt calls it—is only the result of the limitless desire with which he seeks to tear the veil from almost any secret, human or divine; and yet not in the spirit of a thirst for new *truth*, so much as a thirst for a new effervescence between knowledge and feeling. This characteristic in Shelley is an exceedingly different thing from that species of scoffing wit in which Byron attained such preëminence, and which consists in dashing cold water, as it were, in the face of a mysterious or sacred Power, without ever caring to penetrate the secret of the mystery. Shelley's intellect was far subtler than Byron's, and betrayed no fascination for mere acts of intellectual impertinence. Byron was a grown-up schoolboy, with a keen pleasure in playing practical jokes on solemn Powers in which he half believed. Shelley crept up to them with an irresistible longing to peep under the veil, and receive a new electric shock for his own nature. Still, as we said, his temptation was not to scoffing, but to a morbid subtlety of imagination on unhealthy subjects; and the irreverence cherished in the external relations of life by the unhappy peculiarities of a coarse and obstinate father, and the petty sarcastic egotism of his most intimate friend, cannot but have had an influence in dissolving the spell of that inward awe which arrests the curious imagination on the verge of subjects which it is not good for it to touch.

And, quite apart from the influences of his early culture, we must admit that Shelley's mind resembled the Greek mind in not being clothed with that instinctive "mutual awe" which Plato makes, in his Protagoras, the natural guarantee of all human society. There is a mental characteristic, setting a bound to what we may call spiritual *familiarities*, which the Jews, the Romans, and the English have in common, and in which Greeks and Frenchmen always seem to be comparatively deficient, which Voltaire had almost eradicated from the minds of his pupils,

which is not very easy to define, but which we all recognise as existing at once both in the spirit of worship, and in the repelling shame which acts like a molecular force to limit the mutual approaches of human beings, and to guard the precincts of certain subjects from the invasion even of imagination,—to which we give this name of awe. It is flagrantly violated in the anecdote we have quoted from Mr. Hogg. It is best illustrated perhaps by the spirit which breathes in the old Hebrew tradition of Jacob's dream, or that vision of Moses which taught him to "put off the shoes from his feet." When Jacob rises from the sleep in which he had seen the ladder connecting earth and heaven, he says, "How dreadful is this place! Behold the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not. This is no other than the house of God. This is the gate of heaven." That is the spirit of awe,—which sees a shadow of mystery cast from above even on the colour of a dream. It is a spirit which may pass into slavish superstition, but which still gives us the true attitude both for worship, and for appreciating best the depths of human character. The opposite to it is the spirit which is attracted, by the very sight of a veil to pierce it, by a shadow of power to brave it, by a secret recoil of nature to overcome it, by an indefinable reserve to defy it. Shelley seems to have been a shy man; but, like many shy men, he seems almost to have revelled in breaking, in imagination, through all the boundary-walls of nature, and following the wave of desire into the penetralia of life, both human and divine. "Superstition" was his one great foe. "Thou taintest all thou look'st upon," he said, and forthwith strove to banish the attitude of reverence from his spirit in dealing with religious subjects. This was his usual style :

"Gray Power was seated
Safely on her ancestral throne;
And Faith, the Python undefeated,
Even to its blood-stained step dragged on
Her foul and wounded train, and men
Were trampled on and deceived again."

And so on *ad nauseam*. The same spirit of almost morbid fascination for any thing positively *nefas*, penetrated into the human subjects treated by his imagination. In his delineations of love, he is always urging on passion to the impossible leap over the boundaries of personality itself:

"The fountains of our deepest life shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,"

he sings; and he can scarcely bear to admit any vestige of per-

sonal distinction at all,—beating as it were almost frantically at the barrier between mind and mind:

“ We shall become the same, we shall be one
 Spirit within two frames : oh, wherefore two ?
 One passion in twin hearts which grows and grew,
 Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,
 Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
 Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still
 Burning, yet ever inconsumable :
 In one another's substance finding food,
 Like flames too pure and light and unimbued,
 To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
 Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away ;
 One hope within two wills, one will beneath
 Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
 One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality,
 And one annihilation.”

We do not quote this as an instance of the violation of natural reserves, of which we think Shelley is often guilty, but to show the force of impulse which led his imagination to violate such reserves, when once he had ceased to respect them. That eager mind rushing breathlessly along the track of imaginative desire, would have needed much to convince it that any precincts were inviolable.

Thus far it would seem that Shelley's genius was almost the opposite of mystical,—that instead of halting on the edge of the spiritual world, and bending before its mighty mysteries, he dissipates, as he imagines, a whole host of illusions, by pursuing with frantic eagerness one or two hasty trains of ardent personal impression, which he does not hesitate to spur into a region of thought far beyond their legitimate bounds. This is the spirit of an enthusiast, no doubt, but certainly not of the mystic. When he told Mr. Hogg that there could be “no entire regeneration of mankind till laughter was put down,” he spoke in the spirit not of the mystical but of the most explicit enthusiasm,—of a man who had what seemed to him the most definite notions, and did not love to hear their foundation shaken by irony. And Shelley's mysticism does certainly arise much more from a refusal to recognise some very large regions of life and nature,—from the exceedingly limited sphere of his wonderful imagination, and the complete *abandon* with which he trusts its guidance in the reconstruction of the spiritual universe, than from any conscious recognition of a great world of unexplored mystery. This a little examination will, we think, suffice to prove. Shelley never shows his full power in dealing with either intellectual or spiritual or moral or physical beauty. His appropriate sphere was what we may call swift sensibility,

the intersecting line between the sensuous and the intellectual or moral. Mere sensation is too literal for him, mere feeling too blind and dumb, mere thought too cold; but in the line where sensation and feeling are just passing into thought, where the stream of desire receives a new poignancy from the chill current of subtle discrimination with which his mind penetrated it, his great power lay. Nothing can illustrate it better than the one new and exquisitely beautiful poem which Mr. Garnett has given us in this volume:

" She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And, like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I stayed alone,
Thinking over every tone
Which, though now silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever—O too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim.
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The daemon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts; but thus disturbed and weak,
I sat and watched the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-winged chariots sent
O'er some serenest element,
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of sleeping flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Was scattered over the twinkling bay.

And the fisher, with his lamp
 And spear, about the low rocks' damp
 Crept, and struck the fish which came
 To worship the delusive flame.
 Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
 Extinguishes all sense and thought
 Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
 Destroying life alone, not peace !"

But this is more tranquil than is usual with Shelley in poems of equal beauty. The feeling of want which sighs through it is less bitter, the effervescence between the sense of beauty and the longing for it is less vivid ; there is more of still reflectiveness, of patient thought, than is quite characteristic of him. Generally, in the more perfect minor poems, you almost see the angel troubling the water,—the very thrill of intellectualised impulse,—the fixed air of thought bubbling up through the intermittent springs of hot desire. Mr. Trelawny has given us a very graphic account of this :

"The day I found Shelley in the pine-forest, he was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines :

'Ariel, to Miranda take
 This slave of music.'

It was a frightful scrawl ; words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most 'admired disorder ;' it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks ; such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius. On my observing this to him, he answered, 'When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing.'

This gives us one key to Shelley's mysticism. Shelley's mind was heated through at a much lower comparative temperature, if we may be allowed the expression, than almost any other English poet's. We would not say, as Mr. Emerson has said of some minor poet, that the susceptibility of his imagination illustrated the proverb, "little pot soon hot;" for Shelley stands in the very front rank of English poets. But still there was something of tenuity in the essence of his genius, which is clearly connected with this liability to rapid excitation. We would rather say, that his genius resembles the water taken to a mountain-top, and which, under that attenuated atmospheric pressure, boils with far less heat—or at all events what *seems* to general observers far less heat—than other men's. Under the influence of a sentiment which would at most warm the surface of other poets' minds into a genial glow,

Shelley's bubbles up from its very depths, in a sort of pale passion, and seethes with imprisoned thought. This alone produces a mystifying effect on ordinary minds. To feel that Shelley breathes an exceedingly rarefied atmosphere of abstract sentiment, and yet see this rarefied air intoxicating his imagination into the bounding pulse of a most ardent passion, is like hearing a flow of hot thought from the lips of a spectre, or seeing the bloodless ichor coursing furiously through its veins. There is something necessarily mystifying in this. The sentiment is half abstract; the ardour is almost unparalleled even in the most eager pursuits of human passion; and the crowd of impressions and images which rush in so thickly, merely to amplify an apparently thin, if not unreal, sentiment, is perfectly dizzying to any reader at the first onset.

If we examine wherein consists the abstract and ideal air which colours Shelley's even most ardent poetic passions, we shall find it partly due to the ideal susceptibilities of his mind, but in some measure also to the habit he had of writing down trains of secondary feeling, of which the living explanation was contained in his own memory, and nowhere else. *Epipsychidion*, for instance, to ordinary readers the most mystical of all his poems, was probably to him one of the most simply expressive; but then it paints the impressions made upon him by persons and events that remain entirely beneath the horizon of the poem. The practical centre or focus of his meaning lies concealed in his own heart, while all that he pictures for us is the secondary effect exerted upon himself, without the causes which produced it. We are in the position of the prisoners in Plato's myth, who see the flickering shadows on the wall of the cave, but never the real objects which cast those shadows. In the poem we have mentioned, *Epipsychidion*, Shelley intends to describe apparently the three abstract types of feminine influence which he had keenly and vividly experienced; but he can scarcely be said to give us so much as their shadows on his imagination; rather he gives us three distinct aromas; and notwithstanding this, the fire with which the verse seems almost to pant, is more electric than in most poems of direct passion. Here is the first feminine influence he is subjected to; the deleterious enchantress:

"One whose voice was venom'd melody
Sate by a well, under blue nightshade bowers;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers;
Her touch was as electric poison; flame
Out of her looks into my vitals came;
And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew

Into the core of my green heart, and lay
 Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown gray
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
 With ruins of unseasonable time."

It would be impossible to describe the poisonous subtlety of beautiful falsehood with more intensity ; this being diffuses an atmosphere of killing excitement, which enters and blights at every pore. But still it fails to make the reader understand the intensity of the poet's horror, because it does not present even a phantom to his mind, does not give even a glimpse of the cause,—only of the effect. We can scarcely imagine here that the glow of the poet's own feeling is purely ideal in origin ; at all events, it may relate to some painful personal experience. Yet it has all the mystical effect of a phantom passion, the object of it, if not purely ideal, being beyond our view. And the same is quite as true of the other personifications in that remarkable poem.

But this certainly is not the rule even in the most passionate of Shelley's poems. *Alastor*, for instance, is the picture of a purely ideal passion, and yet of one so hot and ardent, that it draws the hero, who is an imaginative copy of Shelley, across the Balkan, over the steppes of Southern Russia, into a little leaky boat on the Black Sea, where, using his cloak for a sail, he drives for two days, with his hair very naturally turning gray all the time ; and having sailed up one of the rivers that flow down from the Caucasus, he dies in a spot of apparently impossible geography, his whole career being a wild pursuit of a vision presented to him in a dream, the personality of which dwindles into a pair of visionary eyes :

"When his regard
 Was raised by intense pensiveness, two eyes,
 Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,
 And seemed, with their serene and azure smiles,
 To beckon him."

No theory of the eyes can dispel the apparent incommensurability between the cause and the effect. Had Lord Jeffrey reviewed the poem, he would assuredly have passed a very short and rude criticism on the eyes, and perhaps on the poet too. And yet this is certainly one of Shelley's most characteristic and most beautiful poems. It is a ghostly kind of passion described, but the ghostly passion throbs as high as ever did that of man.

The truth seems to be, that Shelley's mind was powerfully excited neither by the proper spiritual nor by the proper physical world, neither by the supernatural nor by the natural, but in an ideal region peculiar to himself, where the uninteresting part, as he thought it, of *reality* was purged away, and the

solemn shadow of unseen power was not yet reached. His imagination does not seem to have been strong enough to weld together the invisible and visible, the spiritual causes and the earthly phenomena, into a single imaginative whole. "Lift not the painted veil," he said, "which those who live call life," even "though unreal shapes be pictured there." He had tried to lift it; and it only made him lose his hold of life, without gaining any hold of unseen realities. And this just represents the true sphere of his genius. He recoiled from the world of living reality; he had not penetrated to the world of unseen might; his imagination remained suspended between the two, wielding a wonderful power over ideal essences, but neither giving them a strong hold in life nor reaching their root in eternity. His intellect, subtle as it was, had no muscular comprehensiveness in it; if we may use a somewhat pedantic expression, it had no *integrating* power. It was swift and infinite in fertility; but the only string by which he ever bound his thoughts firmly together was continuity of desire. There was but the faintest measure of binding strength in his thought, the faintest possible *will* in it. Hence he had no enjoyment at all of *reality* as such. There never was a poet who had less sympathy with the pre-Raphaelite school of art. Poets and artists, and theologians and thinkers and politicians, who hunger after reality, hold, we suppose, that the *actual* combination of qualities and substances and personal influences, as God has made them, contains something much better worth knowing and imagining accurately, than any recast they could effect of their own. They believe in the infinite significance of actual ties. And those who feel this, as modern society does usually feel it, must have a certain spirit of faithful tenacity at the bottom of their minds, a respect for the mere fact of existence, a wish to see good reason before they separate things joined together by nature, and perhaps, they will think, by divine law; a disposition to cling to the details of experience, as having at least a *presumptive* sacredness; nay, even a higher love for such beauty itself as is presented to them in the real universe, than for any which is got by the dissolving and recomposing power of their own eclectic idealism.

Shelley shows no trace of this feeling. He is idealist to the heart's core. In the first place, the root of much of this sort of feeling is adhesiveness of temperament, and Shelley had but very little of this; he did not instinctively cling to things or persons as he has seen and known them, simply because he had so seen and known them. In the next place, a good deal more of it is due to a spiritual preference of that beauty and goodness which has penetrated and conquered a resisting medium, as

compared with the natural beauty of simple transparency, which has exerted no such moulding power. Shelley had no such feeling. He shrank from the resisting medium as intrinsically ugly, *because* it resisted the sunshine of beauty; and his only idea was to refine away the coarse material of earth until the sunshine remained pure and undiluted. His adoration is all for the ease and richness and warmth of overflowing, passionate, lavish beauty. Asia, in his *Prometheus Unbound*, is his true goddess, and he paints her thus :

“ Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them ;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
 In those looks, where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy lips are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them,
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds ere they divide them ;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others ; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender,
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
 And all feel, yet see thee never,
 As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of earth ! where'er thou movest,
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
 And the souls of whom thou lovest
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,
 Till they fail as I am failing,
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing.”

Nothing could express better the ideal of melting beauty; the beauty which, like a rich odour, makes us “faint,” according to Shelley's own favourite expression.

Further again, as we have said, Shelley's intellect and imagination were not of a sort to handle and master a complex whole. There was no *grip* in them. Infinitely subtle they were; and if they had had more volition, they might perhaps have been less subtle; but of volition they were almost destitute. His imagination was of one dimension only,—a point of moving fire generating myriads of beautiful shapes, but never illuminating any thing beyond the single series of connected positions which the spark traversed between the moment of kindling and the moment of extinction. Hence the far greater perfection of his shorter lyrics, and the superiority of the *Cenci*,

which is constituted by one single thrill of preternatural horror, to any other of his longer poems. He never holds up either a subject or a character steadily before his mind to examine it in all its parts; even the *Cenci* is a passion, not a drama,—the silver gleam of a winter torrent down a terrific precipice, leaving a shudder behind, and no more.

Thus Shelley's intellectual, moral, and emotional nature alike made him a pure idealist. There was no moulding, no subduing, no conquering element in the Beauty he worshipped. It conquered by passive fascination alone, not by any inherent dominating force. There was no inherent *strength* in his conception of beauty. He *abstracted* it from the world, instead of impressing or imposing it on it. His intellect had no grappling-irons wherewith to cling to the existing order of things till he had exhausted its possibilities; his conscience showed the finest feminine qualities and faithfulness in the sense of mere endurance, but recoiled abruptly from all aggressive exploits against the coarse jumbled evils of the world; his affections were not dumb conservative things, which fastened on the forms consecrated by time and usage, but swift gleams of chameleon-like rapture. His creed on this head he has versified for us, though he was perhaps higher than his creed. The passage throws a considerable light on his whole cast of intellect:

"I never was attached to that great sect
Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion; though it is the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.
True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away;
Love is like understanding, that grows bright
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light,
Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human fantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sunlike arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity."

This is the natural creed of an inconstant imagination.

Rapid change, strung together only by the continuity of a flash of feeling, being thus the law of Shelley's imagination, all his longer poems, except the *Cenci*, are very defective in unity. Even *Adonais* is only a shimmer of beautiful regret, full of arbitrary though harmonious and delicate fancies; while the *Witch of Atlas* gauges for us the spontaneous tendencies of Shelley's volatile and inconstant imagination, when it happened to be entirely free from the spell of any strong desire, and shows us how loose was the texture of his genius when not dominated by such feelings. No other poet could make us take the slightest interest in the subject. The witch is the impersonation of Shelley's own fancy-free imagination, and is said to be the spirit of love, but exhibits it only in the shape of that pale gentleness of disposition which Shelley so often confounded with love. She, like the poet himself, has storehouses of all essences of beauty, "sounds of air," "folded in cells of crystal silence:"

"Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die; yet, ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone."

And then, too, she has essences of dreams, "swift, sweet, and quaint," each "in his thin sheath like a chrysalis;" and "odours in a kind of aviary" which are commissioned to stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds; and even "liquors clear and sweet,"—a sort of essence of healing influences, the agreeable quintessence of a celestial apothecary's shop, without any of the unpleasant terrestrial alloys,—in fact, all the beauties which Shelley had distilled in thought out of this miscellaneous world;—and wonderful atoms of detailed beauty they are, most exquisitely combining thoughts with perceptions, but wanting as a whole just in the very thing in which Shelley's imagination was wanting,—connecting purpose or subduing comprehensiveness. The Witch does not sleep at night, but lies in trance, "with open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm," in the fountain, watching the constellations reel and dance over her; or, in winter, in a well of crimson fire, watching the flakes of snow melt as they touch it. She moulds a sexless companion out of snow and fire "tempered by love," and with it voyages about, "circling the image of a shooting star," and otherwise investigating all the subtle dreams of Shelley's fancy. But her most characteristic occupation is the one Shelley assigns her in human affairs: here she would defeat all the crooked purposes of priests and hypocrites, but without changing the heart of deceit; she would gratify lovers' passions, and save them from the results; in short, she would remove all the natural obstructions to the sweeter desires of

human life, defeat the unnatural vices, and smooth the way to a placid adjustment of wants and pleasures. This is an exact reflection of the spontaneous reverie of Shelley's imagination when not illuminated by some glowing flash of feeling. It busied itself with fusing together mental and sensuous impressions into symbols of rare beauty; in shaking them up in the kaleidoscope of his delicate fancy; or in using them more thoughtfully to construct a world from which all wrong and violence should be eliminated;—a thin world of distilled loveliness and spontaneous instinct, but containing nothing that could be called the strength of divine love,—a world in which evil should be foiled or evaporated rather than conquered.

This interlunar sphere, in which Shelley places the activity of his *Witch of Atlas*, is, we believe, the region with which his own imagination was most familiar,—the sphere of ideal beauty lying midway between Divine Power and human life. His mysticism arises quite as much from his refusal to acknowledge the world beyond, as from his reluctance to meddle with the coarse details on this side of his appropriate world. His *Witch of Atlas* puts forth nothing which can be called constraining power at all,—she only removes friction; and it was a characteristic of Shelley's mind that he could scarcely conceive either Power or Government, properly so called, except as pure evil and tyranny. This alone gives much of the apparent mysticism both to his political and his religious poems. It is obvious, we suppose, that politics involve a faith in government, religion a faith in the divine *Will*. Shelley had no such faith. He believed rather in the abolition of government than in government; in the divinity of love perhaps, but love of the thinnest naturalistic type, certainly not in the love of infinite *power*. Hence there are no poems that seem more hazy to our own age than his political and religious dreams. In both he is striving to delineate something to which beneficent power is essential, and he does it by an elision of the very idea. He paints a mere shadow of Influence, a white symbol of Acquiescence, thinner and less real than the *Witch of Atlas* herself, and puts the reins of this headstrong universe into its hands. In his political poems, indeed, Shelley scarcely takes the trouble to sketch even a shadow of government, while he carefully erases all the distinctive features which give force and reality to the meaning of the word:

"The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains,
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise."

All that is wanted to his imagination is the rejection of the

tyrannical yoke, not the imposition of a just one. Man would be greater if "sceptreless, free, equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless," than under the laws which are the growth of history, and which recognise the actual distinctions between nation and nation. From the sceptre on the one hand, from the vulgar details of national prejudice and peculiarities on the other, his ideal mind alike recoiled. When Shelley was writing his poem of *Hellas*, Trelawny insisted on taking him to see actual Greeks on board the ships at Leghorn, that he might better know what he was writing of. They found the Greek crews "squatting about the decks in small knots, shrieking, gesticulating, smoking, eating, and gambling, like savages." "'Does this realise your idea of Hellenism, Shelley?' I said. 'No; but it does of Hell,' he replied." The skipper was opposed to the Greek revolution because it "interrupted trade." "Come away," said Shelley; "there is not a drop of the old Hellenic blood here. These are not the men to rekindle the ancient Greek fire; their souls are extinguished by traffic and superstition. Come away; I had rather not have any more of my hopes and illusions mocked by sad realities." This is a striking picture of the recoil of Shelley's mind from the actual men concerning whose political state he dreamed and poetised.

And of course he neglected to notice not only the vices and faults which render some government necessary by way of remedy, but also many virtues and capacities for a life in common, which render all such government valuable as a concentration of the energies of a united race. His abstract man might live perhaps "sceptreless, tribeless, and nationless;" but with the actual qualities shared by the tribe and the nation the value of the sceptre begins. We can easily understand, therefore, the feeling which Shelley is said to have expressed to Mr. Hogg: "With how unconquerable an aversion do I shrink from political articles in newspapers and reviews! I have heard people talk politics by the hour, and how I hated it and them! I went with my father several times to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! what faces! what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings!" Here he raised his voice to a painful pitch with fervid dislike. "Good God! what men did we meet about the House, in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust!" Of course he did: here he found the stringy fibre of real politics,—power in its coarse form, wielding vulgar motives and machinery,—the *gristle* of government. Shelley had no belief in such government. He wanted to see man "tribeless and nationless," following gentle instincts without any friction or any yoke.

But if Shelley's political view of men is confusing, because it ignores the governing power and the need of government in man, his religious view of the world is still more so, from a corresponding *hiatus* in his spiritual creed. It is curious that both in politics and in religion he has a tendency to give us feminine softness as the sovereign power, where he will allow us any. In the *Revolt of Islam*, Laone, if any one, fills the vacuum left by the throne,—certainly Laone more than Laon, who is himself feminine enough. In the *Prometheus Unbound*, while Prometheus brings about the catastrophe by patient endurance, Asia, as we have said, is the only positive representation of the "ruling" spirit of love; and Asia is a rich overpowering perfume rather than a power. Demogorgon, the genius of Eternity, who, in form at least, dethrones the tyrant Jupiter when the fated hour comes, is a form of Zero. He sits waiting for his task in the gloom, and never appears to do any thing again after it is performed. The whole catastrophe is significantly enough brought about by passive virtues; and Demogorgon is therefore fitly enough the pure Nothing, the "reine Nichts," or at best, let us say, Kant's pure idea of *à priori* Time seated in *à priori* Space, who overthrows the tyrant at last simply because the tyrant's day is done. *Panthea* describes him thus, and he is even more negative than he is described to be:

" I see a mighty Darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless; neither limb,
Nor form, nor outline; yet we feel it is
A living Spirit."

The reader does *not* feel it at all, and certainly Shelley as a poet did not feel it,—nothing can be more imbecile than Demogorgon's function in the poem. Prometheus only represents created beings; and his virtues are summed up in lines which tell how anxiously Shelley wished to inculcate that the highest virtues of the creature are purely passive:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy power which seems omnipotent,
To love and bear, to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent,—
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

In this fine poem Shelley in reality puts no personal Power over Jupiter. Tyranny he represents as personal will; but the

power that dethrones tyranny is a breath, a shadow, nothing. In short, Will falls from the throne of the Universe by its own weight, and there is nothing to take its place. To Shelley all will is obstructive; the only being he can really worship is the rich radiant spirit of feminine loveliness, through whom alone even Prometheus can find his rest; and even for her he feels not worship, but "the desire of the moth for the star."

The characteristics, then, of Shelley's poetical mysticism seem to us to be the spirit of unsatisfied desire which kindles it, the intellectualised character of that desire, impregnated as it is every where with the fixed air of subtle thought, and yet never dominated or controlled by that thought,—a consequent awellessness of instinct, which rushes on its way with a craving only whetted by the desultory stirrings of a minutely luminous intellect into the curiosity of passion,—an eclectic idealism, which recoils from every thing unattractive,—a love of beauty, which excludes the attribute of strength, and includes only passive virtues,—all culminating in the substitution of either Time or Zero in the place of the power of God. We do not think that his genius, trained as it was, could have taken any other path of development. He received in his earliest days the severest shock of repulsion from the world as it was. His whole genius led him to the elaboration of ideal beauties. There was something of his own "sensitive plant" in his mind, which made him start away from repulsive qualities, and rendered him incapable of reconciling contradictions, or holding together with a strong hand the various elements of a complex problem. Into one side of human perfection he had a far higher insight than most men of his day,—the passive nobility of beautiful instinct and endurance. But the very idealising tendency which repelled him from human politics repelled him also from all human creeds, and the very first objection he took to them was to their demand of deference for a spiritual King. From all arbitrary authority he recoiled, and never apparently conceived the reality of *authority* properly so called, not arbitrary. Hence, to save his faith in human nature, he was almost compelled to seat a shadow on the throne of the Universe. The only marvel is, that his imagination still kept a throne of the Universe at all, even for a shadow. His ideal world was one "where music and moonlight and feeling are one," and in such a world probably no throne or sceptre would be needed. The result of his idealism, as of all idealism, was, that he nowhere found any true rest for his spirit, since he never came upon any free and immutable will on which to lean. The sense of weakness, of a longing to lean somewhere and no strength on which to lean, runs through his whole poems:

" Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,"

is a burden that reappears habitually in his poetry. There is but one passage in all Shelley's exquisite poetry which rises into pure sublimity,—because power is of the essence of sublimity, and Shelley had no true sense of power. But one does, and that is, characteristically enough, the passage in which he puts into Beatrice Cenci's heart the sudden doubt lest the spiritual world be without God after all :

" Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts ! If there should be
No God, no Heaven, no Earth, in the void world,—
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world !"

A sublimer line was scarcely ever written. It casts just a gleam on the infinite horror of an empty eternity, and then drops the veil again, leaving the infinitude of weakness and emptiness intensified into a sublimity. Yet here is the true root of Shelley's restlessness—the suspicion that when desire fails, the object of the heart's desire may fail with it,—that "the One" who "remains" is a thinner, fainter, less living thing than the "many" which "change and pass,"—that there is nothing substantial at the heart of the universe,—no Will behind the fleeting beauty, no strength of self-sacrifice behind the melting love. Shelley was no Atheist. His Pantheism was sincere, and at times no doubt a kind of faith to him ; but belief in a universal essence gave no solidity to the order of the world, no firm law to the flux and reflux of human desire, had no power to say, "Be still, and know that I am God." Behind this "form and flush of the universal beauty" there always lay a dreadful phantom of possible emptiness. He felt of Pantheism as he felt of the pictured falsehoods on the surface of the individual mind, that they might be all an illusive scenic effect. "Lift not the painted veil which those who live call life." What if we were to find even behind the fresco of universal loveliness nothing but a "wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world" ?

ART. V.—ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The Revelation of God the Probation of Man. Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. London: J. H. and Jas. Parker, and J. Murray. 1861.

Notes on the Parables. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster.

Parochial Sermons. By John Henry Newman, B.D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 1844.

An Exposition of the Creed. By John Pearson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Chester.

Sermons. By George Bull, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. David's. Oxford, 1846.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. London: J. Murray. 1855.

Scripture Revelations of a Future State. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Parker, Son, and Bourn.

Theological Essays. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1853.

Essays and Reviews. London: Longmans. 1861.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary point of view. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1861.

Forgiveness after Death: Does the Bible or the Church of England affirm it to be impossible? A Review of the alleged Proofs of the Hopelessness of the Future State. By a Clergyman. London: Longmans. 1862.

THE preceding list of works will at once show the nature and extent of the task which we have imposed on ourselves in the present article. We are not going to enter on any discussion of abstract theories, or on any analysis of the philosophical arguments which are brought forward in support of them. Our work is at once more simple and more urgent. The controversies which find their battle-ground in the Church of England seem to multiply almost as rapidly as the heads of the Lernaean hydra; but, like these heads, they spring from one root, and on this final question we purpose now to insist with that plainness of speech which has never been more imperatively needed than at the present time. Behind all discussions on the authority of the Bible lies the one absorbing subject of human destiny. It

is better and more honest to declare at once, that on this question only one answer will be accepted by the English people; but it is no light thing, if, as we believe, it can be said with truth that the Church of England has returned this answer. In her interest, next only to that of truth and justice, we desire to speak. She is facing a great danger; but that danger arises from the progress, not of historical criticism, but of a feeling of doubt whether her voice is raised to proclaim unreservedly the absolute righteousness of God. Her authority is claimed for a vast scheme of popular theology. Among her ministers, some few openly denounce parts of this scheme, many practically ignore it; while others uphold it by arguments which would make it indifferent whether we worship God, or whether we worship Moloch. It bodes no good to a church when its lay members begin to suspect that the clergy are upholding a system of dogmas in some part of which at least they do not believe. It is a still darker sign if they come to think that these dogmas impute what, amongst men, would be called the worst injustice to a Being who is represented as infinitely merciful and loving. It becomes therefore a subject of paramount importance to ascertain what is in fact the practical teaching of the clergy on the subject of Eternal Punishment, and whether that teaching is consistent with itself and with the religion on which it professes to rest.

The subject cannot possibly be put aside. The course of thought and criticism at home, the more urgent needs of missionaries abroad, will again and again demand answers to questions which all feel to be of greater moment than any other. The age, which has fearlessly scrutinised the histories of Greece and Rome, which has laid down the laws by which these are to be judged, and has applied these laws with rigid impartiality to all researches or speculations, whether they tell for or against the orthodox belief,* will not be hindered from examining the grounds of the doctrines which fix the destinies of all mankind. It is impossible to doubt that the clergy generally are well aware of this. The old language on the subject of hell-torments is by comparison seldom heard at the present day; and the passing reference to them is commonly followed by the tranquil announcement of a just retribution for all sin. While in this

* The criticisms of Sir Cornewall Lewis are directed with equal severity against the reconstructed Assyrian history of Mr. Rawlinson and the Egyptology of Baron Bunsen. The former is supposed to corroborate the history of the Old Testament, the latter to upset it. To the historical critic either issue is wholly beside the question; but of course his weapons may strike that which he had no conscious intention of assailing. Minucius Felix never thought of the labours of Samson when he thrust aside those of Heracles by the famous criterion, "*Hæc, si facta essent, fierent: quia fieri non possunt, idcirco nec facta sunt.*"

country the clergy feel that any thing more would be practically thrown away, they find it at once an easier and a more worthy task to insist on those truths which neither they nor their people in their secret hearts deny. From time to time men of greater honesty and greater courage give utterance to what is working in the minds of others, and plainly show that not merely the course of modern criticism, but our first religious instincts, make the subject of Eternal Punishment the great question of the age.

Twice at least within the last ten years something like a plain answer has been given to this question. The *Theological Essays* of Mr. Maurice roused an opposition scarcely less vehement than that which denounced *Essays and Reviews*; but it was easy to see that the former lost half their force by the writer's seeming love of paradox; while the latter have been commonly regarded as the ambiguous utterances of men who felt more than they dared to put down in words. The practical needs of the missionary will not be so easily set aside. It is one thing to speak, in this country, of heathens as being destined to torments which shall have no end, and another to insist, before the heathen themselves, that all sin not repented of at the hour of death will plunge the sinner into endless misery. In his commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Bishop of Natal admits that the task of teaching Christian doctrine "to intelligent adult natives, who have the simplicity of children, but withal the earnestness and thoughtfulness of men, . . . is a sifting process for the opinions of any teacher who feels the deep moral obligation of answering truly and faithfully and unreservedly his fellow-man looking up to him for light and guidance, and asking, 'Are you sure of this? Do you know this to be true? Do you really believe that?'" The Zulus of Southern Africa are not slow in drawing the logical inferences from the dogma of Eternal Punishment, as ordinarily understood and set before them; but they are more ready to question its justice than to adopt the belief which drove Antony and Macarius into the Nitrian desert.

These are things on which the nation at large will soon have to make up its mind. But while the doctrine of an endless punishment for all men dying with unrepented sin is asserted judicially* to be the doctrine of the Church of England, and while from time to time we have explanations of its nature which leave us in no doubt of the speaker's meaning, how are we to explain the fact that it should be less and less frequently brought before the people? A real conviction of its truth would lead men to dwell on it to the exclusion of almost every

* Judgment of the Court of Arches in the case of *Fendall v. Wilson*, p. 44.

other dogma, to enforce it by night and by day with a vehement and untiring energy. Instead of this, the Bishop of Natal asserts, and asserts truly, that the dogma "is very seldom stated in plain words in the presence of any intelligent congregation." If prominently brought forward, it is generally before the ignorant and before children.

Put in the simplest way, this doctrine asserts that the condition of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of his death,—that, owing to the fall of Adam, the natural doom of all his children, without exception, is an unending existence of torment,—that the death of Christ has indeed redeemed mankind, but procured salvation only for those who believe the Gospel and are baptised into his church,—that, further, every Christian must die in a state of penitence, and that the slightest failing not repented of at the moment of death consigns him to endless flame. Thus a sharp line is drawn which divides all mankind into two classes; and from the number of those who are saved not only all openly evil-livers are cast out, but all heathen who, having not the law, have not been a law to themselves; and among Christians, all who have not died in the faith of Christ. Thus the gates of hell close on all who may be set down as careless and indifferent, or as mere moralists, or sceptics, or philosophers, all, in short, who do not at the hour of death with true penitence place their conscious trust in the great sacrifice of Christ. This doctrine knows nothing of shades of character or degrees of guilt. It may admit the salvation of really good heathen men to whom the Gospel has never been preached, and possibly of all children dying before the commission of actual sin.* Ignorant Christians it regards as heathen, and there can be no reason to exempt them from a doom which awaits the vast mass, nay almost the whole of the latter.

This dogma may of course be enforced in ways indefinitely various. It may be so put as to make God's hatred of all sin the prominent idea, or it may be clothed with the coarseness of the most vindictive passion. It may be urged with the earnestness of the saint who is ready to die for others, or with the horrible selfishness of the blasphemer who professes to see the mercy of God in the damnation of infants. But, in whatever form it may be put, the doctrine is in itself repulsive. Human nature shrinks from a penalty which it cannot comprehend, and of which it certainly cannot see the justice or the purpose. In the words of Dean Milman, "to the eternity of hell-torments there is, and ever must be, notwithstanding the peremptory decrees of dogmatic theology, and the reverential dread of so

* The Church of England speaks positively only in the case of *baptised* children who die before such commission of sin.

many religious minds of tampering with what seems the language of the New Testament, a tacit repugnance."* Doubtless there are many truths of Christianity which may at first shock or startle those who have grown up in a different philosophy. The cross of Christ may be to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks an offence; but it is possible to mistake the nature of this antagonism, or to exaggerate it until it becomes a fiction. But there is no other doctrine which leaves on the mind and heart an aching sense as of irremediable pain; no other of which the real belief must throw a dark shade over all human life, and tempt the believer to gird himself with the cord of Dominic and Francis, and go forth to snatch if but a few brands from the burning. There is no other which sets the purest and most natural of human affections in direct conflict with what is held to be the revelation of the divine will. If on the night of the Passover there was not a house in Egypt in which there was not one dead, there must be many dead in almost every Christian home, unless the terms of this dogma are set at naught. There is no man living who has not loved those of whose conscious faith he can say nothing. There is not one who does not still love some, perhaps many, such, on whose bodies the grave has closed. There is not one who will not continue to love them till he himself comes to die; and in the mean while he will vainly seek to understand how after that time he can become indifferent to the doom of those whom he has loved, and feels that he must love, on earth.

It is clear that only the most stringent authority will bring men to believe such a doctrine as this. Their own conception (whether innate or acquired) of divine qualities and attributes will never guide them to it; they can only receive it on the express revelation of God himself that it is really true. Christians have come to believe that He has so revealed it, and that the statement of this doctrine is found in the Bible. They have brought themselves to believe that all morality falls to the ground, if the endlessness of hell-torments is called in question; and hence to all such doubts, however faint and however calmly urged, the great barrier presented is the bulwark of plenary inspiration. The very vehemence with which all doubts are denounced as impious, seems to show that there must be something which can only be maintained by the exclusion or suppression of all doubts. The Roman church is under no necessity to assert the absolute truth even of all doctrinal statements in the Bible: she has not shown her wisdom when she has done so. The Protestant, who does not admit the existence of any living infallible expositor of truth, is compelled to rest every

* History of Latin Christianity, book xiv. chap. ii. vol. vi. p. 253, ed. 2.

thing on the authority of a book; and on this he must take his stand the more obstinately, if he feels that there is any one doctrine which only on such authority he would himself maintain. The tendencies of modern thought are sufficiently clear; and it is manifestly against the truth of facts to suppose that the disposition to a general unbelief is greater now than it was fifty years ago, or so great. But if the wants and yearnings of the human heart, if a sense of perfect harmony with every moral perception (whether implanted or acquired), are leading and will lead men to a belief in the Incarnation, the Trinity in Unity, or any other truth flowing out of these; there are other dogmas from which the very same wants and yearnings, the same perceptions of the essential agreement between divine and human goodness, will altogether repel them. The strong arm of ecclesiastical authority, or the dictates of temporal interest, or a dread of public opinion, may lead men to profess belief in them; but if the doctrine of endless punishment were suffered to rest on the grounds which have led some, who denied it before, to believe that Jesus Christ is God and man, no one can doubt that the great mass of Englishmen would thankfully and indignantly reject it.

Nor would this rejection arise simply, or at all, from merely selfish fears. The main thought in the minds of the most sincere believers will be not for themselves, but for others; nay, the feeling of thankfulness at being rid of the dogma will be the more intense, that now they can really, and without any sophistry and equivocation, justify the ways of God to man. The charge that they, who will not allow the everlasting fire and endless punishment to mean and to be the same thing, wish to introduce a wild license and crush all sense of law and duty, is an idle slander or a childish dream. The Roman Catholic consigns to the remedial fires of Purgatory all who, though dying penitent, have yet made little advance towards Christian perfection. The Protestant, who in theory condemns to endless perdition all but the few of whose faith and goodness there can be no question, can hardly in practice bring himself to speak of any as undergoing the pains of hell. At the least, he cannot so think of those whom he has himself known and loved. Each Protestant, at least in England, is loud in maintaining that all sinners are consigned to endless punishment; each is equally anxious to express his belief, that his own friends are not to suffer such a doom. Clearly then he, and not they who reject his doctrine, is making the laws of God of none effect, and tampering with his absolute and unswerving justice. By his system they who are wholly unfit for so immediate a change are transferred from the feeblest and most imperfect Christian life here to the full blessings of the

saints who have surrendered their wills wholly to the will of God. It is the orthodox Protestant, and not his opponent, who is undermining the convictions of men, that God is of a truth the Righteous Judge. There is not the faintest evidence that they who insist on gradations of punishment are lessening the "terrors of the Lord," far less that they are upholding any theories of what is called Universalism. They have learnt, and their hearts tell them, that all sinners must sooner or later be brought face to face with the everlasting wrath of God. With the questions of amount or duration they resolutely decline to deal. They cannot in terms deny that the resistance of the sinner may be infinite, or presume in such case to determine the issue; but they maintain most strenuously that the wrath of God will be felt by all who need it, without exception.*

Thus, in the present aspect of theological controversy, we have a strange sight. Almost every science runs ultimately into collision with some one or more of the statements of the Bible, and so calls into question indirectly its general authority. The science of geology seems utterly to contradict the cosmogony of the book of Genesis. Astronomy knows nothing of any pause in the course of the earth round the sun. The science of language appears not altogether to favour the idea of an original unity for all mankind; while the analysis of the speech, and still more of the mythology, of the great Aryan race furnishes no proof whatever that man started with high blessings, which he forfeited by sin. Meanwhile they who uphold the orthodox belief know well that these sciences, carried to their utmost limits, are not likely to come into conflict with the great truths of the incarnation of Christ, and of the redemption wrought by him. They know that the keenest scientific criticism cannot endanger the doctrine of that eternal life which here and hereafter belongs to all who do the will of God. If these were the only truths to be defended, perhaps the questions of inspiration and authority might be discussed more calmly. But there remains the one dogma of endless punishment, which, if any flaw is found in the popular theory of inspiration, must straightway fall; and its defenders fight therefore with a vehement intolerance, only to be excused by their strange conviction, that a denial of it removes the groundwork of all morality.

The judgment of the Court of Arches, whether reversed or not, can only hasten the crisis. It refuses (and, it must be admitted, rightly) to allow any reference to the statements of Scripture on one side or the other. It concerns itself simply with the law of the church, and professes only to bind the clergy. But

* See especially Colenso's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, pp. 202, 216, 262; and the tract on *Forgiveness after Death*, p. 18.

the laity remain free to range over the statements of the Bible, and are not bound to shut their eyes to inconsistencies and contradictions. They will not be slow to see that the great body of the clergy do not preach "hell-fire;" as, indeed, no one with full practical conviction believes in it. They will be able to distinguish the warning of a due recompense for all sin from the threat of an indiscriminate vengeance against all sinners. They will remember further that, while their teachers speak to them generally of God's absolute justice, as well as his infinite love, the dogma of endless reprobation is yet asserted judicially to be the doctrine of the church to which they belong; and finally, they will learn that a body of men maintain in the letter a dogma which they do not in reality believe; and sooner or later they will act upon this knowledge.

In a few years the contrast will be more startling than it is now. There yet live some who do not shrink from putting forth this doctrine in its most uncompromising form. Men of great power, the spell of whose eloquence has not yet been broken, draw out the picture in its minutest details, knowing that its strength lies in concrete images, not in unsubstantial generalities. There yet remain some who seem eager to maintain with Bishop Bull, that all who die with any sin not repented of "are immediately consigned to a place and state of irreversible misery,—a place of horrid darkness, where there shines not the least glimmering of light or comfort."* Such of course are the logical results of the alternative which severs all men at the hour of death into two classes, and fixes accordingly their irrevocable doom. But when the Bishop of Natal asks, "In point of fact, how many thoughtful clergy of the Church of England have ever deliberately taught, in plain outspoken terms, this doctrine?" the answer must be given, that some whose names stand among the highest in the land have set it forth in more glaring colours than he has himself ventured to imagine. It is the duty of all who know this to be the case, to show simply under what forms this doctrine is sometimes presented to English children, and what conclusions are boldly drawn from axioms which utterly contradict them.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the alternative of which we have spoken more forcibly stated than in a sermon by Mr. Newman on the Individuality of the Soul.† Even over a dogma to which, in Dean Milman's words, all have a tacit repugnance, his single-hearted earnestness sheds some light and comfort, if not for the dead, yet for the living. Knowing that for the good and the wicked eternal life and eternal death are already here begun, he

* Sermon iii., Works, vol. i. p. 80, Oxford, 1846.

† Parochial Sermons, vol. iv. sermon vi.

insists that the sinner is at present under God's eternal wrath, and not merely that he will be so at some future time. Yet he shrinks not from complying with the inexorable demands of his system. The invisible line divides all mankind into these two classes; and, at the moment of their death, all who die unsanctified and unreconciled to God pass at once into a state of endless misery. But he did not fail to see how little men generally believed "that every one who lives, or has lived, is destined for endless bliss or torment;" and how the popular convictions of Protestants open the door of hope far more widely than the Purgatory of the Church of Rome. If a theology so lax rises in part from their inability "to conceive it possible that they should be lost," he does not forget that it is partly accounted for by natural affection. "Even the worst men have qualities which endear them to those who come near them;" therefore they cling to the memory of the past, and derive from it a vague hope, which they do not care to sift too strictly. But death not merely fixes the doom of the sinner; it changes his nature, not in degree only, but in kind. "Human feelings cannot exist in hell." Others have not hesitated to draw out the many inferences involved in this axiom: Mr. Newman drew from it simply a warning to fight the Christian's battle more earnestly, and to hate the sin against which the wrath of God is eternally burning. In that church where he professes to have found both refuge and solace, he has to propound a more merciful doctrine. The two classes* remain; but the way of penitence and of hope is open to vast numbers who, in the strict belief of Anglicans, would be shut up with the sinners. Thus far, in his new home, he has been removed some steps at least from "the house of bondage."

The full meaning of Mr. Newman's axiom cannot be comprehended until we bring before ourselves the various shades of

* The tests laid down by Mr. Newman, the Bishop of Oxford, and others, are clear enough. The only question is as to their application. This exhaustive classification has reference to the tares and wheat, the sheep and goats, in the parables of our Lord. Mr. Jowett (on the Epistle to the Romans, &c., vol. i. p. 416, *Essay on Natural Religion*) will not say in which of these two divisions we should find a place for the majority of mankind, "who have a belief in God and immortality," but "have nevertheless hardly any consciousness of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel;" who "have never in their whole lives experienced the love of God, or the sense of sin, or the need of forgiveness," but who are often "remarkable for the purity of their morals," for their "strong and disinterested attachments" and their "quick human sympathies;" and of whom "it would be a mistake to say that they are without religion." Theologians would not share Mr. Jowett's hesitation. These men, although members of the church outwardly, do not die consciously in the faith of Christ, and they must therefore be shut out for ever from the presence of God. But they are just the men of whom Protestants speak as having "gone to heaven," although their theory consigns them to a very different doom.

character which are included under the class of impenitent sinners. One effect of such theology is to paralyse the will for action where action is most of all needed. If such a line of severance exists, there must be those in heaven who were very nigh to hell, and some in hell who were very near to heaven. To tell the young that there are millions in endless torments who have failed in sight of the goal, millions who have only not won the prize, millions who have been *all but* saved, is not likely to supply the readiest motive to be up and doing. The hardness of the conflict is yet further increased by theories on post-baptismal sin, which tend practically to put it almost beyond the reach of pardon; and faults which, if committed before receiving the sacrament of regeneration would be of but little moment, avail to crush down the soul of the baptised for ever. But as long as the exaggeration consists in making still more narrow the strait road which leads to life, no other difficulty arises than the thought that God, who is all-merciful, lays on his weak creatures a burden which they are scarcely able to bear. When, however, we compare the teaching of one man with that of others on this subject of eternal punishment, we begin to see that their doctrines not merely represent the Divine Being as implacably revengeful and utterly unjust, but rest on axioms which entirely contradict each other, as well as certain articles of faith in which all alike profess their belief. Mr. Newman grounded his description of the doom of sinners on the maxim that human affections cannot exist in hell; the teaching of the Bishop of Oxford on this subject rests, or rested, on a very different idea.

In a sermon preached in the parish church of Banbury, on the 24th of February 1850, the Bishop of Oxford dramatised the day of judgment.* He was preaching especially to the

* We have not hesitated to make use of notes, taken (approvingly) at the time, of a sermon which certainly cannot be charged with prophesying smooth things. A discourse addressed specially to children on their confirmation may be more fitly alleged as a specimen of ordinary parochial teaching than a sermon preached before a University audience. Yet the two sermons on "The Revelation of God the Probation of Man," preached by the Bishop of Oxford before the University in 1861, are entitled to all the credit due to the sermon at Banbury for plainness of speech. We cannot even enter on an examination of the equivocal sophistry which runs through these sermons. We content ourselves with remarking that, on evidence which has been much called in question, he makes a young man of great promise, and much simplicity of character, die "in darkness and despair" before he had "reached the fullness of earliest manhood." The alleged cause is indulgence in doubts,—of what kind we are not told. Yet there is some difference between the promulgation of an impure Gnosticism and doubts on the accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony. Unquestionably the bishop is referring to doubts of the latter kind; and we can only say, that to condemn to endless torments a young man of good life because he doubted whether the sun and moon really stood still at Joshua's bidding, is almost worse than to consign to the same fate the school-girl of the Banbury sermon.

children who had on that day been confirmed by him; and he judged rightly, that nothing could enable them to realise the state of the lost more vividly than a series of portraits representing the several classes of impenitent sinners in judgment. But inasmuch as the example of the worst sort of mankind would be of little practical use, he sought his warnings chiefly from those on whom the world would be disposed to look favourably. The poet, the statesman, and the orator, the scholar and philosopher, the moralist, the disobedient child, the careless youth, were each in their turn described as standing before the judgment-seat. No touch was wanting in each case to complete the picture; and if the object was to awaken the passion of fear, the preacher's effort could fail only with those who saw that the picture was inconsistent with the constantly recurring statement, that hell contains nothing but what is simply and utterly evil. As addressed to the young, his words ought not to do violence to a sense of right and wrong, probably in most of them sufficiently weak, or tend to lower and confuse ideas respecting the Divine Nature which were already sufficiently inadequate. How far the sermon was likely to produce such a result may perhaps be determined by taking a few of the examples brought forward. After describing the death of the impenitent,—sometimes in torment, sometimes in indifference, more often in self-deceit,—the Bishop of Oxford depicted them before the judgment-seat, still possibly deceiving themselves, until the delusion is ended by the words which bid them go into the lake of fire. "What," he asked, "will it be for the scholar to hear this, the man of refined and elegant mind who nauseates every thing common, mean, and vulgar, who has kept aloof from every thing that may annoy or vex him, and hated every thing that was distasteful? . . . How, again, shall it be with many of whom the world thinks highly, who are rich and well-to-do, sober and respectable, benevolent and kind? Such an one has been esteemed as an excellent neighbour; he has had a select circle of friends whom he has bountifully entertained; and when he dies, there is a grand funeral, and it is put upon his tombstone that he is universally lamented. What is the Scripture comment on all this?—in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." He placed his hearers by the deathbed of the rich man. "See, in the house of Dives there are hurrying steps and anxious faces. Dives is sick, and his neighbours are sorry, because he has been a good neighbour to them, polite and hospitable, and ever ready to interchange the amenities of life. Dives is sick, and his brothers are sorry, because he has been a kind brother to them, and now they must lose his care and see him no more. Soon all is over. The body lies in state. His friends come together and attend it to the

tomb, and over it is placed the recording tablet stating him to be a very paragon of human virtues. And while this is going on upon the earth, where is Dives himself? suffering in torments, because in his lifetime he had received his good things." But more terrible still (and chiefly as being addressed to children) was the picture of a school-girl cut off at the age of thirteen or fourteen. In her short life she had not seldom played truant from school, had told some lies, had been obstinate and disobedient. Now she had to bid farewell to heaven and to hope, to her parents, her brothers and her sisters. What was her agony of grief, that she should never again look on their gentle faces, never hear their well-known voices! All their acts of love return to her again—all the old familiar scenes, remembered with a regret which no words can describe, with a gnawing sorrow which no imagination can realise. Henceforth she must dwell among beings on whom there is no check or restraint. The worst of men are there, with every spark of human feeling extinguished, without any law to moderate the fury of their desperate rage. To complete the picture, the lost angels were mingled with this awful multitude, in torment themselves and the instruments of torturing others. They stood round their human victims, exulting in their agonies and increasing perpetually the sting of their ceaseless anguish. The bodies of men as well as their souls were subjected to their fearful sway. "The drunkard they seized and tortured by the instrument of his intemperance, the lustful man by the instrument of his lust, the tyrant by the instrument of his tyranny."

These descriptions involve some curious and not very consistent conclusions; but chiefly perhaps they suggest that the difference between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries is not very great after all. The demonology of the Bishop of Oxford is almost more minute and elaborate than that of Bede or William of Malmesbury.* But, leaving this, we have to mark that in this scheme, as in that of Mr. Newman, (1) all mankind are divided into two classes at the hour of death, and (2) that hell is the abode of nothing that is not utterly evil. But it goes beyond the teaching of Mr. Newman in asserting (3) that hell is a chaos of unrestrained passion, (4) that all its inhabitants may attack one another at will, and (5) that all, whom we should be disposed to judge most leniently, retain their better characteristics, and remain, in short, precisely what they had been on earth.

On a subject of such fearful moment every statement should be sifted with all sobriety and earnestness. It might be not

* Bede, iii. 19; Malmesbury, ii. 2. The details of bodily torment inflicted by demons run into images which have their ludicrous as well as their fearful side. See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, book xiv. ch. ii.

difficult to present illustrations, such as have now been noticed, even under a ludicrous aspect; but it is more seemly to ask how, if these things are so, each man is to be rewarded according to his works. The brutal murderer and the bloodthirsty despot remain what they were. Their cruelty is not lessened, their physical force seemingly not abated. The philosopher and moralist, the man of learning and elegant tastes, the child who has died almost in infancy, remain also what they were; and all, murderers, philosophers, and children, are hurled together into an everlasting chaos. The strong can choose out victims who cannot resist them; the weak can find none to torment in their turn, and, according to the supposition, they have no wish to torment any one. Hell is not the habitation of human affection. Yet the child carries thither her love for her parents, her brothers, her teachers; nay, she yearns for their blessedness, not only because it is a condition free from torment, but because they are with their loving and merciful Father. The sceptical philosopher whose life was a pattern of mere moral strictness, the man of refined habits and ready benevolence, remain likewise what they were; and they are to be punished by being thrown with those who never had a thought or care either for elegance, philosophy, or morality. The school-girl may be tormented by Ahab or Cæsar Borgia; Shelley may find himself assailed by Jonathan Wild or Commodus.* It may well seem profane thus to put names together; but if such a theory be true, the conclusion is perfectly justifiable; and we are justified further in maintaining, (1) that on this supposition the punishment is wholly unequal, unless all have committed the same amount of sin, and are equally steeped in guilt (which yet they are admitted not to be), or unless all become equally fiendish (which is manifestly denied).

But (2) in either case the less guilty are the greater sufferers. If all are made equally diabolical by the mere passing from this world into the next, still, in undergoing the change, some will have lost much more good than others,—many losing very little, others losing a great deal. And if they do not become equally bad, then the sensitive and refined will be trampled on by fiercer beings, who will lead an endless carnival of violence.

(3) This latter class would scarcely be punished at all. To take a troop of the most hardened criminals, and leave them shut up by themselves to their own devices, would scarcely be

* To raise an objection on the score of mentioning names is to betray a doubt as to the individual existence of all human souls after death. Nor did Mr. Newman fail to discern and to denounce such hidden unbelief. See more especially the sermon already cited, vol. iv. sermon vi.

called punishment in any human code. To coop up with these other criminals of a different stamp, weak, sensitive, and specially open to softer and purer feelings, would indeed be punishment fearful enough for the latter, while it would give a zest to the horrible passions of the former.

But further, (4) evil on this hypothesis is to increase and multiply for ever. Bishop Butler's sermon on Resentment will show clearly enough the course of that passion, when uncontrolled, even on earth. But here all check, divine and human, is to be removed for ever. In some way or other we are to suppose that all will feel the sting of remorse; but according to this idea they will at the same time have the will and the power to repeat the sins for which they suffer, nay to add to these sins others incomparably more tremendous.

But the orthodox theology which severs all men into two classes, to be fixed at the moment of their death, still maintains that the final cause of the divine government of the world is the victory of righteousness over sin. It still asserts that when the last enemy has been destroyed, God shall be all in all. Yet, according to the hypothesis of the Bishop of Oxford, the vast majority of the whole human race, of all times and countries,—all wicked heathen, all wicked Christians, all children who die with faults not repented of, all mere moralists, all men of indifferent or negative characters,—depart into a realm where lawlessness reigns supreme. In this anarchy is involved the permission to sin afresh perpetually in infinitely increasing ratio. Here undoubtedly the calculation of numbers may, or rather must, come in. The children of Adam may be beyond any earthly census, but they are not innumerable. As Mr. Newman cautiously and reverently expressed it, that which gives especial solemnity to the thought of death is, "that we have reason to suppose that souls on the wrong side of the line are far more numerous than on the right." It is dishonest and cowardly to palter and dally with such a subject as this. If the words of the Bishop of Oxford are true, then Satan, who is the lord of this lawless realm, has for ever severed nine-tenths, possibly nineteen-twentieths, possibly more, of the whole human race from the love and the law of God. From this vast kingdom he has banished God, and in it he may exult in the endless aggrandisement of sin. Some very indisputable proof is needed for the belief that the victory of God means nothing more than this, and unquestionably no man in his senses would ever speak thus of any earthly king who had lost nineteen-twentieths of his kingdom, over which he had been obliged to abandon all control. We might give him all the credit which a qualified success deserves. We might say

that he had put bounds to rebellion, and prevented the rebels from harming those who had not joined them; but it would be an absurd mockery to say that he had overthrown and destroyed his enemies, and recovered all his ancient power. If popular theologians speak truly, the victory of God would be even more partial, and Ahriman will indeed have triumphed over Ormuzd.

But the orthodox theology has also to deal with the relation of those who are saved to those who are lost. Once at least they all meet for recognition before the throne of judgment. There parents are to look on children, once loved and cherished, now appointed for the burning. There the husband is to see the wife, whom he loved to the last, borne away into the lake of fire. There brothers, whose love was one, but whose lot is now different, are to take their farewell, and to see each other again no more. That the sinners should mourn for the blessings which they have lost, and that their anguish should be increased by the very consciousness that they who loved them once are blessed still, need perhaps, in such a scheme, present no great difficulty. But the happiness of the righteous must not be disturbed, and some solution must be found for the huge perplexities so produced. No theologian ventures to assert that we are to hate all sinners in this life; rather, our love is to be increased by the consciousness of their sin and need. The miserable wretches who haunt the filthy courts of crowded cities are to be sought out with the more tenderness and zeal, because they are exasperated against an order which, to them, appears thoroughly iniquitous. Their blasphemies are not to deter us from seeking to do them good; after a few years are past, they will prevent God from so doing. In some way or other, the righteous in heaven are to acquiesce in a necessity which is laid on the Divine Being himself. We do not hate them now, but we shall hate them hereafter; nay, those who are lost shall retain their love for us long after the last lingering feeling has been extinguished in ourselves. We may struggle to escape from the labyrinth of unintelligible contradictions, but the conclusion remains, that the assurance of our own salvation will enable us to look with indifference on the departure of lost friends into hell. At the least, that consciousness will not be allowed to interfere with our bliss. This can only be done by one of two suppositions: either we shall come to hate all sinners because we detest sin, or we shall be able to forget sin and sinners altogether.

But if it be impossible (as for men in this life at least it would seem to be impossible) to feel an unmixed hatred for any being not wholly evil, then the mere comfort of those who

are saved demands that all who are lost shall cease to retain the least affinity with good. Hence it became a logical necessity to maintain that the accident of death rendered wholly wicked those who had been only partially wicked before. But if some writers have discovered in the parable or history of the Rich Man and the Beggar the evidence of this sweeping change, the idea of hell-torments enforced by the Bishop of Oxford implies that over some at least no change has passed, unless it be one for the better. The case may be put even more forcibly. According to the Archbishop of Dublin, the terrors of the day of judgment will be felt only by those "who will then for the first time have a faithful and tender conscience."* That men should have such consciences is the special desire of the Divine Spirit; and in this theory the day of judgment at once accomplishes the victory of righteousness over sin, by changing the hearts of all sinners. It is to this, then, that the good have to look forward; and if memory survives in heaven, it must tell them that the gates of hell have closed on faithful and tender consciences. The prospect may be bewildering; the retrospect would be intolerable. In two ways only can men during this life deal with the thought so forced upon them. All other feelings may here be swallowed up in a fierce vehemence to save the souls of others and our own. The idea of endless vengeance may send us forth to drive men into heaven with the ecstatic fervour of Knox or Loyola, or else our efforts may be centred on ourselves. The one aim of life may be to force our way through gates which can be opened but to few. We may learn to crush all natural feeling, and the selfishness so acquired we may carry into heaven. The very intensity of our joy may lie in the thought that we have escaped the fires which are tormenting those whom we had known on earth. Archbishop Whately shrinks from this idea of a triumph worthy of Mahomet or Montanus. In his belief, we shall be able in heaven to do effectually what we can only in part accomplish here. On earth a good man, "in cases where it is clear that no good can be done by him, strives as far as possible, though often without much success, to withdraw his thoughts from evil which he cannot lessen, but which still, in spite of his effort, will often cloud his mind. We cannot at pleasure draw off our thoughts entirely from painful subjects which it is in vain to meditate about; the power to do this completely would be a great increase of happiness." The blessed "will be able by an effort of the will completely to banish and exclude every idea that might alloy their happi-

* *Scripture Revelations of a Future State*, p. 158.

ness.** It might have been an easier, perhaps a more merciful, solution to extinguish at once and for ever the memory of their life on earth. The theory of Archbishop Whately is one which not a few good men would reject for themselves in this life, and which the great founders of the Mendicant Orders would have indignantly thrust aside. It was the first characteristic of these merciful men, that they could not and would not dismiss from their minds the thought of evil which they could not remedy. They needed not the modern casuistry which seeks to determine "with what degree of evil existing under our eyes we may fairly indulge a feeling of complacency, and a desire for repose and enjoyment." They knew nothing of rest or pleasure for beings who all their life long must walk on the very verge of hell. They believed what they professed, and they lived therefore unlike those who are able to dismiss a mere dogma from their mind. It may be more difficult for the comfort-loving theologians of the present day to explain how it is that good men on earth rise above the selfishness of heaven.

Teachers of a sterner if not a better school find in the dogma of eternal reprobation the paramount need of crushing these instinctive or acquired longings for ease and comfort; and as long as the penalty is regarded solely with reference to ourselves, it serves well to point the warning and enforce the lesson. If the whole probation of the sons of men is bounded to their life on earth, then it is indeed fitting that our days here should know nothing of feasts and merriment. If things go smoothly with us, it is our business to make them go roughly. The philosophy of Amasis and Polycrates is fully justified by the conditions of the Christian's warfare.† But the case is altered when from ourselves we look on others; and it presents difficulties yet more grave when we come to dwell on the method of divine government itself. In some way or other, the justice of God, who appoints an endless torment for all sinners, must be consistent with an order of things in which the time of trial may be cut short by an accident. If natural feeling struggles against the idea of an infinite penalty for the sin of a mortal life, it demands still more imperatively that in such case all should have the same amount of trial. But the child is cut off at school, the old man lives to heed or to disregard a thousand warnings. Nay, the sloth or thoughtlessness of a mortal man may be the whole cause which determines the endless torture of the unbaptised infant.‡ Some live until they appear

* Scripture Revelations of a Future State, p. 282.

† Newman's Parochial Sermons, vol. vi. sermon ii.

‡ The theology of Augustine disdained any compromise. If a priest, when summoned to baptise a sick infant or a dying convert, failed to arrive in time, it was the result of a divine decree that the child and the convert should be damned.

to love evil for its own sake; others are cast into the lake of fire when, as theologians admit, they were all but fit for heaven. It must at the least be admitted, that if, in spite of all authority, they who profess to believe such dogmas have to overcome a natural repugnance, some among these have in this task achieved no mean success. But they have to persuade others to accept their own convictions; and some attempt must be made to show that their belief is enforced by passages of the Old Testament or the New which seem to make against it. Men do not at the first glance see how an endless punishment for all can be consistent with the few and the many stripes, how others can suffer torments less tolerable than those appointed for the men of Sodom and Gomorrha, if it be impossible to conceive of any increase to the latter. If hell is the habitation of no human affections, it is hard to understand why the rich man in Hades should appear to be changed for the better rather than the worse. The necessities of a theological position have provided the solution; but the firmest believer would probably admit that it will not generally suggest itself to the natural mind. To men who have not received a higher illumination, the rich man appears to be represented, not as blaspheming or even murmuring, not as hating God or exulting in the ruin of others, but as anxious that his brothers may not fail to win the blessings which he has lost. To such it would seem that our Lord assumed, "that even in the place of torment there will be tender loving thoughts in a brother's heart;" and they may be tempted to reason further, that "if there can be such, as they cannot come from the spirit of evil, they must be believed to come from the Spirit of all goodness."* But they who maintain the dogma of endless vengeance can afford to look down on notions so crude as these: rather they feel it their duty to insinuate that none but men of unclean lives can ever entertain them. To them the prayer of the rich man to Abraham is simply the blasphemous expression of a desperate irony, while his life on earth was the result and token of a conscious and definite unbelief in the existence of any unseen world. In the judgment of the Dean of Westminster, the narrative was aimed against the Pharisees, and especially at their unbelief. The rich man had fairly convinced himself that there is no unseen world, and had calmly adopted and clung to a course of life consistently springing out of this cool intellectual conviction.† The discovery of its reality he made only when it was too late. It may be so; but the statement seems to involve the conclusion, that men cannot act as the rich man acted with a clear

* Colenso on the Epistle to the Romans, p. 214.

† Notes on the Parables, by R. C. Trench, D.D., p. 456.

knowledge of the consequences. Yet the drunkard persists in his habit, knowing not only that sobriety is a duty, but that his vice is ruinous alike to his body and his soul. The settled purpose to commit sin may coexist with a keen perception of the misery of sin. The rich man in the parable may have acted like Balaam; but to assert that his unbelief arose from a mental process of examination and rejection, is as much an assumption as the ascription to him of some human feeling can possibly be. We are not told that his actions were prompted by his belief; it is not implied that he knew any thing about the beggar who lay sick at his gate; and many have fastened on his ignorance as conveying the most fearful of all warnings to the thoughtless.*

But a closer scrutiny of the narrative will be rewarded with further discoveries. It may teach us that the rich man's good things were "good actions or good qualities, which in some small measure Dives possessed, and for which he received in this life his reward." Dr. Trench is not prepared to reject the belief of Bishop Sanderson, that "God rewardeth those few good things which are in evil men with these temporal benefits, for whom yet in his justice he reserveth eternal damnation." For nine days Eblis feasted in his halls the beings who had bidden adieu to hope.† It was reserved for a Christian theologian to assert that God bestows the means of a little sensual enjoyment before the time of torment comes, for the good qualities or deeds of the unconverted. If Mr. Newman urged sinners during Lent "to act at least like the prosperous heathen who threw his choicest trinket into the water that he might propitiate fortune,"‡ the Dean of Westminster has been taught that "the course of an unbroken prosperity is ever a sign and augury of ultimate reprobation." Doubtless the heart knows its own bitterness, and there may be many breaks in a life of outwardly uninterrupted success; but Dr. Trench's axiom might afford a grim satisfaction to those who, in the midst of want and wretchedness, regard the rich and the powerful as unquestionably in the enjoyment of "unbroken prosperity." There are probably not wanting those who may think that this dangerous condition is fulfilled in Dr. Trench himself.

When a writer lays down such a criterion on his own authority, it is hard to abstain from retorts and insinuations; but the mere sense of truth and fairness must sometimes call on us to speak when we might have wished rather to keep silence.

* See especially *Visitatio Infirmorum*, "Office for a Careless Sick Person."

† Beckford's *Vathek*.

‡ Sermons, vol. vi. p. 27. Mr. Newman should rather have said, "Appease the jealousy of God;" *φθονεῖν τὸ θεῖον* was the key-note of the philosophy of Herodotus.

If Dr. Trench is at a pinch to explain how the sight of the lost, whom they are not suffered to help, can fail to cast a shade on the happiness of the blessed, it is simply because he has not availed himself of the ready solution of Archbishop Whately. When he asserts that the rich man's request to Abraham is merely "a bitter reproach against God and against the old economy," it might be enough to reply that the narrative does not say so. But the case is altered when Dr. Trench proceeds to judge of the inward life of those who differ from himself. He has a keen perception that if suffering was already doing its work in the rich man, that suffering must be not "vindictive," but "corrective." "Such a doctrine," he believes, "will always find favour with all those who have no deep insight into the evil of sin, no earnest view of the task and responsibilities of life, especially when, as too often, they are bribed to hold it by a personal interest, by a lurking consciousness that they themselves are not earnestly striving to enter in at the strait gate—that their own standing in Christ is insecure or none."* Dr. Trench's saving clause relieves him from the necessity of asserting that such a fear lies at the root of the convictions expressed by Mr. Maurice, or Mr. Wilson, or the Bishop of Natal; but he distinctly and unequivocally denies to them "any deep insight into the evil of sin, any earnest view of the task and responsibilities of life." It is not safe to play with edged tools; to the uninitiated Dr. Trench may appear to reject the test, that a tree is known by its fruits, and to question the truth, that charity thinks no evil.

But the Dean of Westminster seems, further, to agree with Aquinas, that while the rich man asked that his brethren might not come into his place of torment, he was really longing for their damnation. If his request was nothing but a blasphemous scoff, Dr. Trench can hardly think otherwise. Yet surely he could not have alleged this opinion, except from the mere necessity of maintaining a foregone conclusion. It is impossible to conceive of a condition of heart more thoroughly diabolical. In short, the being who can indulge in such a wish must be wholly bad. But absolute iniquity shuts out the idea of remorse. It leaves room for none but physical sufferings, and for no mental feelings except those of hatred and furious rage. Nay more, this idea that all men become devils in hell, wild in their own unbounded wickedness, alone constitutes the logical necessity for the physical tortures of fire and brimstone, as well as for the agency of demons to inflict those outward stripes for which only (on this hypothesis) any feeling will be left.

* Notes on the Parables, p. 478.

This logical necessity was clearly present to the mind of Bishop Pearson. If it were certain that the pains of hell were simply vindictive, and the same measure of endless duration was the portion of all the lost, then the punishment of sinners must be regarded as something different from the righteous wrath of God against all sin. If the torment was endless, the wicked must live through endless time to suffer it. "Otherwise there would be a punishment inflicted and none endured, which is a contradiction."* Bishop Pearson had a quick eye for the inconsistencies of his opponents; on his own side he can see none. He is careful to assert that punishment shall be strictly apportioned to sin, "so that no man shall suffer more than he hath deserved." He insists also that they shall be "tormented with a sense of loss, the loss from God, from whose presence they are cast out, the pain from themselves, in a despair of enjoying him and a regret for losing him." Modern theology has substituted a savage delight in tormenting each other in place of this regulated remorse. Bishop Pearson was not bound to examine an idea which probably never entered his mind. But the difficulty involved in the enormous differences between one man and another at the time of death belongs to all ages and countries alike. Bishop Pearson knew, as the Bishop of Oxford knows now, that young children have died in sin. It is cowardly to evade the irresistible conclusion. The little children are doomed, not less than the devil himself, "to a punishment which shall not be taken off them by any compassion." These—the sinners of a day, whose sins lay in playing truant, and telling a lie to hide it—shall not, any more than the great Tempter of mankind, live to pay the uttermost farthing. They, not less than Herod the Great, or Alexander VI., or Agathocles, or Danton (it matters not whom we take), shall suffer the endless "horror of despair," because "it were not perfect hell if any hope could lodge in it." It needs some special illumination to enable ordinary men to see how these children suffer no more than they deserve.

The time has come when the whole subject must be met calmly and fearlessly. There may be sophistry and evasion on both sides. Orthodox theologians have not withheld both these imputations from Mr. Maurice, whose worst fault is an indistinctness of expression, which sometimes assumes an air of paradox. Something of this ambiguity lies at the root of his reluctance to extend the idea of time into that of eternity. It is better to say plainly, that the idea of any end to the life of the righteous involves also the idea of the most disinterested injustice. It is well to say, not less honestly, that the idea of an end

* On the Creed, art. xii. p. 463.

to the misery of the wicked involves no such imputation, if at the same time it is maintained that, so long as there is resistance, so long must the sinner abide under the burning wrath of God. An infinite resistance implies an infinite chastisement; nor can we allege any thing to prove that the wicked cannot prolong their resistance for ever, except the difficulty of believing that the Divine Will cannot finally subdue the disobedience of every enemy.* It is needless to analyse our conceptions of extension, duration, and existence; but it is more than ever necessary to meet assumptions by plain denials. It becomes a mere question of fact, to be determined by each man's judgment, when it is asserted that the texts of Scripture declaring the endless punishment of the wicked "are so decisive and plain that they must be taken to mean what they appear to do, unless some positive ground of reason or morals can be shown against it."† A man must indeed have thrown dust into his own eyes, if he can think that a sweeping assertion can put aside the distinction of the few and the many stripes, of the more tolerable punishment of Gomorrha than of Capernaum, of the fire which is to save the men whose work of hay or stubble it shall nevertheless consume. It is a profound casuistry which sees only diabolical blasphemy and rage in the rich man's prayer in Hades. If one or two phrases in the New Testament may be wrested into such an assertion, a far greater number appear altogether to contradict it; and these must be "taken to mean what they appear to mean, unless some positive ground of reason or morals can be shown against it." Morals and reason would seem to be decisive against a dogma which issues in a labyrinth of inextricable and almost ludicrous contradictions.

But it is asserted that reason and morals call for the maintenance of this dogma from another point of view. It is urged that "the release from the notion of eternal [endless?] punishment would be felt by the great mass as a relief from the sense of moral obligation; and, relying on the certainty that all would be sure to be right at last, men would run the risk of the intermediate punishment, whatever it might be, and plunge into self-indulgence without hesitation."‡ It is impossible to regard with indifference the least possible risk of weakening the sense of

* It was this difficulty which led Scotus Erigena to affirm the final restoration of the devil himself, and to cite Origen and others in support of this belief. See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, book xiv. ch. ii.

† *Christian Remembrancer*, January 1854, art. Maurice's "Theological Essays." We refer to this article because it presents the arguments for the doctrine of endless punishment as forcibly perhaps as they can be expressed; but the reviewer was mistaken in thinking that Mr. Maurice's main objections were merely verbal.

‡ *Christian Remembrancer*, *ibid.*

moral obligation; but it is a mere question of fact, and human experience may carry us some little way towards deciding it. Men are undoubtedly able to suppress the reasonable certainty of the future; but they are also able to heap sin on sin in spite of a penalty of which they have almost an ever-present dread. Hell is emphatically the Italian's bugbear; yet the first temptation which crosses his path is followed by his submission. But there are more sweeping methods of evading this belief. The Church of Rome modifies the dogma by the purgatorial fire; the popular belief of Protestants dispenses with purgatory altogether, and sends all men practically to heaven. The doctrine of endless suffering is in effect nullified. Few really maintain now, that all who do not die in the active love of God, remain for ever face to face with his anger. There would be no such scruple in believing that in all, without respect of persons, the eternal fire will continue to purge away the dross from the pure ore, as long as any dross remains. The checks on sin would be increased in power, and the sense of moral obligation quickened, because it would be set free from a belief which to natural human instinct appears self-contradictory and immoral.

But what is the experience of legislators in all ages and countries? If men will not be deterred by any penalty short of endless damnation, that is to say, a penalty than which they can conceive none higher, then clearly all apportionment of civil punishment must merge in the one penalty of death. The idea is a very old one; but, whether in England or at Athens, it has simply defeated its own end, if that end be the diminution of crimes. Diodotus warned the Athenians that they might punish all their enemies with death, but they would only induce them still more to take the chances of escape.* The same gambling spirit runs into things spiritual. The doctrine which tells the good man that if he dies with any sin not repented of, he will sink into hell, still leaves it possible that the wicked man may live to repent. Thousands have the belief of Balaam, that the mere wish to die the death of the righteous will somehow or other issue in its fulfilment.

There remains yet the fact, which it is impossible to ignore, that the mitigation of a penalty is not necessarily followed by the multiplication of the offences for which it is inflicted. When Cleon proposed to punish the revolted Mitylenaeans by an indiscriminate massacre of all the men, he was carrying out a theory of punishment which seems to be heartily accepted by the Archbishop of Dublin. In his belief, as in that of the Athenian demagogue, "the object proposed by human punishment is the prevention of future crimes, by holding out a terror

* Thucydides, iii. 4, 5.

to transgressors.* Both alike put a part for the whole; and if the theory were true, it would relieve judges from all duty of apportioning punishment to offences. English judges of the present day feel this task of apportionment more and more to be a very strict duty; and it would seem that people do not steal more sheep and handkerchiefs because they no longer run the risk of being hanged for the crime. Undoubtedly, if there is but the one penalty of death for almost all offences, the task of legislation is wonderfully simplified. It implies no exalted idea of divine justice, if we believe that its penalties are fixed by the same kind of vindictive indolence. The legislation of England is more and more making the reformation of the offender a co-ordinate object with the prevention of crime. According to the popular theology, it has already risen to a higher idea than is exhibited in the justice of an all-merciful God.

The contrast is strong; and nothing but authority will constrain men to tolerate it. Hence it is that, in spite of the antagonism of modern science, in spite of the tacit abandonment of some parts in the narrative of the Old Testament, in spite of the acknowledged hopelessness of defining the limits and conditions of inspiration, the theologians who uphold the popular belief cling to some theory of inspiration with greater tenacity, it would seem, than ever. Hence it is that the Christian world is fast splitting up into two sections: the one tempted to believe itself in antagonism with Christianity; the other regarding the progress of modern thought with an alarm alike unreasoning and useless,—useless, because it is impossible to check the rising tide; useless, because the flood, which assails a mere traditional teaching, does not even threaten the Body of Truth, which is the real inheritance of Christendom; useless, because this truth will shine out with unclouded lustre when the artificial safeguards of an inconsistent theology shall have been utterly swept away.

It is of course possible for a man to reject and deny any truth or dogma whatsoever; but only a distorted vision will see a growing tendency in the present day to set aside the great body of Christian doctrine. If, however, there be any one dogma which can produce no other sanction than that of authority, it must undergo the stringent scrutiny of an age which, with all its shortcomings and all its sins, is bent on getting at the truth of facts. Men will not be deterred by ecclesiastical decisions from closely sifting every argument in favour of a doctrine of punishment which is at variance with all natural instincts and affections. They see that the clergy, who are said to have subscribed it, do not really believe it,—that no one really believes it. They know how to distinguish a genuine from a spurious belief. They know

* Scripture Revelations of a Future State, p. 219.

that the time was when men might be said to have this faith, when the thought of the broad gulf yawning to receive all sinners heightened their convictions of the essential impurity of all material things. They know how that belief displayed itself. Bernard believed it, when he deliberately broke up the home which he loved. Jerome believed it, when he did battle with the fiends of hell in his cave at Bethlehem. Francis of Assisi believed it, when he took Poverty for his bride, and gathered round him the hosts which forswore every earthly joy to avoid the flames of hell. The forms of the sacrifice might vary, its essence was the same. Macarius might plunge himself naked into a morass, to brave the sting of insects able to pierce the hide of a boar. Simeon on his pillar might afflict soul and body with heat and frost. But in one and all, in proportion to the sincerity of their faith, there was the same vehement rejection not only of every earthly pleasure, but of every thing which could only be termed not a torment or a plague. The teachers of our day go about to reconcile their belief in the final ruin of almost all mankind, with a natural love of ease and a feeling of self-complacency. The curse which, they affirm, rests upon the world, rests on it, it would seem, in name only. It does not lessen their liking for the world's good things; it does not break their sleep by night, or greatly torment their souls by day. They look on mankind as on beings of whom few can escape the undying fires; but they can mingle in the world of science, or trade, or politics, and shape their actions by the dictates of a time-serving expediency. In the eyes of Benedict, or Columba, or Damiani, no further proofs would be needed of a complete and deliberate unbelief. But while some insist loudly that God cannot have mercy on men after their pilgrimage here is ended, the greater number are content to tell their people that justice is with God the consummation, and not the contradiction, of that which is justice with men. It is impossible to deny that such is becoming more and more the teaching of the clergy of the Church of England. Preachers resort less and less to the elaborate demonology of Dante or of Milton; they instinctively abstain more and more from attempts to define the method of future punishment. Is it possible to bring together more convincing evidence that the doctrine is not really believed? Is it possible to produce a stronger reason why they, who know that these things are so, should come forward boldly and honestly to declare it?

This age is one of much serious thought, and the efforts to arrive at truth for the truth's sake are neither feeble nor insincere; but it is not preëminently an age of martyrs or confessors. They who have thought most deeply and anxiously are conscious that they have passed through more than one stage of belief and faith; and they feel that the change which is coming cannot, on the

whole, be accomplished with the same weapons which fought the battle of Teutonic against Latin Christianity. No great experience is needed to show them, that others have undergone or are undergoing the like changes. Not a few who, if pressed to declare their belief, would express their abhorrence of the pictures of hell-torments drawn by the Bishop of Oxford, received their orders with the most sincere acceptance of the High-Church popular theology. Not a few passed from this state of temporary repose into a hard struggle, which only did not issue in submission to the Church of Rome. The teaching which had impressed on them the unity of the Church, and the unimaginable fearfulness of schism, justified and enforced the inquiry which was to determine whether they were in the right position themselves. It was of no avail that they led the holiest life, if they questioned but one single point in all the faith of Catholic Christendom; it was of no avail that their faith and their lives were what they should be, if their belief was professed and their works done where they ought not to be done and professed. The rising of a doubt was the signal for flight; for to doubt and linger, and to die in that doubt, was to be lost for ever. The Church of Rome was catholic, even by the admission of her enemies; her orders were allowed to be valid; her dogmas retained the faith of the church in all ages, although they may have overlaid it. She could offer them security, and security was every thing in a life where the accident of a moment might remove the Christian beyond the reach of hope and mercy. It was hard to escape from these doubts and fears without casting aside the burden of sacerdotalism. It was scarcely possible to remain without the pale of Rome, while the paramount necessity of Catholic communion seemed to thrust aside every other; but it was easy to emerge from these mortal fears into the belief in a divine kingdom embracing all ages and all lands, into a belief which did not dare to limit the mercy of God, which placed the salvation of man in the conformity of his will to the Divine Will, in a constant dependence on his love and grace.

Such as this has been the history of many an English clergyman during the last ten or twenty years. They may pass now by many names; they may be regarded by the world as belonging to the High Church or the Broad Church; but they who search out such matters closely may see that their faith rests now on the conscious conviction of a moral government of truth and justice, as men, with all their wickedness and all their ignorance, construe and accept those terms. It is impossible not to see whither these things are tending; it is mere hypocrisy to pretend that we do not perceive it. The sentences of ecclesiastical courts may arrest, but cannot turn back, the course of

modern thought. They do not profess to concern themselves with the truth as such; and the truth, as such, is the one end and aim to which every channel of science and research is converging.

And finally, the charge to such of the clergy as hold a faith like this, to quit their posts and set up some new sect, will fall on unheeding ears. Why should they abandon a church in the body of whose teaching their faith is deeper than ever, because some choose to determine what that church has left undefined? Why should they leave the centre of all happy memories and all bright hopes, when nowhere else can they look for the same peace and consolation? Why should the Bishop of Natal desert the Christians and the heathen, among whom and for whom he has so long laboured earnestly and heartily, because he will not, and cannot, propound to them a dogma which makes the assertion of perfect righteousness an unintelligible riddle? Why should he not go on to do his duty by entering his most solemn protest against falsehoods which are "utterly contrary to the whole spirit of the gospel," and which operate "with the most injurious and deadening effect both on those who teach and on those who are taught"? Plainly he would be acting wrongly, were he not to do so. The Church of England has accepted the task of preaching a gospel, nor can any one say that she has wholly failed in preaching it. It remains to be seen whether she will cast forth men who are ready to spend and to be spent in God's service, because they are more than ever convinced that his justice, his mercy, and his love alike endure for ever.

The judgment of the Court of Arches in the case of Mr. Wilson would, even if it were final, avail little or nothing on the other side. Dr. Lushington asserts, in the clearest language, that he is not concerned with the truth of doctrines, but simply with the fact whether they are or are not maintained by the Church of England. The judge is not concerned with questions of biblical interpretation. He is ready to concede all liberty, if only "the plain, literal, and grammatical sense" of authoritative formularies be not contravened. So far as regards the doctrine of eternal punishment, they who deny that it is of necessity endless for those who undergo it, may most honestly accept the issue. They would admit without hesitation that the words of the Athanasian Creed "clearly assert that eternal life shall be the portion of the good, and everlasting fire the destiny of the bad."* They would assert, further, that this was their own sincere conviction. On nothing does the Bishop of Natal insist more earnestly than on this, that there is "an eternal or ever-

* Judgment in the case of *Fendall v. Wilson*.

lasting fire," "which always has been burning, and always will be burning, with a living, permanent, and unchangeable flame, against all manner of evil, so long as there is evil to be destroyed."* If Mr. Wilson goes on to speak of times and seasons (and we cannot see that he does), if he asserts that no human being can persist in an infinite resistance to the Divine Will, he is clearly determining, on his own authority, points on which the Bishop of Natal will not venture to dogmatise. But the Athanasian Creed does not say that all who are committed to the everlasting fire shall abide in it for ever. The words of it will never yield a proposition which is a mere inference, and therefore, according to the rule laid down in the Gorham case, not to be forced on the consciences whether of the clergy or the laity.

We must speak still more plainly. It may have been the belief of those who drew up the Athanasian Creed, that all sinners must undergo an endless punishment. But whether by accident, or by the overruling providence of God, who is using the Church of England as a special instrument for preaching the whole Gospel of Christ to every creature, the notion cannot be found distinctly enunciated in any of her canons, her articles, or her formularies. It is of course possible that a dominant section may succeed in forcing this doctrine upon her. Such a victory may be fatal to herself; it cannot affect the belief of those who are sure that God is true, though every man may be a liar, and who reject this dogma "as a blasphemy against the name and character of the High and Holy One."

It is the one great question of the age. All other doubts, perplexities, and fears, are merged in it and bound up with it. It will not be possible for any to ignore it much longer. There are numbers both of the clergy and among laymen who have not analysed their own belief about it. Ten years ago the Bishop of Natal had not done so. It is now his mission to vindicate the justice of God in the sight of Christians and heathen, to tell both alike that there is something higher than Church authority, something more enduring than ecclesiastical systems.

Yet, not for a moment must it be admitted, that the Church of England has hitherto sanctioned a dogma which would make the whole moral creation a waste howling wilderness; not for an instant must it be allowed, that the inferences of Dr. Lushington are warranted by the "plain, literal, and grammatical meaning" of any statements in the Athanasian Creed. With singular calmness and moderation, the author of the admirable tract on "Forgiveness after Death" has shown how utterly the words of the Creed are opposed to the popular theology of

* Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, p. 215.

teachers like the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Westminster,—how strictly, on this point at least, they harmonise with our conceptions of eternal righteousness.

But we must fulfil our promise of using all plainness of speech. The Church of England has not fettered her clergy to any definite statement on the endlessness of future punishment; but if such were her dogma, if she asserted clearly that all who do not die in the faith and fear of God, are tormented by him for ever and ever, then that dogma must be rejected with an indignation deeper and more vehement than that with which Teutonic Christendom rose up against the worst abuses and delusions of Latin sacerdotalism. The coarsest development of the doctrine of transubstantiation, the wildest absurdities of Manichæan fanatics, were not so thoroughly opposed to the first principles of justice, law, and truth, as a dogma which draws no distinction between a perjured tyrant and lying child. Such a reformation is happily not needed now in the Church of England; if ever it be made necessary, men will not be wanting to carry it out. But it is sorely needed elsewhere. Is it too much to hope, that the Church of England may be the appointed instrument for hastening that mighty change which shall sweep away the deadly bondage of an ancient and groundless superstition?

ART. VI.—THE LAW OF MARITIME CAPTURE AND BLOCKADE.

Commercial Blockades considered with reference to Law and Policy.
By John Westlake. Ridgway, 1862.

Commentaries on International Law. By Robert Phillimore. Vol. III. 1857.

WE have no intention of dragging our readers through wearisome quotations from Grotius, Vattel, Puffendorf, Bynkerschöck, or even Wheaton, or of asking them to follow us in any subtle or theoretical disquisitions as to the foundations or technicalities of international law. We shall detain them only to speak of matters of immediate and practical concern to our own citizens; and we shall detain them for a very short time.

The dogmas of international law have not the same precision or absolute authority as those of municipal law. They have grown up gradually; they have undergone many modifications; several of them have been frequently and consistently disputed by various maritime nations; some have been framed

by arbitrary force; some have been abandoned by special treaty. Time, commercial necessities, scientific progress, advance in civilisation, and altered circumstances, are perpetually qualifying or changing them. In fact, the International Code as it exists now—or rather, as it existed at the close of the last great European wars—is a mixture of judge-made law and of the law of the strongest; and as such is not, in all its decisions, either universally recognised as binding, or interpreted by all nations alike. It is, in truth, a sort of system of compromise which has grown up between the demands of belligerents and the remonstrances of neutrals. While wars were frequent, and involved most of the great nations of the world, the code was very harsh and stringent, because it was dictated mainly by the interests of belligerents. But as commerce spread, as peace became more general, and as neutrals became more powerful, the code has been gradually modified; and all such modifications have been in the interests of neutrals.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars, the following may be said to have been the state of the law of nations as regarded maritime warfare and the rights of belligerents and neutrals as affected thereby,—on the two points which we are about to consider in the following paper, and to which we propose strictly to confine ourselves.

1. The merchant ships of either belligerent country were liable to capture and confiscation by the other, with their cargoes, unless the cargo belonged to neutrals, in which case the ship was forfeited, but the cargo was restored to the neutral owner.

2. The goods of a belligerent, though carried in neutral vessels, were liable to seizure; and neutral ships might be lawfully stopped on the high seas and searched for such suspected cargoes,—which were liable to confiscation.

3. A neutral vessel carrying to either belligerent “contraband of war,”—that is, articles considered or declared to be warlike stores or warlike materials,—was liable to capture; and sometimes the vessel *and* cargo, sometimes only the cargo, were liable to confiscation, according to the peculiar circumstances of each case.

4. It was competent for a belligerent to declare any of the ports or special portion of the coast of the enemy in a state of “blockade;” in which case, any neutral ship attempting to enter, or leave such port or place, or *bound for such*, was legally liable to forfeiture, provided this blockade was known to her captain, and had been duly notified to the world. The *reach* of this law was always more or less a matter of dispute; belligerents often insisting that they might blockade a whole coast, or

insist on the recognition of what is called a "paper blockade;" while the neutrals insisted that, to be valid, a blockade must be limited in its area and "effective"—that is, that the port or coast must be really guarded by a squadron of sufficient force to prevent access to it in ordinary weather. The belligerents, too, claimed the right of capturing a neutral ship that was bound for or from the prohibited port, or intending to go there, though she might, at the time of capture, be a thousand miles away;—the neutrals usually denying the right of capture unless the vessel was actually attempting to run the blockade, or hovering in such close vicinity that such a design might be confidently attributed to her. The usual interpretation given to the law of blockade, however, appears to have been (though with certain fluctuations), that the blockade to be valid must be more or less efficient and material; but that a vessel bound for, or escaping from, a validly blockaded port might be captured *any where* "during that voyage."

All vessels captured under any of the above circumstances must be brought before a recognised "Admiralty" Court for condemnation; but these courts were almost always, naturally, those in the country of the captor.

These regulations received at least one very important modification by the Convention of Paris, in the year 1856; but unfortunately, as the United States at that time withheld its consent, the modification cannot yet be considered as forming part of the law of nations, though it is considered binding upon the three great maritime powers who adopted it,—viz. England, France, and Russia. They agreed not only to renounce privateering, and to admit and recognise no blockade that was not really and truly efficient,—“that is, sufficient to prevent access to the prohibited port,”—but to recognise and adopt the principle that “the flag covers the cargo:”—in other words, that enemy’s goods in neutral bottoms are exempt from capture, unless “contraband of war” or endeavouring to run a blockade. America refused to agree to these modifications (though for the two last of them she had always contended) unless “all private property at sea”—i. e. all merchant ships and cargoes, to whomever belonging—was exempted from capture. To this she subsequently appended another condition,—viz. that no ports should be liable to blockade unless they were fortified places, and were besieged also on the land side.

Thus the matter stands at present. It is true that, as the Southern Confederacy has virtually accepted the doctrine that a neutral flag shall protect enemy’s goods, and as the United States have since offered to abandon the right of privateering and accede to the Convention of Paris, we may assume that, when

the present war is over, both sections of that Republic will agree to the new interpretation of the law of maritime capture as now adopted by the great European powers. But out of the modification we have alluded to, and out of the vast extension which commerce has taken of late years, aided by the increasing power of neutrals, and the increasing desire of great nations to remain neutral when they can, and to profit to the full by the privileges of neutrality, has arisen the question, whether it will not be wise to alter international law still further. It is suggested that, in order to bring this law, as far as it regards maritime warfare, into harmony with itself and with the dictates of sound sense, it is advisable—

1. To exempt all private property and *bonâ-fide* merchant ships at sea from capture.

2. To make no exception in regard to contraband of war, but to make cargoes of gunpowder and swords as exempt from capture as cargoes of iron, blankets, coffee, or any other article of merchandise.

3. To abolish commercial blockades altogether; that is, to forego the right of stopping access to any harbour, unless it be a fortified town and is besieged on the land side.

The effect of these three regulations, if adopted, would obviously be, to allow the trade of and with belligerents to be carried on during war as uninterruptedly as during peace. This is what the reformers of the law of nations contend for. Some demand all three modifications. Others demand the first and second, as we do. Others, as Mr. Cobden, ask for the first and third. Let us consider each in turn.

- I. During all our great wars, and up to the year 1856, the recognised doctrine of international law and the practice of all nations was not only to subject the ships and cargoes of belligerents to mutual capture by each other's cruisers, but to inflict the same liability on the goods of belligerents found in the vessels of neutrals, and under the protection of a neutral flag: that is to say, merchandise belonging to the enemy was lawful prize wherever found on the high seas, and sailing under whatever flag. The object and justification of this stringent regulation of course was to enable each combatant to inflict the maximum of injury upon each other, and in fact to interrupt or stop each other's commerce according to the measure of their maritime power and activity,—with a view of crippling the resources of the enemy, and terminating the war as soon as possible. The result of it was, that any nation which was supreme or very powerful at sea could succeed in nearly destroying the trade of its antagonist, inflicting upon it severe privations, and greatly impoverishing its revenue, while at the same time sti-

mulating and rewarding the activity of its own navy by a rich harvest of prize-money. The system might be severe, and might often bear hard upon neutrals as well as on belligerents; but it was logical, consistent, and often most effective for its end. It helped us vastly in our long contest with France, and in our last war with the United States it enabled us literally to sweep American commerce from the ocean.

At the Congress of Paris, however, a modification of this law and practice was adopted and proclaimed by the great maritime powers of Europe, which would by this time have been the recognised law of nations, and have guided all future practice, had not the American government for the time withheld its consent. As it is, it is held to bind the future proceedings of the powers which agreed to it, and will ere long, no doubt, be universally recognised and acted on. In virtue of this new regulation—long contended for in vain by the weaker nations of the world, and now solemnly conceded by the strong ones—"the flag is henceforth to cover the cargo;" *i. e.* enemy's goods in neutral bottoms shall, in all future wars, be exempt from seizure. Lord Clarendon, our representative at the Congress in question, agreed to this modification, with the sanction of Lord Palmerston, though, it is believed, against the opinion of Lord John Russell. England, therefore, is committed to it, and it cannot be rescinded. But it places the whole system of maritime capture in so illogical and unsatisfactory a position, that most men who have looked at the question are of opinion that another step must be taken, and that as we cannot go backwards we must go forward. The operation of the new concession is, that the object of stopping the commerce of the enemy has been virtually surrendered; it may now be carried on during war to any extent and in perfect security, provided only it be carried on under a neutral flag. The *merchants* of the belligerents may conduct their operations as before, but their *ship-owners* alone must remain idle. The country may send out all its produce, and receive all it needs in return—may buy and sell and get gain without any interruption;—only they must cover their imports and their exports with a different piece of bunting, and consign them to vessels owning a different nationality. The gains and advantages of trade are continued as usual, with the single exception that the *freights* are pocketed by the shipowners of some third nation. The hope of shortening wars, by preventing our enemy from selling what he produces and importing what he wants, is therefore at an end; and with this hope, the justification of maritime capture—*i. e.* of seizing the private property of the mercantile subjects of either belligerent—would seem to be taken away. It is proposed, therefore, to complete and

harmonise the amendment of international law and practice inaugurated by the Paris Convention, by henceforth exempting from seizure at sea *all ships and all cargoes*;—in fact, to allow all peaceful traders and merchant vessels to carry on their beneficent operations during war as during peace, under their own flag. *Virtually*, it is said, you have already conceded this privilege to belligerents; why not do it thoroughly and simply? Having allowed the cargoes (the only important matter) to pass free, why not allow the *vehicles* of those cargoes to pass free also?

It is pretty well understood that, if Great Britain would consent to this further amendment of belligerent law, other countries would be only too glad to do so likewise. Great Britain has the reputation of being the most powerful naval belligerent on the face of the globe; and the point in question is simply the renunciation of a vexatious belligerent right. Obviously the sole practical question for consideration is, whether it will be for the interests of this country to abandon the last remaining shred of the right of preying on our enemy's trade—the right, viz., of capturing enemy's goods under the enemy's flags. In the great debate of last session, the question was avowedly argued on this ground only by the speakers on both sides. The Reformers contended that the proposed extension of exemption would tell in our favour. The Ministerialists contended that it would tell against us. No one who listened to the discussion could feel much doubt as to which way the balance of the argument inclined. The supporters of Mr. Horsfall dwelt on the enormous amount of our trade and the countless multitude of our merchant ships, which it was so important to exempt from risk of capture. His opponents, on the other hand, dwelt on the vast preponderance of our war marine, and the desirableness of giving it something to prey upon. The one side pleaded that, as our trade was the largest in the world, we should suffer most by the right of maritime capture being retained. The other side urged that, as our naval strength was the greatest in the world, we should be able to inflict the most damage on the commerce of our foes.

The case, when considered in the concrete and looked at closely and narrowly, soon becomes very clear. In truth, the only practical question to decide is, how far the proposed exemption of private property at sea from capture, in *any* bottoms, would operate upon this country in the event of a war with France, and in the event of a war with America. Other contingencies we need not consider, if we are satisfied what would be best for us in these two cases. Under such exemption our vast commerce would go on without interruption; our gains would be as great as usual; our rates of insurance no higher;

wealth would flow in to us as in ordinary times; and whatever portion of that wealth was needed could be cheerfully paid into the treasury; we should be almost as prosperous as ever, in spite of war. We should avoid also the constant hazard we now incur of making enemies of neutrals, by vexatious interruptions, searches, and mistakes. Our merchant ships would be abroad in every sea, serving still as a nursery and training-school for sailors, whenever these were wanted for the Queen's service. Our navy meanwhile, exempted from their old task of convoying and protecting our trading vessels, would all be available for strictly warlike purposes. We should have twice as many for meeting the enemy at sea, or for blockading him at home. If we retain our maritime supremacy, or even a decided equality with our strongest possible antagonist, it is obvious that we shall be able not only to fight with our foe much more effectually, but to interrupt his commerce far more completely than we could do now; for, instead of having our cruisers dispersed over the world convoying* our own ships and seeking to make prize of his, they *might all be concentrated on blockading squadrons*. And by thus sealing up his harbours, we should inflict immeasurably more damage than by merely capturing his vessels on the open seas; since, in the latter case, we could stop only that portion of his trade which was carried on in his own ships: in the former case, we should be able to stop what was carried in neutral bottoms as well. In the one case, many of his cargoes would necessarily elude our vigilance; for we should have thousands of miles over which to watch and chase them. In the other, we could almost preclude the possibility of access to the comparatively small portion of coast we should have to guard.

* The following very practical view of the exemption from capture of private property at sea was given at the late meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce by S. R. Graves, Esq., the late Mayor of Liverpool: "It has been urged that, by extending to the ship that exemption which has by the Treaty of Paris been conferred upon cargo, we should be weakening our maritime supremacy. Now, if this be correct, there would be strong ground for hesitation in the course we should adopt; but is it so? The first effect of war would be, if not to shut up the shipping of the belligerents in their ports, and to leave to neutrals the carrying trade of the ocean, to place the shipping under such disabilities that employment would be difficult; half-a-dozen *Alabamas* sent out by any state, however insignificant, would keep the seas clear of the belligerent flags, for no one would employ them. The old system of convoys is out of the question; and no one can suppose that with our empire of colonies, our own shores to defend, and belligerent ports to blockade, we can hope to protect a commerce which has increased from $3\frac{1}{2}$ million tons in and out in 1814 to 15 millions in 1861. It is simply impracticable; and therefore I say that the trade and the shipping of England will suffer more than any other belligerent in the proportion that its extent bears to the trade of its opponent. Again, if we regard our ability to protect our commerce, we cannot fail to come to the conclusion that it is simply impossible. With the view of drawing comparisons, I have taken the trouble to look up our compara-

It is obvious that, as soon as war breaks out between two great powers, each will proceed instantly, and as far as possible, to carry on their habitual trade in neutral bottoms. They will charter neutral ships, and will sell their own ships to neutral nations. It is obvious, too, that if both parties can do this *completely*, there will be no ostensibly belligerent commerce left to prey upon, and the right of capturing such will be a mere nominal privilege. The really significant question then is, "Which nation will be able to place the least proportion of its trade under the protection of neutral flags?"—for that nation clearly must be most liable to suffer loss. The nation with the largest commerce must have the largest vulnerability—the greatest exposed surface—the smallest relative protectible surface,—and that nation is England. Let us suppose that we are involved in a war with France, which has a very powerful war navy, and, in comparison, a very moderate mercantile marine. Already a large proportion of her commerce is carried in foreign ships; the moment war is declared, the whole of it will be so carried on. Her goods, freighted in Spanish, Dutch, or American bottoms, will be secure from molestation, and our cruisers will have nothing to prey upon. Our mercantile marine is

five naval power during the year of greatest strength ever put forth by England with its strength in 1858, and will give you the result:

"COMPARISON of the NAVAL FORCE of GREAT BRITAIN at the present time with that of 1809, in which year the Navy appears to have been at its greatest nominal strength, as it consisted of a larger number of ships and guns than at any other period.

1809.		1858.	
Total number of ships and vessels (of which 984 were cruisers and 77 troop-ships, store-ships, tenders, &c.)	1061	Total number of ships and vessels (of which 613 are cruisers and 208 are harbour-ships, troop-ships, tenders, &c.)	821
Total tonnage of the 1061 ships and vessels	857,922	Total tonnage of the 821 ships and vessels estimated at	904,326
Total number of guns (nominally) carried by the cruisers	34,316	Total number of guns carried by the cruisers	16,683
Total weight of shot in one round from all the guns, lbs.	564,538	Total weight of shot in one round from all the guns, lbs.	633,502
Average weight of shot per gun lbs.	16½	Average weight of shot per gun lbs.	38
Number of men voted by Parliament	130,000	Number of men voted by Parliament	59,390
Number of hired vessels employed	60	Number of hired vessels employed in the transport service on 1st July 1855, of which 130 were steamers	221
		And the aggregate tonnage of the 221 transports	223,940

By these figures it will be seen that while our empire, our wealth, our commerce have increased to such a fabulous extent, our power of protection has not materially increased; and I know it to be the opinion of our highest authorities that convoys will be impracticable, and that commerce must be left in time of war to its own devices."

enormous and unequalled; its tonnage amounts to 5,000,000; we are the carriers for the whole world, as well as for ourselves; and the proportion of our trade which we could carry on in neutral bottoms would be comparatively small: not to mention that these neutral bottoms would be already to a great extent engaged in the service of our antagonists. For one French merchant ship which we could capture, the French cruisers would probably capture fifty of ours; not because their navy was more powerful or more energetic than our own, but simply because our trading vessels would be so incomparably more numerous. The relative degree of *vulnerability*, so to speak, of the two nations under the existing international law, as modified by the Convention of Paris, may be gathered from the following figures:—Of British commerce, 58 per cent is carried on under the British flag; of French commerce, only 43 per cent is carried under the French flag. The aggregate registered tonnage of British merchant ships is 5,675,000; that of French merchant ships is 1,025,000. The total tonnage of vessels entering inwards and outwards in Great Britain is 26,000,000: the total tonnage entering inwards and outwards in France is 6,600,000. That is, France, with equal power of *inflicting* damage, has only one-fifth of our liability to *suffer* damage.

The operation on this country of a war with America would be nearly the same in kind, though less mischievous in degree, especially at first, inasmuch as the war navy of the Americans is comparatively insignificant. Their foreign trade is very large, but not as great as that of England. Their tonnage inwards and outwards is 17,065,000, against our 26,000,000. About 67 per cent of their foreign trade is carried on under the national flag. The total of their mercantile marine is, *nominally*, not far short of ours, being 5,354,000, against 5,675,000 tons; but as nearly half of this (2,480,000) was exclusively engaged in their coasting and inland navigation, the comparison is not an accurate one. As soon as war broke out between England and the United States, the chief portion of their trade would be carried on in French, Dutch, Brazilian, and Danish bottoms, and would enjoy a perfect immunity from our men-of-war; while their cruisers and privateers would prey upon all that large residue of our commerce which, from its mere magnitude, could not seek similar exemption. In fact, to sum up the whole in a single sentence:—The resolution adopted at Paris, which exempts from capture enemy's goods in neutral bottoms, will operate far more beneficially and effectually for every other nation than for England; or to speak broadly, will exempt the commerce of other countries *wholly*, and that of England only *partially*, from the risks of war.

But there is another consideration still. As soon as war was declared, the premiums on insurance in British ships would rise so high, that none would be freighted till every neutral bottom that could be chartered had been taken up. There would still, however, remain a vast amount of merchandise for which neutral conveyances could not be found. In order to exempt this from the risks of capture, the second step of our merchants and shipowners would be to sell as many of their vessels as they could to foreign nations,—an operation which would be greatly hastened by the increased danger and difficulty of employing them at home. In this manner, a very large number of our ships would change hands and nationality; but as the Dutch, or French, or Danes who purchased them would be unable to man them by their own compatriots, they would still be in the main navigated by British sailors. Two consequences would flow from this. The countries which had thus for a time succeeded to our carrying trade would not readily surrender it again; and the seamen who, with the ships, had passed into foreign service, could not easily be summoned back; and thus our royal navy would lose that valuable nursery of sailors from which it has hitherto been so habitually recruited.

To sum up the whole. The present inconsistent and illogical form of the law of maritime capture will insure to Great Britain, in the first great war she undertakes, the temporary, and possibly the permanent, loss of nearly all her carrying trade; the transfer of numbers of her ships and sailors to foreign countries; and mischief to her commerce on the ocean, from hostile cruisers, immeasurably out of proportion to any which she will be able to inflict upon her foes.

II. It may at first sight appear almost Quixotic to suggest, amid the proposed measures for the liberalisation of the laws of maritime warfare, that articles "contraband of war" shall henceforth enjoy the same right of exemption from capture on the high seas which has already been partially, and will soon be universally, conceded to ordinary merchandise. It seems something extreme to ask that neutrals shall be permitted to convey arms and munitions of war to one belligerent without interference from the other, to supply him, in fact, with the means of carrying on the contest, to aid him thus virtually in his resistance, to become an auxiliary, and almost a party to the strife. "The object," it will be urged, "of all those belligerent rights by which neutrals have hitherto submitted to be inconvenienced is to shorten wars by depriving the combatants of the means of carrying them on; and you propose that neutrals shall be allowed freely to supply them with the most indispensable and effective of those means." But

if we look at the matter calmly, and with a view to practical action, the apparent extravagance of the suggestion will disappear.

In the *first* place, if the liability of contraband articles to seizure be retained, one half the benefit derived from exempting merchant ships and general merchandise from capture will be lost. The vexatious right of search, with all its irritating circumstances and delicate questions and fertile causes of quarrel, will have still to be conceded, and will still be exercised, and will as now be exercised by parties with all their suspicions stimulated and their passions exasperated by contention. If vessels belonging to neutral nations are still liable to be stopped on the high seas and searched for contraband, and if this right is exercised actively and severely, the interference with regular and innocent commercial voyages will soon become intolerable,* and will give rise to so many disputes and remonstrances that scarcely any war can hope to be long carried on without involving other countries in hostilities with one or other belligerent. If, on the other hand, military stores and munitions of war cease to be prohibited, and are declared as permissible as any other cargoes, then there will be no excuse† for stopping or searching any vessel whatever on the high seas, regular trade will go on during war as during peace without any interruption or impediment, and neutrals need scarcely ever come into unpleasant collision with belligerents.

Secondly. Another very fertile source of altercations and quarrels with neutrals is perpetuated by retaining the liability of contraband of war to seizure,—namely, the controversy as to what articles are, and what are not, contraband. This term never was very precisely defined; it was extended often arbitrarily according to the interest or opinion of powerful belligerents; and it receives a continuous and legitimate enlargement from the progress of science and the change of circumstances. Formerly, only arms, gunpowder, saltpetre, and unquestionable implements of fighting, were deemed contraband. Since the invention of a steam navy, however, coal has been added to the list. Iron, too, in certain forms, is now commonly held to be contraband; so is white and red lead paint, because it can be easily recon-verted into the available metal; so are soldiers' blankets; so are uniforms and shoes for the troops. Some persons have contended

* According to the recognised law of nations, the Americans have at this moment a perfect right to station cruisers at the mouth of the British Channel and overhaul every westward-bound ship sailing from London, Liverpool, or Havre, to ascertain that she carries no contraband articles to the Confederate States. See *Edin. Rev.* cexxxiii. p. 280.

† As soon, that is, as a necessary modification of the law of blockade, to which we shall presently advert, shall have been adopted.

that uniforms *unmade-up*—i. e. cloth supposed to be destined for uniforms—ought to be included within the prohibited list; while others, with considerable *prima-facie* reason, would add to it provisions and money, and indeed almost any thing which directly assists a belligerent in carrying on the war. It is evident, therefore, that so long as “contraband of war” continues to be held liable to capture, scarcely any cargo can cross the seas which may not be made the subject of angry controversy, and of probable collision by a litigious and high-handed belligerent.

Thirdly. Is there any real use in retaining this liability? Is it in these times, or can it be except in rare and peculiar circumstances, really efficient in preventing a belligerent from being supplied with munitions of war? Obviously not, we think, except in the case of small islands, or a country with virtually only one accessible frontier, and that a seaboard; and in both these cases a belligerent, with a navy large enough and powerful enough to scour the seas for neutral vessels carrying contraband articles, would be able to deprive his antagonist of these articles far more easily and effectually by the system of blockade. It is clear that the right of search would not prevent Spain, or France, or Russia, or Prussia, from obtaining munitions of war in any abundance, since they would be supplied by land and by railway. In like manner the United States might be supplied through Canada, and the Confederate States through Mexico, if Mexico were civilised and populated. We do not apprehend that nowadays any state could be prevented from continuing a war, or materially hampered in its prosecution, by the want of arms and ammunition; certainly not by any such scarcity as the right of stopping those articles on the high seas, independent of blockade, could create. There never was a stronger case in point than that of the Southern Confederacy in the present war. The land frontier is blockaded by nature, the sea frontier by the overwhelming naval power of their antagonist; yet of the actual *matériel* of war there seems to have been no lack. Practically, moreover, as no vessel intending to supply a belligerent with warlike stores would ever clear out in the first instance for a belligerent port, but only for some neutral port in the vicinity, her destination could not become provable enough for condemnation till she arrived within near reach of the blockaded ports: a consideration which greatly limits the supposed efficiency and utility of the right we propose should be surrendered. On the whole, we think it pretty clear that it cannot now be worth while for any belligerent to cling to so profitless, so vexatious, and so compromising a privilege.

III. Some extreme innovators, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Westlake, are anxious to abolish the right of blockading the

commercial ports of the enemy altogether, and argue that this further reform is involved in that for which we have contended above, viz. the exemption of the private property of belligerents from capture on the high seas, even when carried in their own ships. "It is inconsistent," they say, "to permit the vessels of the enemy to sail over the whole ocean, but to prohibit to them a limited line of coast, or a few specified harbours,—to allow their trade with all parts of the world, whether in national or in neutral bottoms, to proceed without interruption, but to forbid the ships conveying it to enter their own ports. Such a course looks like liberating commerce with one hand, and interfering with it with the other; and practically it could scarcely be enforced."

We confess we can see neither the theoretical inconsistency nor the practical difficulty. Both the one and the other exist now, and have existed ever since the modification of belligerent rights inaugurated by the Convention of Paris; nor would either be increased by extending the exemption of enemy's goods in neutral bottoms to the same goods in national bottoms. Commercial blockades have been maintained, and held good, and carried into most stringent practical operation, since the Convention of Paris as before. Now *neutral* ships may carry the merchandise of a belligerent wherever they please, provided they do not attempt or design to enter a blockaded port. The exemption for which we have contended would simply enable *belligerents'* ships to do the same, subject to the same sole restriction. As it is, neutral ships may go free every where except to blockaded ports: we propose that *all* merchant ships should be allowed to go free every where except to the same ports. There can be no greater difficulty in excluding all ships from the prohibited places than is now found in excluding neutral ships. So far from the two proposed relaxations of maritime warfare being inextricably bound up together, they do not appear to us to have any connexion whatever. We propose to *exempt* belligerent private property at sea from capture in whatever vessels it may be found, because it is already exempted in all classes of vessels but one; and because to retain the prohibition on this one class is to prey upon *one* description of belligerent property alone,—to declare sacred all merchandise except ships,—and also because it would practically be an ineffective restriction, injurious to British commerce only. We propose to *retain* the principle of commercial blockades, because it is in certain circumstances one of the most efficient of belligerent operations, and one which may be absolutely essential to Great Britain, especially since the concessions to neutrals sanctioned by the Treaty of Paris.

The arguments adducible in favour of abolishing the right of blockade resolve themselves into three: 1, the injuries it

inflicts on belligerents; 2, the injuries it inflicts on neutrals; 3, the assumption that Great Britain individually considered would gain more than she would lose by the general renunciation of the system.

1. Seeing that the especial object of blockading the enemy's ports is to inflict upon him as much injury and inconvenience as possible, and that the supposed effect of this injury and inconvenience, in shortening the war and bringing your adversary to terms, is the only justification for the infliction, the only way of discrediting blockades *in a belligerent point of view* is to argue that they can in reality do little damage, and can produce very little influence in inducing a belligerent to come to terms. And accordingly this is the sort of plea put forward by Mr. Cobden. As far as the combatants are concerned, and as far as neutrals are interested in a cessation of the war, the more noxious blockades are, the greater is the reason for retaining the power of instituting them. You can prove that they are undesirable only by proving that they are harmless to the party that suffers under them.

Now we are prepared at once to admit that there are cases in which the blockade of an adversary's ports will do him very little damage, and will interfere with his commerce in a very limited degree. We may concede also that blockades in most cases become more ineffective for their purpose year by year, in proportion as railways, canals, and other modes of inland conveyance are improved and multiplied. For example: if we were to blockade all the ports of France, so that no ship, national or neutral, could obtain ingress or egress, we should annoy and inconvenience her, no doubt; but we should not either interrupt her commerce, or reduce her to any serious straits by the proceeding. Her imports and exports would, after a certain amount of troublesome re-arrangement, go on as usual by means of her land frontier. They would pass in and out through the ports of Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Genoa, instead of through the ports of Havre, Marseilles, and Bordeaux. France would get all she wanted, paying a little more for it. She would sell all she wished, getting a little less for it. That would be the extent of her damage, *plus* the loss incurred by the enforced idleness of her mercantile marine, and *minus* the profit arising from the increased traffic on her roads and railways. In like manner, Austria would not suffer vitally from a blockade of Trieste, so long as she could communicate with the world down the Rhine and through the Danube, and use Dutch and Turkish harbours instead of her own. Russia also would to a great extent evade our blockading squadrons at Odessa and Riga, by sending her produce and receiving her supplies through Prussian and Swedish outlets. But this would be by no means the case, either where the

blockaded belligerent was an insular power, or a continental one with a barbarous and unpeopled frontier, or with a hostile neighbour on her land side. If England should at any time lose the supremacy of the seas, the combined fleets of France and Russia might soon compel her to sue for peace, without striking a single blow, or landing a single soldier on her shores, by the simple process of blockading all her principal harbours.* The United States, in the war of 1813, were in a position almost as calamitous. We effectually sealed up all the harbours on their eastern frontier; Canada, our own colony, hemmed them in on the north; while to the south and west spread an uninhabited and almost impassable desert, across which no merchandise could penetrate. The result was, that their commerce was almost annihilated in a single year; and as they were far more dependent on foreign produce than they have since become, they suffered terribly, and their sufferings went so far as even to menace a dissolution of the Union at that early day. An instance almost as strong of the efficacy of blockades in inflicting mischief on the enemy is afforded by the present war between the two sections of the Union. The Confederates are strictly blockaded by sea; their enemies surround them on the north; their southern scenes of wealth and population are too far from any Mexican port to permit of their obtaining any great amount of supplies from thence;—so that they are reduced to depend, both for the sale of their produce and for all they require to import,—for their coffee, their wine, their arms, their gunpowder,—to the few vessels that are venturesome and skilful enough to run the gauntlet of the blockading squadron, and to the capture of stores from the enemy, when they are lucky enough to succeed in a daring foray, or to gain a decisive victory. If blockades had been abolished, it is difficult to see what vital blow the North could have struck against their antagonists, or to what very serious inconvenience they could have subjected them. The vast cotton crop of the Gulf States would have found its way to Europe as usual; freighted in French or British bottoms, it could not have been captured at sea; and the produce of its sale would have sufficed to procure for the Confederates every lawful article of merchandise they needed, and to pay for the heavy land carriage of contraband articles—if “contraband of war” had still existed—across from Matamoras.

2. It is by no means correct, then, to argue that blockades do not inflict very severe damage on the enemy, have not a very strong influence in bringing him to terms, and are not in conse-

* Spain, again, might become almost an island, as far as effectual blockading was concerned, if France as well as England were to be her foe.

quence a most legitimate instrument of war. As a belligerent right they are often, and must continue to be, invaluable; in certain cases, as we shall presently see, they may be almost the only weapon the belligerent can employ, and it is idle therefore to fancy that belligerents, or nations that expect frequently to be belligerents, will voluntarily renounce them. Let us now consider them for a few moments from the point of view of neutrals, and consider how they affect the interests of general and peaceful commerce. Neutrals have hitherto submitted to them, and accepted them, partly because they looked forward to the day when they themselves might become belligerents, and would desire to exercise the right on their own behalf, and partly because, as belligerent nations were usually the strongest parties, neutral nations were compelled to acquiesce. It has also been considered that neutrals had an indirect interest in any measure that had a tendency to shorten wars, or to deter adversaries from engaging in them. But this plea we do not regard as a very powerful one. Now, there can be no doubt as to the suffering inflicted upon neutrals by commercial blockades. It is a terrible hardship that, because two countries choose to quarrel and go to war, a third nation, that has never done or wished to do either of them the slightest injury, should suddenly have a number of its ships captured or left to rot in harbour, and a number of its citizens, who gained their living by manufacturing the raw produce or by supplying the artificial wants of one of the combatants, reduced to idleness and starvation. It is very hard; but we cannot agree with Mr. Westlake that it is very unjust also. The neutral is no party to the strife, we admit; but as soon as the strife breaks out, the neutral who continues his trade with either belligerent *makes himself a party*. He cannot help doing so. Every article he deals in, being needed by the belligerent, aids him directly or indirectly in carrying on the war; fortifies him for the conflict; enables him to strike or to ward off a blow; supplies some of his wants, and thereby sets free some portion of his citizens, who become available for military purposes; sells him goods cheaper than he could have manufactured them for himself, and thus economises those funds which are proverbially the sinews of war. If he furnishes either combatant with arms and gunpowder, he helps him to kill his enemy. If he furnishes him with coal, he enables him to out-steam his enemy. If he furnishes him with grain, he feeds his soldiers; if with woollen or linen, he clothes them; if with tents, or canvas, or blankets, he shelters them; if with horses, or carriages, or railway iron, he assists in conveying them; if with wine or spirits, he comforts and invigorates them; if with quinine and calomel, he heals them when sick or wounded, and sends them back renovated to the

fray. He becomes inevitably and directly an auxiliary,* and a most effective one; and he cannot complain of injustice when the other belligerent forbids him thus to "comfort and abet" his foe, on pain of capture and forfeiture. Nor can we at all comprehend Mr. Westlake's distinction, that if you "relieve"—that is, carry needed articles to—a besieged place, you mix in the hostilities and cease to be neutral; but that if you merely convey the same articles to an adjoining commercial port in the same country, whence they can easily reach the besieged place by land, you are *not* mixing in the strife. A blockaded coast is in the same condition as a besieged fortress, provided only the blockade is effectual. To say that you may blockade a walled city but not an open harbour, appears to us simply idle, where both alike belong to your enemy, and when by conveying a valuable cargo to either place you equally enrich, supply, comfort, abet, and aid that enemy. To say that, if we were at war with France, an American ship might come to Liverpool, but might not come to Chester, because the latter is a walled town, is manifestly absurd. To say that a port may only be blockaded by sea, provided it is also besieged by land at the same time, is to dictate most arbitrarily to a belligerent how he shall carry on his campaign; and is like saying, "If you cannot send regiments to reduce it, you shall not meddle with it at all." To say that you may blockade Charleston and New Orleans, but that you may not blockade every creek and harbour from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, provided you have force enough to do it effectively, is clearly an untenable position. The object of blockading a port is not to reduce, or to damage, or to impoverish *that* port, but to injure the country to which it belongs and which receives supplies through it; and a country may be just as effectually supplied and assisted and strengthened by sending cargoes in through an unbesieged place (which Mr. Westlake says a neutral may justly do) as through a beleaguered city (which he says a neutral may *not* do). In a word, his argument is, that if you relieve a belligerent *city*, you mix in the contest, but if you only relieve his *country* (of which that city may be a very insignificant portion), you are innocent, and equitably he ought not to interfere with you. The common-sense view of the *justice* of the matter obviously is, that if you throw supplies into a belligerent's camp, city, fort, or *country*, you assist him and commit a hostile act against his foe, who therefore has a natural right to forbid and prevent your doing so. But as commerce is too important a matter to be lightly interfered with, and as neutrals

* Phillimore says, iii. 202: "A neutral must do nothing by which the condition of either belligerent is bettered, *quo validior fiat*." Grotius says: "*Hostem est qui faciut quod hosti placet*."

are too numerous and powerful to bear any extreme exercise of the claim of interference, it has been laid down, *as a matter of compromise* rather than of logical justice, that no belligerent has a right to *forbid* a neutral from trading to any port or coast, unless he can distinctly and practically *prevent* him from so trading. Originally, abstractedly, and under normal circumstances, every man has a right to trade where he likes, and to sell what and to whom he likes;—only when circumstances (such as war) make it impossible thus to trade without practically mingling in the conflict and assisting one or other combatant, that right is held by the common consent of mankind to have fallen into abeyance.

To neutrals, no doubt, and to all who are usually or habitually neutral, the right of blockade, like all belligerent rights, is often very harsh in its operation, and needs both to be carefully limited and moderately exercised. For neutrals, it would be well if it could be abolished altogether. But as most nations, and all great nations, are sometimes neutral and sometimes belligerent, they have to consider how their interests will be affected as a whole, and come to a sort of compromise between the dictates of the two opposing characters which they from time to time assume. They have done so; and have guarded the law of blockade with some pretty distinct conditions and limitations. It is high time to consider whether some further limitations are not now desirable; a consideration strongly enforced upon us by our own sufferings and those of our Continental neighbours at the present moment. It is probable that no blockade, since blockades were known, has ever inflicted so much suffering on neutral nations, as the present blockade of the Gulf ports by the Federal Government of America has brought upon France and England. It has been on the whole tolerably valid and efficient; it has been respected by our authorities even when it was not so; and as the principal article of export from the Southern States is of a very bulky character, vessels laden therewith have found it unusually difficult to elude the vigilance of the hostile squadrons. The result has been, that the chief industry of Great Britain has been thoroughly disorganised by the artificial scarcity of its raw material thus created, and more than half a million of its population is reduced to subsist on charity. France is scarcely in a much better position; and there is hardly a nation on the continent of Europe which is not a greater sufferer by the civil war at the other side of the Atlantic than one at least of the belligerents. Nevertheless we have patiently endured all the disturbance and privation which the system of blockade, as sanctioned by the law of nations, has brought upon us;—feeling, in the first place, that

it constituted a perfectly legitimate and recognised weapon of war, however inconvenient to by-standers; and, in the second place, that it could only be put down at the cost of a quarrel with the United States, which would be attended with consequences incalculably more painful and more costly than any caused by the scarcity of cotton and the interruption of trade.

But our sufferings, though they have not induced us to dream of breaking the blockade, have caused us to reflect deeply on the several questions of international law involved in the present desolating conflict, and to ask ourselves whether that law is in harmony with the altered circumstances of our age, and whether it can long be maintained in its present form. When that law was in process of consolidation, and even during those Napoleonic wars when it received its last modifications and expansions, the condition of the world was in many respects very different from what it is now. Wars were more constant; belligerents were more powerful; neutrals were more insignificant: but, above all, nations were far more independent of one another; commerce had not attained one-tenth of its actual development; ships were immeasurably fewer; steam was unknown, and mail-packets not yet thought of. The evils, therefore, which any interruption to the usual course of trade could inflict upon any country were trifling in comparison. These changed conditions obviously call for some corresponding change in the law of nations. As neutral commerce becomes more extensive, the interruption of it by the action of belligerents becomes more mischievous, and that action must therefore be restricted. As neutrals become more numerous and more powerful, they are less disposed to endure suffering in consequence of quarrels in which they have no concern, and belligerents must therefore, if they do not wish to add to their enemies, waive something of their former claims. One important modification—the most needed of all—has, as we have seen, been already introduced, and is now almost conclusively incorporated with the law of nations, viz. the sacredness of all merchandise under a neutral flag. A second, the abolition of privateering, may also be regarded as definitely settled. A third, that of exempting *all* merchant ships from capture, will, we are satisfied, soon follow. A fourth, that of renouncing the distinction between “contraband of war” and other merchandise, cannot, we think, be long delayed. There are two more relating to the law of blockade which it is desirable to consider.

1. According to the usual interpretation of international law, any vessel having issued from or being bound to a blockaded port, may be captured *any where* on the high seas, *during*

the continuance of the voyage, and will be condemned as lawful prize, provided adequate evidence can be found in her papers, or procured elsewhere, to satisfy an Admiralty Court of her illegal destination or point of departure. (And the adjudicating court, be it remembered, is in nearly every case the court of the captor.) That is, if Charleston be formally and validly placed and declared in a state of blockade by the Federal authorities, a French vessel laden with wine, clearing out for Charleston, or believed to be destined for that port, may be stopped in the Bay of Biscay and carried for adjudication to New York;—and if the American prize-court of that city shall be satisfied that she really did intend to try to run into Charleston harbour, she will be condemned. In like manner, if a vessel laden with cotton or tobacco had eluded the vigilance of the blockading squadron, and, sailing out of Charleston on a dark night, had succeeded in reaching the British Channel, and was within five miles of Falmouth, she might be lawfully boarded by an American cruiser, brought back, and condemned. It is obvious that this enormous extension of the *range* of a blockade must be modified, or the interruptions to innocent commerce would become intolerable, and nearly all the benefit derivable from the other relaxations of international law, of which we have spoken as adopted or likely to be adopted, would be lost. If a cruiser be empowered to arrest and search all ships three thousand miles distant from the blockaded port, to ascertain their destination, and if a foolish captain finds or fancies grounds for suspecting an illegal design, they are to be carried into distant prize-courts for adjudication, it is clear that all neutrals would join to put down such an intolerable practice. A right of search and capture so exercised would become a nuisance as great as war. But as no neutrals would now tolerate such an extension of blockading privileges, so, on the other hand, no belligerents would endure such a limitation of them as would enable a crowd of merchant ships to congregate in the immediate vicinity of the blockaded port, ready to run in during fogs or in rough weather, when the guarding squadron had been blown off shore, or was in chase of some decoy. Almost equally unpermissible in equity would be an arrangement which allowed vessels to collect in some near neutral harbour, and lie there in wait for any favourable opportunity of running the blockade. It is questionable whether the use of *Nassau* for this purpose by our merchants at the present moment be not, in principle, though of course not in law, a breach of neutrality. Certainly it is a meditated violation of the blockade. It will be necessary, probably, to confine the jurisdiction of the blockading squadron *to the seas in which its functions lie*,—so that merchantmen found there may

be held to betray *prima facie* a wrong design: *i. e.* that they are *not likely* to be on their way to any neutral port or innocent destination. The precise modification necessary and practicable, as well as just, however, will have to be considered and deliberately fixed by a convention of the maritime powers, such as, we trust, will be summoned after the close of the present unhappy struggle.

2. It will be desirable also to consider whether the right of blockade by belligerents must not be restricted in time as well as in space. We are satisfied that some modification of this sort has become indispensable, though the precise nature and degree of that modification it is not easy to specify. There must be a limit set to the amount of inconvenience which belligerents are justified in inflicting on unoffending and unconcerned neutrals; and if this limit be not fixed by law and treaty, neutrals will take the law into their own hands. No nation ought to be called upon, or will submit, to endure any severe and very long-continued privations and sufferings arising out of a war between two countries equal in obstinacy and in strength. We may be content to bear a little, but not a great deal. We may be content to bear for two years or for five, but not for a generation. It is plain that if any article *indispensable* to mankind were produced only in a single country, mankind neither would nor ought to acquiesce in the indefinite, or even very prolonged, blockade of the ports of that country, even though the very circumstance made such blockade the most efficient weapon the hostile belligerent could use. Thus, quinine being not only an invaluable but a necessary medicine, and being *ex hypothesi* only obtainable in Peru, an indefinite or permanent blockade of Peru could not be permitted. *Salus populi lex suprema*. In like manner, tea is now become so nearly a necessary of life, that no blockade of the Chinese ports that deprived us of it for a series of years could be long respected. If cotton were procurable only from America, England and France would be obliged to say—and would be justified in saying—to the government at Washington, “We do not wish to interfere with your belligerent rights, but you must finish your dispute within a year or two, or the interests of our citizens will compel us to insist on your abandoning your blockade of the Gulf States.” If, again, there were a bad harvest throughout Europe and a teeming one in the United States, it could not be permitted that France or England should seal up the ports of the latter country, and so inflict the miseries of an artificial famine on the people of the Old World. Nor, even in a weaker case, could all the manufacturing and commercial nations of Europe be expected to accept in patience such a disorganisation and re-

striction of their habitual and staple industries as would follow a chronic or lifetime war in America. The very reason for which neutral nations endure all the unmerited sufferings incidental to belligerent operations—namely, that wars may be the sooner ended by allowing the greatest possible freedom of mutual infliction to the belligerents—is lost as soon as wars become continuous and interminable. Therefore, though we cannot venture to attempt any thing like specification, we may safely assert that there is a *range*, a *time*, and a *degree* beyond which the injury inflicted on neutrals by the right of blockade cannot henceforth be sanctioned by the law of nations.

3. It now only remains for us to discuss the narrow question, how the interests of Great Britain specially would be affected by the proposed abolition of the right of commercial blockades. And here we are bound to admit that Mr. Cobden's arguments have great force, and, as far as they go, are cogent and convincing, though, from not embracing the whole of the case, we cannot deem them conclusive. The less disposed and the less likely a nation is to be belligerent, the more will she gain by the abolition of blockades; and England is becoming more neutral year by year, both in disposition and in practice. The more paramount and unquestioned the naval supremacy of any nation, the more efficiently will she be able to use the weapon of blockades, and the less liable she will be to suffer from it; the greater interest, therefore, will she have in retaining the right. Now the naval superiority of England is year by year becoming less marked and less indisputable. At the close of last war, fifty years ago, she was not only unrivalled at sea, but she was absolute; her competitors were literally *nowhere*. Now France and America both run her close, and a combination of their marines with that of Russia would expose her to a hard struggle for existence. Again, the more extensive and multifarious the commerce of any nation, the more must she, when a neutral, suffer from the system of blockades; and the commerce of Great Britain is the widest, and richest, and most complex in the world. Finally, a nation which imports the necessities of life is liable to suffer far more from blockades—as from every other interruption to trade—than one which only imports luxuries and superfluities; and half the importations of England consist of necessities or quasi necessities, of articles of food or raw materials for manufacture; while most other nations with which we should be likely to go to war import only luxuries, or at least commodities with which it would be comparatively easy to dispense. A blockade of the ports of America, for example, would deprive us of a vast proportion of the cotton and the grain on which our people subsist, and of the tobacco which furnishes 6,000,000*l.* to

our revenue. A blockade of Russia cuts off our main supply of wheat and hemp; whereas, as far as Russia is concerned, such a blockade would scarcely affect the subsistence, or clothing, or ordinary life, of her population at all. A blockade of France would still leave her her corn and wine and silk (native and Italian), and beet-root sugar, and home-grown tobacco, and Belgian and St. Etienne coal; and a blockade of the United States would inconvenience the Americans in the articles of coffee and sugar, but in nothing else of prime necessity or much importance. Food they have, and clothing they make, and iron, oil, and most other things they find in abundance within their own limits. On the whole, none of the great countries of the world could be blockaded without Great Britain suffering more than any other people by the operation. So clearly is this the case that, as Mr. Cobden very pointedly shows, we do not, and we probably never should, enforce very strictly a blockade of the ports of any great state with which we were at war. We should not seal up the United States, because that would keep away our grain supply. We should not seal up the Confederate ports, because that would keep away our cotton and our tobacco. In the last war we still received wheat from Odessa, and (we believe) hemp and flax from Riga. If we were to blockade France, we should feel the want of her wine and gloves and silks, and should probably obtain them through Belgium, Italy, and Spain. In fine, we could scarcely blockade strictly and effectually the ports of any enemy without suffering more damage than we should inflict.

There is much truth in all this—indeed, it is all true *cum grano*; but it is not the whole truth. The part of the truth which is blinked by Mr. Cobden and made light of by Mr. Westlake, is this: the political position of England depends upon her maritime power. Her navy, and not her army, is the instrument on which she relies both for defence at home and for influence abroad. If, in addition to exempting the private property and merchant ships of her enemies at sea from capture, she were also to consent to the abolition of commercial blockades, in what way could she operate upon the trade or paralyse the strength of any antagonist with whom she chanced to be at war? If the other belligerent had no navy, or chose to secure that navy from harm by laying it up in ordinary, her navy, having no ships of war to meet, and no merchant ships to capture, would be reduced to absolute inaction. Her wars would all have to be carried on to land. The only mode which would remain to her of encountering the hostility of any powerful state which chose to injure her, or the obstinacy of any feeble state which chose to insult her and set her at naught, would be by landing an army on her shores—a result which Mr. Westlake

accepts, but for which Mr. Cobden assuredly is not prepared. England, with a small army and a large fleet, would be reduced to fighting with only her left hand. France, Austria, Russia, or Prussia, might set us at defiance, might rob our travellers, imprison our citizens, pillage and oppress our allies, commit any injustice and any tyranny they pleased upon the continent of Europe, crush the hopes of Italy, destroy the liberties of Portugal or Greece; and unless we were prepared to send an army to fight at a distance from home and against overwhelming odds, we should be utterly powerless to interfere with oppressors or to assist friends. In fact, the effect would be nearly equivalent to the disarmament of England in the face of Europe. She might protect herself, indeed, but she would have to resign all hope of influencing or restraining others, and would virtually cease to be a European power. But the consequence would be almost worse across the Atlantic. If we became involved in war with the United States; if an insolent and unknowing government attacked our colony, imprisoned our ambassador, murdered or oppressed our citizens, we should be obliged to allow their ports to remain open and their trade to go on as usual; and could do nothing either to resist or punish them, except transporting at enormous cost as many regiments as we could spare to Canada, to fight our enemy amid pathless woods and along an almost illimitable frontier. We should enable the Americans, in a word, to choose, not only their field of battle, but their weapons. It seems very strange that men, not only of sense but of legal acumen and political experience, should be found to advocate a proposition the adoption of which would be so suicidal that its suggestion looks almost like treason, and which would involve regiments so multiplied and armaments so costly, that, coming from economists, it reads very like perversity or madness. We say, no; of all maritime belligerent rights, retain that of blockade, and that alone. This, properly limited and properly enforced, will allow you to stop the commerce of your foe and the commerce of neutrals with your foe, where you can do it most effectually, where you can do it with least injury to others, and where alone, therefore, in these days you have the right, or will long be allowed power, to stop it,—namely, at the harbours and along the coasts of the belligerent you are endeavouring to bring to terms.

ART. VII.—HOME LIFE IN DENMARK AND NORWAY.

Adam Homo. Et Digt af F. Paludan Müller. Tredie Udgave. Copenhagen: C. A. Reitzel.

Synnöve Sölbakken, af Björnstjerne Björnson. Bergen: E. B. Giersten.

Arne, af Björnstjerne Björnson. Bergen: H. J. Geelmuyden's Enke.
Grossererens Familie. En Fortælling. Christiania: J. W. Cappelen.

THE connexion of England with Denmark and its old dependency Norway seems likely to be renewed in more than one way. The marriage of our Crown-Prince with a lady whose family is Danish by association and interest is in itself rather matter of graceful sentiment than likely to exercise any important influence on our political relations. A constitutional country is pretty well guarded against dynastic entanglements. But the general feeling of satisfaction which has greeted that alliance, apart from all personal considerations, is probably something more than the mere revulsion of satiety against traditional marriages into the petty German courts. There is a sort of feeling that we are nearer kinsmen of the Scandinavian peoples than any other, and perhaps an under-current of desire to repair the wrong we did them under sore pressure in the great war. Whether or not the union of the three Northern kingdoms be ever carried into effect, their marine is none the less the next in Europe after our own, and might be wielded for or against us with tremendous efficacy in any European complication. Even the Danish army, inconsiderable in itself and badly armed, has proved itself capable of holding Germany at bay, and of defeating the federal army in a decisive battle. Above all, the three Scandinavian kingdoms are even more entirely Protestant than England, and are quite as thoroughly the home of free institutions. For every reason, therefore, we are as much pledged to defend their independence against Russia or Germany as to hold Belgium against France; and personally we could better afford to give up Constantinople to any third power than Christiania to the Czar, or even Copenhagen to Germany. It is fortunate that our interests in this direction are not exposed to any more serious danger than a few protocols from Frankfort on the Slesvig-Holstein difficulty.

Putting aside all questions of advantage, there is much to interest Englishmen in Denmark and Norway. We class the two countries together because they are one by language and historical tradition; while Sweden has always, till lately, been a separate and even a hostile country. The very names "Dane"

and "Norseman" are almost identical with "conqueror" in English apprehension; and it is difficult to wander through the old Angeln, and see the rich meadow-land (*eng*) like Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, without fancying that our own country derived its name from the home-associations of the invaders, as well as from their tribe-name. A people whose features seem kindred to him, a language not stranger than the Yorkshire dialect, English names, English tricks of manner, even English dress and cookery, combine to force upon the traveller the conviction that common blood in the two nations asserts its own through all distance of time and interval of space. One great difference between them lies in the mixed origin which we inherit from the different vanguards of Keltic, Germanic, Roman, and Norse colonies; so that half-a-dozen different types may be noticed by the most careless observer in any group of Oxford undergraduates; while the students of Christiania look almost like a family circle, with scarcely even a brevet of provincial origin. The other most fruitful source of difference between an Englishman and a Dane or Norwegian is in the fact that our own language and civilisation has drawn more from France than from any other country; while Denmark and its old province have been effectually Germanised through the manifold relations of neighbourhood, commerce, and a German dynasty. Hence the peasant-dialect in Norway contains many words which puzzle any educated countryman, while an Englishman recognises them as household or provincial terms in his own country. But national character is more durable than speech, and in almost every point where the Dane differs from the German he gravitates unconsciously but surely towards England. It would be impossible, we believe, to find a German parallel to the plays of Holberg; but cleverly adapted into English, they might almost be mistaken for the works of some unknown contemporary of Congreve and Vanbrugh. Again: taking modern literature, the novel-reading public of Germany appears distinctly to prefer the literature of intrigue and passion—books like Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, like Bulwer's earlier novels, like the French school of George Sand or of Dumas *filis*—to the literature of still life or mere adventure, to George Eliot's or Sir Walter Scott's novels. But it is precisely these latter that are most popular in Scandinavia, and with whom Miss Bremer, Andersen, and Björnson have most affinity.

The first book we have put at the head of our article would deserve notice under any circumstances, as a poem that has gone through three editions in a country with a smaller reading-public than Scotland, and is especially remarkable for its admirable pictures of home life in Denmark. The author,

Frederik Paludan Müller (born 1809), is mentioned by Andersen, in his autobiography, as a fellow-student, who proposed starting a weekly journal in connexion with him. Andersen rejected the proposal, perhaps a little contemptuously, and in three or four years' time saw himself overshadowed by his rival's growing reputation. In fact, to this day, Andersen is chiefly sustained among his countrymen by court-favour and European prestige, while Paludan Müller is valued as a national classic. The poem which established his reputation, *The Danseuse*, is little more than a graceful story of a ballet-dancer who, having maintained an unspotted character, becomes entangled in a connexion with a young man of good family, is ruined, and dies of grief when her lover falls in a duel. But *Adam Homo*, the poem with which Müller's name is likely to be permanently associated, takes a wider and higher flight. It is an epic of home life, so to speak. *Adam Homo*, as his name implies, is the typical man of the nineteenth century, and his life, from childhood upwards, even to beyond the grave, includes a cycle of social experiences in Denmark. Naturally the subject does not admit of heroic treatment. The metre and style, modelled on the mock-Spenserian, which Wieland naturalised in Germany, and Frere and Byron in England, lend themselves to the tragi-comedy of a life in which the hero's aspirations and success are always above his character. More ambitious efforts, in the shape of detached pieces, love-sonnets, bacchanalian improvisations, and religious odes, are freely interwoven; but, to a foreigner at least, they are of inferior interest. In fact, by ordinary rules of criticism, Paludan Müller is not a poet of the first order, perhaps not even high in the second class. He wants the thoughts that burn and words that glow; the strength of passion, no less than the terseness and concentration of epigram; and it would be difficult to give an instance of so long, and on the whole so successful, a poem in which so few individual lines deserve to be remembered. Nevertheless, we believe he was fully justified in taking ground as a poet rather than a novelist. His plot is too fantastic for prose, which always lends itself by preference to probabilities; his characters are clearly conceived and clearly rendered, with real dramatic insight, though with some profusion of detail; and there is a mixture of playful fancy and tenderness in his style, a something womanly, which is best wedded to verse. It is a little gain, too, that the most fluent verse-maker cannot expand into mere upholstery-painting or didactic philosophy, with the reckless command of space which the novelist wields. *Les Misérables* in verse would certainly have been shorter by six volumes.

Adam Homo opens his eyes upon life in a country manse

in Jutland. His father, Parson Peter Homo, is a man with some cleverness, much good-meaning, and a quick eye to his own interest; further, a rationalist "who clips his text according to his means, but yet contrives to keep his Christian faith." There is a more ideal element in the mother—a small delicate woman, who prays and loves where her husband schemes and philosophises. The christening time happens to fall at Christmas, when the country is as full of happy family circles as England itself could be. "Is there," the poet asks,

"a thing so native to the soil,
With so much pleasant mirth, so small mischances,
As Yule-tide meetings in our country manses ?

From every quarter swells the gathering number
Whom pleasant memories draw to one small spot :
There's heart-room and to spare for all who cumber
The little hall, if house-room there be not ;
Six in a single garret meet to slumber,
Two in a bed is no unfrequent lot ;
If all the sheets are clean, well-air'd, and pressed,
The vicar's wife is careless of the rest."

Other little features of country life are cleverly etched in. We are introduced, one by one, to the curious blushing girls who cluster in the windows to see their brother's friends from college arrive; to the Babel of happy talkers, who exchange small jokes and small politics over their pipes; to the morning-parties with horses and dogs; to the two students who stay behind to talk æsthetics with the young ladies in the morning-room; to the evening dances in the neighbouring vicarages, which include "every educated miller, every genteel bailiff;" and we are allowed to see at the end the natural termination of æsthetic conversations and country-dances in a betrothal. It is all English life of a century ago, when the divisions of ranks below the highest were a little less marked, and when Peter Homo might have shaken hands with the Vicar of Wakefield. But we are removed to the more recent century by a clerical conversation, after the christening party, on the text, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; . . . he that believeth not shall be damned." Parson Jeremias Top is "high and dry," and feels assured that all the unbaptised will escheat to the devil; but he holds it on a genteel principle of social selection, quite as much as from any doctrinal conviction: he "will not give a thank-you for a heaven which lets in all his neighbours indiscriminately;" and though he will not affirm David to be damned, he pronounces with a sigh that he is not saved. Parson Flint, a clear, cold, logical man, with a dangerous liking for Strauss, protests energetically in favour of universal salva-

tion, but damages his cause with his brethren by admitting in confidence that he thinks Christianity goes back to a mythical origin, that he walks by sight rather than by faith, and that "the cow which was full of faith in the grass died while it was growing." Homo tries to mediate with a comparison of Christianity to corn, which requires sifting and bolting to be made food; and the Provost Holm, who seems to answer to an English dean, ends the controversy by a vigorous comparison of Parson Top to a Pharisee, and Parson Flint to an unrepentant publican. He himself "spits on their critical and mythical theories," declares that he will not add to or take from the written Word, and hopes his audience may live to learn that they are all in the wrong. On the whole, we come away with the impression, which other passages in the poem confirm, that Denmark, like England, has its own little troubles of religious speculation, and that there are leaders of every division in the clerical camp.

Fortunately for himself our hero is not destined to be brought up a schoolman in petticoats. Parson Homo's animal nature is deeper and healthier than his intellectual, and the young Adam receives the training of an English Tom Brown,—bird's-nesting, leaping, and running,—and passes through youth with no more eventful mischances than a precocious passion at nine years old for the clerk's daughter Hanne, and one at fourteen, a little less moral, for his pretty landlady, or "dame," as an Etonian would call her. Neither is his student-life at Copenhagen very important as a sketch of manners. The only part of it with any incident is the interval of dissipation; and the fast life of a boy under twenty appears to be as dreary in Copenhagen as elsewhere. But when he has passed his second examination with credit, he looks about him for some means of money-making to replenish his purse, exhausted by late extravagances, and is taken as day-tutor into the family of Count de Fix. Fortune favours him with a pretty pupil in the shape of the count's daughter Clara, who accompanies her brothers to the school-room; and the young lady is soon aware that she has an admirer, and is well inclined to play Héloïse to his Abelard. As the mother is conveniently absent from the lessons, and the two brothers are fraternally slow of perception, "the old, old story" is worked out with all the quaint incident of a pedagogic romance. The girl of sixteen is of course an expert where her tutor, four years older, is a novice and bungler, in spite of his boyish experiences, which he has never properly appreciated. Sometimes she is the *ingénue* who blushes to hear the vestals spoken of; sometimes the enthusiast, carried away by Cleopatra's story; sometimes she defends Catiline, or jokes at "old Cicero;" and presently she relapses into the count's

daughter, and closes her lesson abruptly with a bow. In one of these last fits she so far forgets herself and her rôle as to express a profound contempt for *mésalliances*; and Adam, applying her words to himself, believing that he has committed himself by some unlucky word, leaves the house in despair, and does not dare show himself again. Young men in Denmark, it would seem, take their first loves a little seriously to heart; in Hamlet's time, we know, it was the other way. We may slur over the unromantic, though not unnatural, issue of any ambitious passion. Adam goes wrong, and first ruins a young girl whom chance throws in his way; then sinks altogether into low life, under the mingled influences of debts and a feeble craving for society. He is saved by a brain-fever, through which his mother watches him.

The idyllic time of his life now begins. He resumes work for his degree in the university; and meets Alma, a gardener's daughter, at one of the students' balls. It is some proof of power in the author, that he has contrived to invest his heroine with a certain interest beyond that which commonly attaches to the lay-figures of moral portrait-painting. Alma is indeed "not too good for common nature's daily food," but she is also not too weak to be respected; her character, based upon duty rather than upon will, is more deep than strong, and she has a power of loving singly without loving blindly. Educated, in the English or French sense, she probably is not; but the demand for high culture east of the Rhine is moderate, and she is certainly above the average of Goethe's heroines, from Dorothea to Gretchen downwards. So far as we can gather, her marriage with a clergyman's son, himself a candidate for orders, would be an elevation for her, but not a *mésalliance* for him. Before, however, it can be arranged, Adam is summoned to the deathbed of his mother. On board the steamer from Copenhagen he meets his first love, the Countess Clara, now married to a fat, dull country squire, Kammer-herre Galt. Sea-sickness, like death, levels all differences and annuls all enmities; so that Adam finds himself almost unconsciously ministering to the lady's wants, and renewing his old acquaintance. But, with all allowance for the base element in man, for the instinct of flirtation, for the gratification to self-love at repairing a defeat, and for a parvenu's hankering after higher society, it is a little revolting to our sense of moral probabilities that a man like Adam, partly compound of good, should allow himself to accept the countess's invitation to go home with her, at the cost of never again seeing his mother. The heartlessness of the act, however, does not trouble our hero very deeply; and his father warmly applauds him for securing himself a place in the good graces of

a patron with fat benefices. So the mother is buried; and Adam remains at the house of Kammer-herre Galt, riding, dining out, talking nonsense and flirting with his host's wife for some months, even taking his host's uncle into the confidence of his designs on the lady, and receiving counsel to enjoy life as he can. Let us hope that such uncles are not numerous in Denmark. Of course, only one of two *dénouements* are now possible, and the one chosen is fortunately half moral. At the moment of a passionate declaration, while the lady is still whispering that she will not consent, Kammer-herre Galt enters the room; and Adam has no alternative but to leave the house,—under the wrath of the insulted wife.

During his apprenticeship to high life Alma has been forgotten or put out of sight; she remains so, now that he returns to his father's house. In fact, the old parson, at present bent on solacing his widowerhood and discharging his debts by a marriage with the miller's daughter, is more ambitious for his son, and positively refuses his consent to the engagement. Adam lets himself be guided, with some compunction, but little real reluctance, into a marriage with the Baroness Mille, the spoiled, wilful, pretty daughter and heiress of a neighbouring squire. We may call her a cross between the English fast young lady and the Continental "emancipirtes Mädchen," though with more of the former than the latter. A good whip, a fair pistol-shot, an admirer of George Sand, and a consummate little flirt,—she settles down into a stout mother of a family, who writes bad novels, and canvasses the praise of newspaper-editors over oysters and champagne. Her final exit in a fit of apoplexy leaves her husband in possession of the estate and title, which have been confirmed to him by royal license for life. He has culminated in successful *Philister*-dom, to borrow a German expression; in other words, the hot-blooded boy, with a keen sense for beauty and good, has come to accept life as a transaction, and recognise no higher rule than that of success. With one or two failures he achieves it; gets the order of the Great Cross, the title of Excellency, and the post of first director of the theatre. From time to time the ghost of an old sin rises up before him,—a broken companion of his early days, or a woman whom he has ruined and forsaken; and he makes satisfaction after his own fashion by giving alms out of his superfluity. But the better nature in him is almost overlaid with paint and patches, and he has learned to limit his hereafter to the next few years' successful manager-ship at the theatre, when a heavy cold and a bad doctor bring him to the hospital and his deathbed. He is nursed in his last moments by Alma. After her father's death, she has supported herself by needle- and laundry-work, and is known as a good

night-nurse. She holds his head as he passes away in sleep, and does not long survive him. The baron is laid under marble with his wife's forefathers, and the gardener's daughter is carried out to the common burial-ground in a pauper's funeral.

Here it might be thought that the subject of the poem was exhausted. In fact, as the very *post-mortem* examination on Adam's body has been described, it would seem that more than ordinary security has been taken against his resurrection, even in poetry. But two cantos of the poem remain. One is occupied chiefly with Alma's lyrical pieces, intended to represent the gradual discipline of affliction and the transference of unsatisfied affection to the one changeless object of love. Perhaps these metrical speculations have no very high merit as poetry, especially if they be judged by the standard of *In Memoriam*. But their position in a book, of which parts are free even to license, gives them a certain interest, the more so as they are intended to justify its final moral. They express the conviction that good must triumph in the order of the universe; that the foul devil's-play which makes chaos of earth will be defeated hereafter, and Satan himself left alone to begin his time of punishment, while "all are gathered into the bosom of mercy." The assumption which underlies this rather Manichæan doctrine seems to be little else than the Catholic purgatory; a curious patch of old faith in a poet who goes out of his way to protest against the worship of the Virgin. How it is practically applied we learn in the last canto. There Adam's soul is disputed for by two spirits; his good angel and the *advocatus diaboli*. The counsel for Satan has easy work in proving that the baron's life has not been squared to the precise requirements of the Decalogue. He is answered with the objection, which we should imagine must often be heard in this court, that the law given on Sinai has been repealed, and that the sinner is to be judged by the milder dispensation of abstract morality. As, however, it cannot be maintained that Adam's life has been framed according to Epictetus, he is defended as a product of his time. "What sort of time was that? Was it the age of heroes, idealists, prophets? Was it romantic, knightly, or idyllic? God help us! it was a mere fermentation-period, lighted up only by the nebulous tail of a comet; a time when men were weary of strife, and sick of peace; that had no heart for work, and small sense of honour—an age of all-pervading mediocrity." Take Homo as the product of his time, and the man, whose weaknesses must be confessed if he be judged singly, will appear noble by comparison with his fellows. He was eminently a good fellow, an amiable well-meaning man; and it will go hard with heaven if such are not of its kingdom. The defence is ingenious, but does not seem to

be successful; the *advocatus diaboli* arguing that the age—if it is like Homo—will have in justice to be damned. His defender now claims salvation for him as a Christian. It is true there is no very certain evidence of his faith; but it must be remembered that he lived in a time which acknowledged neither angel nor devil, and that he yet on several occasions ascribed his successes to Providence; he might have loved his neighbour under happier circumstances; and he was abundant in hope, the third Christian grace. The plea is overruled; and Homo is finally overwhelmed by the vision of the glorified nature he might have been, the ideal he strove after. Just as the quivering scale sinks finally hell-wards, Alma appears and claims him by the law of heaven, that if a glorified spirit will associate her lot with another's, and blend her existence with his, hell ceases to be possible for the sinner. The scale rises again, and Adam is borne off in triumph to the lustral fires of purgatory. Alma abides with him till the probation-time is past: she was chosen by Eternal Love to save him.

Home life in Denmark, if *Adam Homo* and Andersen's or Hansen's novels may be trusted, has changed very much since the days of Holberg, a century and a quarter ago. Then the playwright delighted his audience with the drunken serf, like Christopher Sly, invested by his lord with a little brief authority; with the burgher's travelled son, who talked French and danced minuets in the street; with the *roué* who cheats a Jew, and with the club of gossips who discuss the German empire. Every piece testified to strong distinctions of caste, homely manners, and that Toryism of domestic life which would keep every man in his place, and allow foreign customs to be imported only as luxuries for the wealthy classes. Now the country has been Europeanised with French sentiment, German speculation, and English constitutional forms. The nobles are only the shadow of the old tyrannous aristocracy, which drove a people kin to themselves into thrusting despotism upon the crown. Compare *Adam Homo* with an English novel-hero of rather similar fortunes and mould, *Pendennis*. Thackeray's typical young Englishman is once doubtful whether he shall not ruin his laundress's daughter, and is another time offered an alliance with the daughter of a baronet of damaged character. But it is difficult to imagine *Pendennis* taking tea night after night with Fanny's mother as her future son-in-law; and his acceptance by a noble heiress with no doubtful antecedents would have been too improbable for the Dutch school of narrative to venture on. Either education and good breeding are more universal levellers in Denmark than in England, or our extremes are much further apart. Something, no doubt, depends on the respective size of

the two countries. Denmark has the population of England under Queen Elizabeth; and a single theatre in Copenhagen is able to contain the whole ranks of the fashionable world, and to attract all the literary talent of the country into its service. An upper class of squires is scattered over a country of pasture-land, heaths, and wide sand-plains. Under these conditions, the clever young man from town has a certain advantage among the Junker aristocracy, whose simple talk among themselves is of guns and horses and dogs. Even Lord Macaulay was never the great man in his own day that Swift and Steele and Addison were among their unlettered contemporaries. It was a marvellous prerogative to be born one of half-a-dozen authors in a nation.

The morality of Adam Homo cannot be called high. If he is really no worse than common men in Denmark, we must hope that common men are not so frequently tempted. The women, with two exceptions, his mother and Alma, are either actively bad, or at best vulgar and trivial. Allowing that much of this may be due to the supposed literary necessity of giving a somewhat flat story an immoral interest, there yet remains a sufficiently startling residuum in a book which seems to be accepted in its own country as a portrait of national manners. Probably, in the author's mind, the one pure picture of Alma redeemed all. It certainly adds to the thoroughness of the conception, though it points a curious moral, that the moral interest in a drama of nineteenth-century humanity should centre about a woman. Given a man of mere aspirations and vague sympathies, who shall steadily see the higher good and follow the vulgar appetite,—a man neither saint nor villain, neither hero nor quite unheroic,—and if we agree with Dante that such a one is not worth damning, we shall be puzzled how to save him. We shall feel the need of attaching him to some good angel,—a Beatrice or an Alma,—and shall not care to inquire curiously into the doctrine of vicarious works. Perhaps it may be added that such contrasts between the sexes are not uncommon in certain epochs of society. No reader of the Nial Saga, to quote a Norse precedent, can forget the singular antithesis of the Icelandic men and women in the tenth century. Nial, Gunnor, and Flosi, three very different characters, are yet simple-minded, generous, and humane, as brave men should be; while their wives appear behind them like furies, sowing discord and bloodshed through the land. Bacon's strong preference of friendship to love, and Shakespeare's plays, with perhaps the exception of *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*, testify to a similar feeling in our own heroic age. At present the whole tendency of literature is to rehabilitate Eve. Mr. Tennyson succeeds in his *Princess*, and breaks down in what

might seem the far easier attempt to copy the King of all true Knights from his picture in books of chivalry. His men are Geraint the savage, and Arthur the prig. French philosophy has ever discovered that the woman, as the noblest product of humanity, is to be made the subject of contemplation and prayer. Béranger's vision of Margot stealing St. Peter's keys, and making herself the guardian of heaven, was only the anticipation of a new litany. *Vogue la galère!* We cannot quarrel with lady novelists if they take the lion's hint about sculpture, and represent man duly inferior. But it is surely the sign of a weak time, when endurance and gentleness are exalted over enterprise and action and thought. It is the great merit of Adam Homo as a photograph, and its fatal defect as a picture, that the typical man has no individuality; no power to grapple with circumstance; no will to be other than his belongings make him. He is not the brave man struggling with adversity, but the easy man lending himself to life, and half-scrambling, half-slipping through the crowd. He is not even a thinker, like Faust, working out his problems in experiences, and failing only because the riddle is insoluble. Take such a man as Adam Homo in common life, and it is difficult to imagine any virtues except the negative surviving his contact. He would imperceptibly demoralise the woman who looked up to him, the children who grew up round him. Instead of being borne up to purgatory by Alma, he would drag her down to the slimy verge of the Inferno, where the incapable lie.

It is with a sentiment of relief that we turn from the satire, which is half an apology of a degenerate civilisation, to the healthy peasant life and virgin homes of Norway. Probably most people, who have ever given Norway a thought, have wondered that the country whose swarming Vikings made the Northern Sea a Scandinavian lake in the tenth century, should have subsided so irrevocably into a province, with no higher interests than the cod-fishery and the timber-trade. A glance at the physical geography of the country explains the difficulty. The long ranges of low hills are no home for man; the granite, scarcely covered by two inches of soil, can never whiten with the harvests of other lands. Here and there a breezy mountain plateau spreads out into a down, or a few hundred yards of valley divide the fiord-shore from the hills that fringe it; or there is an easy slope up from a river, on which a cottage may be built, and where horses and goats may pasture. But every where stern labour, endurance, and isolation are the very conditions of life. The *Bonde*, or yeoman, accordingly grows up self-reliant and silent, trusting his own right hand to supply his needs, and rarely meeting his fellows for

intercourse. His occupations are various and uncertain: during seven months in the year the soil is ice-bound; and the farmer will fare ill if he cannot ply an axe on occasion, or handle a rifle or an oar. A capacity for great exertions in emergencies is perhaps more characteristic of him than the endurance of sustained labour. To those who know him slightly he appears quiet, moody, almost phlegmatic; but the Berserker frenzy is always latent in his blood, and his revelry and his wrath are dangerous. Observe him with his fellows, and he treats them with the punctilious courtesy of a duellist. Observe him with his superiors,—for although politically a democrat, he acknowledges the distinctions of education and birth,—and his manner has a quiet dignity, which does not forsake him even when he is excited or extortionate. He is not attractive at first meeting, because, like his kinsmen of England, he is slow to make advances; but he gains in proportion as he is known. It may seem needless to describe the stiff wooden figures, the yellow flax-like hair, the fair complexions, and gray serious eyes, which Tidemand has immortalised. Not undignified, but eminently not refined, they are the features of workers and freemen, who would think and fight in a solid business-like manner, rather than of men to whom thought and battle are native. The old Viking must have been an essentially practical man, combining as he did commerce with piracy, and fighting for tribute or a settlement rather than from any chivalrous love of hard blows. The ranks of Thor and Athene, in their respective mythologies, show pretty well on which side was the labouring hand and on which the meditative brain. Yet the Norseman is a poet to the core. He cannot construct a great work of art,—an *Iliad* or an *Odyssey*,—but he thinks in parables, and his thoughts flow into verse. He talks with the birds and trees of the wood, and they answer him. His sagas contain a richer personal history, a nobler conception of the gods, a truer ideal of pure love, than can be found in the legends of any other land. Weird like blasted pines or scarred cliffs, inartistic like cyclopean cities, they cannot compete for mere detail with the *Fata Morgana* of Arabian romance, or for conscious thoroughness of thought with the tale of Troy. Faith, love, and the sense of power are the threads that bind them together; but surely those threads are of gold.

Björnstjerne Björnson's tales of peasant life in Norway are perhaps matchless of their kind. The author has neither great invention nor wide knowledge of humanity; his plots are of the simplest possible structure; his characters variations of two or three stock types. But he has thought himself into peasant life, so to speak, beyond mere tricks of language and manner,

till the scenes he describes and the words he records seem to glow with the intense reality of experiences. We rate few things lower than the mere power of reproducing slang expressions, and the little unmeaning utterances that mark difference of caste among the vulgar-minded. But the power by which an educated man of the upper ranks understands what his fellows in serge and fustian think, what is in the rustic lover's heart when he grieves inarticulately or rejoices uncouthly, what the village-girl thinks of beneath what she talks about,—this and the capacity to reproduce the broken, inadequate words in which both fumble about their common wish, strike us as the genuine insight of the dramatist. Perhaps it is a little less wonderful that the man who has learned the peasant's language in prose should have learned it also in verse; poetry, like religion, admitting no distinctions of refinement or birth. Where M. Björnson is weakest is in the passages which are conscious imitations of Andersen,—little apologues of bird, beast, and tree, which are not altogether wanting in fanciful beauty, but fail from being childish while they yet want simplicity. The two longest tales he has published—*Arne* and *Synnöve Sölbakken*—would not make up altogether a single volume of an ordinary novel. Both turn on the love of a thoughtful, moody peasant-boy for a quiet, somewhat refined peasant-girl; and in both, the love, though darkened at first by some difficulties of the lovers' own making, is brought at last to a prosperous conclusion. Each is rather idyllic, or a collection of episodes, than a story. We follow the hero and heroine from the cradle and school-bench to the troubles of riper age and the altar. M. Björnson has a peculiar love for children, and a special power of comprehending them. A few extracts, however, from books which few of our readers are ever likely to see, will give a better idea of their value than any description. The first we will take is from *Synnöve Sölbakken*. Thorbjörn, the hero, a boy of five years old, is taken to church for the first time, and meets Synnöve, his neighbour's daughter, who lives in a farm far up the mountain, where the farm-boy has taught Thorbjörn that Trolls are found. "The church stands high in the peasant's thoughts for its own sake—the house of peace, with its solemn graves around and the cheerful mass within. It is the only house in the valley on which he has lavished ornament, and its steeple for that very reason reaches a little higher than it seems to rise. Its bell greets him on his path thither on the pure Sunday morning, and he always lifts his hat to it, as if he would say, 'Kindly thanks to you.'*" There is a bond between him and

* Literally, 'Thanks for your last,' i. e. 'for the honour you lately did me.'

it which no man knows of. Thorbjörn, when quite a boy, used to stand in the open doorway, and listen to it while the churchgoers drew past in quiet procession; his father joined them, but he himself was too small. He then associated many ideas with this heavy booming sound which told the hour across the fields, and his fancy ran from one thing to another; but one thought was invariable—clean new clothes, beaming women, groomed horses, and bright trappings. . . . Here in the quiet mountain valleys the church has still its separate words for every age, its special object for every eye; much may have been built beside, but nothing can be built over it. It stands mature and venerable before the candidate for confirmation; with upraised finger, half-threatening, half-promising, before the young man who has made his choice,—broad-shouldered and strong over the man's sorrow,—spacious and mild above the old man who is weary. In the midst of the service, the young children are brought in and baptised; and this, it is well known, is the part where devotion is warmest. It is therefore impossible to sketch Norse peasants, corrupted or uncorrupted, without meeting them at one time or another in church. . . . Thorbjörn (now taken for the first time) was glad of the journey and the sight; saw much that was wonderful outside the church, felt the depth of the silence which lay over all and within all, so long as the mass was not begun; and though he did not himself remember to bow when the prayer was read out, his head bowed as it were of itself at the sight of many hundreds that were bent. The hymn was given out, and all about him sang altogether, so that he was almost alarmed. He sat with his head so sunk, that he started up as if in a dream when their pew was softly opened for one who came in. After the end of the hymn, his father took the man by the hand, and asked him, 'Are you all well at Sölbakken?' Thorbjörn opened his eyes; but, however he looked, there was little resemblance to find in this man with any kind of Trolldom. He was a mild, fair man, with great blue eyes, a high forehead, and long-bodied; he smiled when he was spoken to, and said 'Yes' to all that Sæmund said, but was otherwise a man of few words. 'There you may see Synnöve,' said his father, while he bent down to Thorbjörn, took him on his knee, and pointed over to the women's seat on the opposite side. There stood a little girl, kneeling upon the bench, and looked over the railings; she was yet fairer than her father, so fair that Thorbjörn had never seen her like. She had red ribbons in her cap, yellow-white hair under it; and now she smiled over to him, so that for a long time he could see nothing else but her white teeth. She held a glossy hymn-book in one hand, and a folded red-and-yellow handkerchief in the

other, and amused herself with slapping the handkerchief on the hymn-book. The more he stared, the more she smiled, and he presently wished to kneel on the bench as she did. Then she nodded. He looked a little seriously at her; then he nodded. She smiled and nodded again; he nodded again and again and again. She smiled, but did not nod any more, till, just as he had forgotten it all, she nodded." At this point a precocious little rival of Thorbjörn's own age creeps up behind him to see what is going on; and the two boys begin pulling one another's ears, after the fashion of innocent childhood, and exchange bites and blows, till Sæmund carries his son by the collar of his jacket out of church.

Peasant life is naturally a little wanting in incident; but a marriage furnishes occasion for several days' festivities, the guests easily finding quarters in the roomy farmhouses which abound in a country where two-thirds of the population are small farmers, and as rich as the gentry. The bride with her crown and gay bodice, the girls in their holiday dresses, the peasants in their long coats and metal buttons, form an *ensemble* not easily forgotten even by those who have only seen it as the procession sweeps in a dozen cars down the road, with the dogs of ten miles round barking at the wheels. Unhappily these merry-makings have a bad name, from the hard drinking that goes on at them, and the bloody quarrels that result; so that "Haugianer," the Norwegian Puritans, do not allow their children to attend them. One of Tidemand's pictures, which has not, we believe, been exhibited in England, represents a quarrel and ensuing murder in Hallingdal. Sometimes, as in cases which Tidemand and Björnson have illustrated, a moody Norwegian lover has been silent where he should have spoken, and speaks where he should be silent, and where words can only bring disgrace or death. "Why did you never speak," is the question asked by the miserable bride in a scene of this sort described in *Synnöve Sölbakken*; and the answer, "I did not think it needed that between us two," is the key to many unwritten romances among the quiet Norse people. More often, however, a quarrel is partly at least the result of other motives, a mere bringing to issue the question, which of two cocks of the village is to crow unanswered. Under any circumstances, it is almost certain to be dangerous, from the determination with which the men fight, and from their habit of carrying knives at their side. One of Björnson's characters has his back sprained in one of these encounters; another is stabbed in the side, and is ill for months; and in neither case does justice appear to take any cognisance of the brawl. Sometimes, where the insult has been intolerable, the men are strapped together with a single belt,

and fight it out with their knives till one falls. Of course in this last case justice overtakes the survivor.

But if Norwegian merry-makings have an inauspicious side, the relations of the sexes in common life seem to be fairly pure. The somewhat fallacious test of statistics makes Norway a good fifth for its small percentage of illegitimate births, in a list of thirteen European states north of the Alps and west of the Vistula.* We believe it is entitled to stand even higher—above England, for instance, if there were any accurate returns for our large towns, and second to no country but Holland, if the after marriage of the parents legitimated the children. M. Björnson's tales testify to the strong feeling, usual in all small and primitive communities, against the fallen woman, and even against her children. A healthy result of this severity seems to be, that young men and women are able to walk and talk together freely, in a way which would shock all propriety in the land of Dumas fils and Paul de Kock. Arne's first genuine love-scene is in the dusk of evening, at the bedside of Eli Böen, when recovering from an illness, to which her mother has led him. "Thou must sit thee down, Arne," said Eli; and Arne felt his way to a chair which stood at the foot of the bed. "That was so good to hear thee† sing; thou must now sing a little for me up here." "If I only knew something which suited up here." There was a silence for some little time; then she said, "Sing a psalm;" and he did so: that was a confirmation psalm. When he left off, he heard her crying, and therefore he would not sing any more. But presently she said, "Sing another such;" and he sang the one which is commonly used in church. "How much I have thought about it while I have been lying here!" said Eli. He knew not what to answer, and sat and heard her sob quietly in the dark. . . . "Arne, canst thou not teach me to compose lays?" "Hast thou never tried?" "Yes; now in these last days; but I can get no subject." "What dost thou want to have in them, then?" "Something about mother, who was so fond of my father." "That is a sad subject." "Yes, I have cried over it." "Thou must not seek subjects; they come." "How do they come?" "Like something pleasant, when thou least expectest it." They were both silent. "I wonder that thou, Arne, who art so well off at home, longest to go away." "Dost thou know that I long?" She answered nothing, but lay still as if in thought. "Arne, thou must not go away," said she; and that came warmly upon him. "Sometimes I too have less wish to do it." "Thy mother must be very fond of thee;

* Hendrik on the Vital Statistics of Sweden, *Statistical Journal*, June 1862.

† "Thou" in Norway is the common form of address among peasants, indicating familiarity, but not necessarily intimacy.

I must get to see thy mother." "Come up to Kampen as soon as thou art well." And now all at once he thought of her sitting in the sunny chamber at Kampen, and looking out on the hills; his heart began to beat, his blood rose to his head. "It is warm in here," he said, and got up. She heard it: "Dear, wilt thou go?" and he sat down. "Thou must come oftener hither to us; mother is so fond of thee." "I should like it myself; but I must have an errand." Eli was silent for a moment, as if she was thinking. "I believe," she said, "mother has something to ask thee about." . . . "Were it summer," she said, "and I sat by the brook, I think for certain I could now sing a lay." He laughed, he was so glad, and asked, "What should that be about?" "About something easy; about—I do not myself know." "Tell me, Eli." He got up in his joy, but remembered himself, and sat down. "I will not tell thee that for all the world;" and she laughed. "I sang for thee when thou badest." "That is true; but no, no!" "Eli, dost thou think I would make fun of the little verse thou hast composed?" "No, I do not think that, Arne; but it is not any thing I have made myself." "Is it, then, by any one else?" "Yes, it came to me so by chance." "Then thou canst tell me what it is." "No, no, that is not any thing of the sort, Arne; do not ask me any more." She was certainly hiding her face in the bed-clothes, for the last words hardly came out. "Eli, now art thou not good to me as I have been to thee!" and he got up. "Arne, that is different; thou dost not understand me—but that was—I don't know—another time—do not be cross with me: Arne, do not go away." She began to cry. "Eli, what is the matter?" It fell like sunlight over him. "Art thou ill?" he did not think so himself. She was still crying; he thought he must go forwards or backwards. "Eli!" he listened. "Eli!" "Yes;" she kept down her sobs. But he knew not what more he should say, and was silent. "What wilt thou have?" whispered she, and half turned round. "There is something"—his tongue failed him, so he kept back. "What is it?" "Thou shalt not say, 'No!' now, I beg of thee." "Is it about the lay?" "No! Eli, I wish,"—he heard her draw her breath long and heavily—"I wish to take hold of one of thy hands." She did not answer; he listened sharply, strainedly, and felt over the counterpane, and took hold of a little warm hand which lay out.

Not a very remarkable termination this hand-pressure in a country where your postillion or groom (*skyds-gut*), who may by the by be a woman, shakes hands with you, but very characteristic of a Norse idyl. At the risk of wearying our readers, we shall venture on extracting another story of love-passages of a less sentimental nature. It is told at a nutting party by one

of the girls. "There was a small youth who would fain woo a small girl; they were both grown up, but they were small, so small; and the youth could not at all bring himself to woo. He stuck close to her in the church, but there all their talk was about the weather; he went up to her at the dances, and he danced her almost to death, but he could not talk to her. 'Thou must learn to write, then slip it into her hand,' said he to himself; and the youth set to write. He thought that could never be good enough, and so he wrote for a whole year before he dared think of the letter. Now he had to manage giving it so that no one should see; and there, behind the church, it so happened that they stood alone. 'I have a letter for thee,' said the youth. 'But I cannot read writing,' said the girl; and so the boy stood there. But he took service with the girl's father, and was near her all day. Once he was on the point of talking to her; he had got his mouth all open; but then a great fly flew into it. 'If only no one will come and take her from me,' thought the youth. Now there was no one who came and took her from him, for she was so small. But at last one came all the same, for he too was small. The youth saw well enough what he would have; and when they went up together into the parlour, the youth stationed himself at the keyhole. Now he who was within courted her. 'Ah, fool that I was not to make haste,' thought the youth. The one inside kissed the girl a smack on the mouth. 'That must have been pleasant,' thought the youth. But the one inside took the girl on his knee. 'Such is the world we live in,' said the youth, and cried. The girl heard this and went to the door. 'What is that thou wantest with me, thou nasty boy, that I never can be in peace for thee?' 'I! I only wish to ask thee that I may be thy best man.' 'No, that shall my brother be,' said the girl, and slammed the door. So the youth stood there."

Among the stories of this sort incidentally inserted in M. Björnson's pages, it is remarkable that we find none at all corresponding to the Norse tales which Dr. Dasent's admirable translation has familiarised in England. There is an allusion to them in our first extract from *Synnöve Sölbakken*, where the young Thorbjörn has had his head filled with them by a farm-boy of bad character; but they seem generally to be regarded with a mixture of contempt and religious abhorrence among the more respectable peasants. In the *Smaa-stykker*, a collection of M. Björnson's smaller pieces, the devil is introduced on one occasion taking up a peasant in his chariot, bearing him over water and up in the air, and at last dismissing him with an injunction not to look behind him. The peasant neglects the injunction, and sees his conductor drive through billows of fire into a cloven

mountain side, being himself punished for his disobedience by a permanent crick in the neck. Here it is impossible not to recognise Farmer Weathersky in a last process of degradation. Thor and Odin were made devils in England in like manner during the Middle Ages; and perhaps, among small etymologies, there are few more suggestive of historical changes than that which connects "bogie" or "bogle" with the Slavonic name for the Deity. But if the supernatural element is gradually disappearing from winter-tales in Norway, the fanciful keeps its place. The following song will probably remind many of our readers of Uhland's beautiful "Garland," and perhaps has an even deeper meaning under a simpler form :

"Ingerid Sletten of Sillestrand
 Silver nor gold inherited,
 But a little cap of coloured thread
 Worked her by her mother's hand,—
 A little cap of coloured thread,
 Were no ribbons or lining there,
 Just a token of mother's care,
 Shining brighter than gold the red.
 She kept the cap its twentieth year;
 Would not wear it that men should see :
 'This my bridal cap shall be,
 When at the altar I appear.'
 She kept the cap a thirtieth year;
 Would not wear it that men should see;
 'This my bridal cap shall be,
 When I before our Lord appear.'
 She kept the cap its fortieth year,
 Thought of her mother even now :
 'Old cap, old cap, not we, I trow,
 Before the altar shall appear.'
 Her heart grew big as she thought on :
 She went to look at the cap again;
 She searched its ancient place in vain,—
 Every thread of it was gone."

This, however, is, we think, a rare instance of clear and connected thought. More often the hearer or reader is left to supply the missing links and weave scattered fragments,—passages of a dream, as it were,—into an artistic whole. The tree that will not give its leaves to the frost or its flowers to the wind, but bows down that the young girl may pluck its berries; the fox that lurks for the hare, and catches it in the midst of its exulting bounds over the heath; the song of the mystical flute, that hovers over its player while he sleeps,—are images that can only be well understood in the context of the story and of human lives. One song in *Arne* differs from the others in its

deep and passionate expression of the Norseman's longing for travel, an instinct as mysterious and almost as native to him as the home-sickness of weaker races. We quote the three concluding stanzas, and will only warn our readers that our translation is quite inadequate to express the nameless charm of the original:

“ Shall I then never, never climb
 Over the mountain-brow?
 Shall my thoughts but flutter up and fall
 From its ice-girt mystery-crowned wall,
 Closing me to the last,
 Holding me coffined fast?
 I will out, out. Oh! far, far, far,
 Over the mountain-brow;
 Here is crushing and stifling care:
 Mine is freshness,—the heart to dare—
 Easy the perilous wall;
 I shall not falter or fall.
 Once I know, I shall forth away
 Over the mountain-brow.
 Are not thy gates in the mountain-wood?
 Father and God, thy home is good;
 Loosen thy bars, and be
 Thy house a home for me.”

It may interest some of our readers to learn that an English translation of *Arne* has been published at Bergen. Although wonderfully good as the work of a foreigner, it is naturally enough disfigured by a few idiomatic blemishes. Nevertheless it will serve to give a fair idea of the original, which no student of Danish should take for his first book, as it is full of words from the peasant dialect. For that very reason, a philologist would find it a perfect treasury. The dialect taken is, we believe, that of Hallingdal, with none of the Germanisms of the higher ranks, or of the Swedish words that are sown thickly in the *patois* of Gudbrandsdal. We have heard it said in the country, that the peasants profess to understand their English guests better than “the fine gentlemen from Bergen.” Without exactly crediting this, we may yet say that the Norse yeoman speaks a language nearer English than the Norse gentleman. A translation of one of Björnson's tales into the Yorkshire dialect would be a *tour de force* worthy of Prince Lucien Buonaparte's *colaborateurs*, and a real acquisition to science.

The last book we have put on our list will not detain us long. The “Merchant's Daughter” is a story of upper-class life in Norway, resembling the religious *novelettes* of Miss Young and Miss Sewell; but of course with an utter absence of any thing like the High-Church feeling of our countrywomen. The plot is sufficiently simple. Ragna, the heroine, is on a visit to

Fru Krohn, her dead mother's friend, who wishes to marry her to her favourite younger son, Halfdan. Unluckily Halfdan has his own ideas of happiness, and is under a tacit pledge to a worthless little coquette whom he has met in Hamburg. When his eyes open to the facts, that Blanca Nordstedt is unworthy of him, and that he has been living "at the side of his greatest happiness without knowing it," a new difficulty arises. Ragna's father, Consul Hjelm, has been guilty, some years ago, of gross fraud, and is in the power of an unworthy clerk, who now threatens disclosure and ruin, if he be not allowed to marry Ragna, and taken into partnership. Fortunately the consul is persuaded to retire from Norway, and dies by a last flash of right feeling a day before the vindictive clerk has tracked him, and just as his longer existence might be inconvenient to the two lovers. The story, such as it is, is well and gracefully told, and the probabilities of life are, on the whole, less violated than they might be in a book which seems intended to vindicate the Divine government in the world, every one flourishing or failing in exact proportion to his deserts or demerits. The author, who beyond all question is a lady, has evidently modelled herself on the English school of composition, and almost against her own will, for she protests against the Anglomania prevalent in Norway, is English to the core in her sentiments. The introduction of a purse-proud Mr. Arnott, an "unattractive young Englishman, with his fair hair and red whiskers, his good-natured but meaningless face, and stiff bearing," who carries a heroic Pole about with him as interpreter, and monopolises all the attention of the company, will pretty well give the reasons and the measure of the author's dislike to us. But if she objects to see her country overshadowed, and revolts from the affectation of foreign manners, she makes ample amends by her partiality for the literature of the island to which foreign Protestants look up in their own despite as a Catholic looks to Rome. She thinks of the rival claims of Scott and Balzac as English mothers think. It is in keeping with all this that household purity is assumed throughout the story as existing and inviolable. Ragna and her lover ride out together freely without escort, and it is spoken of as a hardship that he is not able to accompany her on a journey of several days' duration to the North. How long this simplicity will be possible is another question. The "Merchant's Daughter" is full of complaints against the love of material comfort and the passion for wealth, which testify to the progress of a commercial civilisation in Christiania. The little city will lose much of its comparative innocence when its character as a Norse capital is finally lost in its position as a cosmopolitan harbour.

In pointing out these samples of Scandinavian literature, we have not aimed at giving any idea of its extent or real value. The limits of a Review article forbid any such ambition, and we have purposely refrained from alluding even to living authors of celebrity whose works did not come within the scope of our criticism. What we have tried to show is, that these countries have an individuality of their own too distinct from the German to admit of being absorbed into it, too like our own not to command sympathy. At present every river in Norway that is at all worth fishing is farmed by an Englishman, and the valleys are beginning to be studded with English villas. The newspapers, which are comparatively indifferent to foreign politics, take the little they communicate from the *Times*, and translate articles from weekly papers like the *Spectator* and the *Examiner*. The "day-books" of posting-stations on the main roads show an enormous proportion of names from the British isles. All these are elements of power which we surely may do well to cultivate. A few days' study of one of the easiest languages in Europe, a little consideration for national habits, would give half the English who travel in the North a feeling of citizenship, and enable them to bring back other memories than the mere wealth of unimagined landscape can excite. Every people, no doubt, has its peculiar charm to the appreciative student, but it is not always easy to do justice to uncongenial virtues and graces. In this respect Englishmen who travel in the Scandinavian kingdoms are on special vantage-ground. They may miss much that is pleasant in other countries,—French courtesy and Russian hospitality,—but they will never be able to forget that the people round them belong to the stock which of all others is præëminent for what we call distinctively—manhood.

ART. VIII.—THE FLAVIAN CÆSARS.

A History of the Romans under the Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D. Vols. VI. and VII. London, 1858-62.

The History of the Roman Emperors from Augustus to the Death of Marcus Antoninus. By the late Rev. Robert Lynam, M.A. Edited by the Rev. John T. White, M.A. Two volumes. London, 1850.

WE are sorry that Mr. Merivale has determined to bring his work to an end at a point earlier than that which he originally fixed upon. His first intention was to carry on his history

to the time of Constantine; he has now ended with the death of Marcus Aurelius. Each of these points makes a good ending, because each marks the termination of a distinct period in the annals of the Empire. We should have preferred the later date, partly because it marks the completion of a still more marked change than the other, partly because it would have given us the advantage of Mr. Merivale's companionship over a longer space. By leaving off where he has left off, Mr. Merivale indeed avoids any appearance of rivalry with Gibbon. He now leaves off where Gibbon begins, and the two may be read as a consecutive history. But we do not think that Mr. Merivale, or any scholar of Mr. Merivale's powers, need be frightened off any portion of the wide field between Commodus and the last Constantine, simply through dread of apparent rivalry with Gibbon. That Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible. That wonderful man monopolised, so to speak, the historic genius and the historic learning of a whole generation, and left little indeed of either for any of his contemporaries. He remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside. It is possible to correct and improve in detail from the stores which have been opened since Gibbon's time; it is possible to rewrite large portions of his story from other, and often truer and more wholesome, points of view. But the work of Gibbon, as a whole, as the encyclopædic history of thirteen hundred years, as the grandest of historical designs, carried out alike with marvellous power and with marvellous accuracy, must ever keep its place. Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too. But, for that very reason, the scholar who reproduces any particular portion of Gibbon's history, Dean Milman or Mr. Finlay,—we wish we could add Mr. Merivale,—does not really enter into any competition with his great predecessor. The two things are different in kind, and each may be equally excellent in its own way. It does not occur to us to compare the man who deals with the whole of a vast subject with the man who deals—necessarily at far greater detail—with one particular part of it. And, after all, we hardly feel that we have reached Gibbon's proper and distinctive field, till we have reached a later period than that which he and Mr. Merivale would have had in common. Gibbon is preëminently the historian of the transition from the Roman world to the world of modern Europe. But that transition can hardly be said to have visibly begun till we reach the period which Mr. Merivale originally set before him as the goal of his labours.

Still, as it is, Mr. Merivale has the advantage of occupying,

absolutely without a rival in his own tongue, the period of history which he has chosen for himself. It is only in his opening volumes that he comes into competition with Arnold, and there only with Arnold before he had reached the maturity of his powers. The history of the Emperors he has wholly to himself. The two volumes of Mr. Lynam seem to have fallen dead from the press. We do not remember to have ever seen them quoted. From such a glance as we have given to them, we do not wonder at their fate. The narrative seems to have been carefully put together from the original writers, but there is no sign of power of any kind; the style is weak, and the writer indulges in a vein of sermonising comment which is almost as offensive in one way as the flippant irreverence of Gibbon is in another. One cannot restrain a smile when we read that Mr. Lynam's intention was to fill up the interval between *Hooke* and Gibbon, and that both he and his editor—the latter writing as lately as 1850—looked upon Hooke and Gibbon alike as equally entitled to the name of "great historians." In short, the only use to which Mr. Lynam's history could be put was already supplied by the less pretentious and therefore more valuable sketch of Mr. Keightley.

But if Mr. Merivale has the advantage of thus practically standing alone, it must not be thought that he owes his vantage-ground solely to the absence of competition. His history is a great work in itself, and it must be a very great work indeed which can surpass it in its own province. Our general opinion of Mr. Merivale we have already given when speaking of his smaller work, *The Fall of the Roman Republic*.* In these days of licensed blundering, when a Dean cannot construe Latin, and a Professor cannot construe Greek, it is delightful indeed to come across the sound and finished scholarship, the unwearied and unfailing accuracy, of Mr. Merivale. It is something to have, for once, a modern writer whom one can trust, and whose margin one has not to crowd with corrections of his mistakes. On some points we hold that Mr. Merivale's views are open to dispute; but it is always his views, never his statements. With Mr. Merivale we may often have to controvert opinions which are fair matters of controversy, but never to correct blunders, never to point out misrepresentations. We have somewhat of a battle to fight with him, as being in some sort an advocate of imperialism; but it is all fair fighting with a fair and moderate advocate. Compared with Arnold's glorious third volume, Mr. Merivale's narrative seems heavy, and his style is cumbered with needless Latinisms, savouring

* National Review, January 1862, p. 41.

sometimes of English newspapers, sometimes of French historians and politicians. Still he always writes with weight and clearness, often with real vigour and eloquence. That he is lacking in the moral grandeur of Arnold, his burning zeal for right, his unquenchable hatred of wrong, is almost implied in the choice of his subject and the aspect in which he views it. But the gift of rising to the dignity of a prophet without falling into the formal tediousness of a preacher, is something which Arnold had almost wholly to himself. And even that gift had its disadvantages. Arnold could have written the history of the Empire only in the spirit of a partisan. Arnold was never unfair, but the very keenness of his moral sense sometimes made him unjust. He was too apt to judge men by an unattainable standard. Mr. Merivale's calmer temper has some advantages. If he does not smite down sin like Arnold, he lets us more clearly see the extenuating circumstances and temptations of the sinner. He has, as we think, somewhat of a love of paradox, but it is kept fairly in check by a really sound and critical judgment. While we cannot help setting down Mr. Merivale as, in some degree, an apologist of imperial tyranny, we are never sorry to see any cause in the hands of an apologist so competent and so candid. Indeed, when we compare his history with the fanatical advocacy of Mr. Congreve, we feel hardly justified in calling him an apologist at all.

We said that both the conclusion at first intended by Mr. Merivale and that at which he has actually laid down his pen, each marked the close of a distinct period in the Imperial history. The history of the Roman Empire is the history of two tendencies, working side by side, and greatly influencing one another. The one is the gradual change from the commonwealth to the avowed monarchy; the other is the gradual extension of the name and character of Romans over the inhabitants of the whole empire. Of the former we see the beginnings for some time before the usurpation of either Cæsar; of the latter we may trace the beginnings up to the very foundation of the Roman city. The age of Constantine, the point originally chosen by Mr. Merivale, marks the final and complete triumph of both these tendencies; it is also marked by the first appearance, as really visible and dominant influences, of the two great elements of modern life: the Christian and the Teutonic element. The mere beginnings of both are of course far earlier, but it was in the third century that they began directly and visibly to influence the course of Roman affairs. When the Christian Emperor reigns at Constantinople, when all purely pagan and

all local Roman ideas have become the merest shadows, when Cæsar presides in the councils of the Church, and has, before long, to defend his empire against Goths and Vandals, we feel that the purely classical period is over, that the middle ages have in truth begun. The last Constantine hardly differs so much from the first as the first does from the first Augustus. Here, then, is the most important stopping-point of all. But the tendencies which received their consummation under Constantine had been working all along. It is not strictly accurate to say that Constantine removed the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium. Rome had already ceased to be an imperial residence. It was Diocletian rather than Constantine who really forsook the Old Rome; what Constantine did was to find a better and more permanent place for the New. From Diocletian's time onwards, Rome never recovered her place as an imperial residence. When the Empire was divided, when the Western Empire included only Italy, it was still, not Rome, but Milan or Ravenna, which was the dwelling-place of the Emperor. This forsaking of the local Rome was indeed the consummation of the tendency whose first expression we see in the mythical history of Romulus and Titus Tatius. Quirites, Latins, Italians, Provincials, had all become equally Romans. The common master of all might dwell, as the needs of his empire required, at Nikomedeia, or Byzantium, or Milan, or York, any where rather than in the true Roman city itself. On the other hand, this desertion of Rome had a most important influence on the future history of the world. When Cæsar definitively changed from a republican magistrate into an avowed despot, he forsook the scene of the old republican memories. Those memories were still left to preserve a certain vague and fitful existence down to our own age; and, what proved more singular still, the departure of the Emperor left room for the development of the Pope. Had the successor of Augustus and the successor of St. Peter continued to dwell within the same walls, the Patriarch of the Old Rome might never have reached any greater dimensions than the Patriarch of the New. The age of Constantine then is, above all others, the point where old tendencies find their consummation, and where new tendencies find their beginning. We should be well pleased if Mr. Merivale would, even now, reconsider his decision, and continue his history at least down to this most important era of transition.

Here then is the great turning-point, at the change begun by Diocletian, and completed by Constantine. But, in the course of three hundred years, which divide them from Augustus, we may make several convenient resting-places. One of these

is to be found at the extinction of the original Cæsarean line in Nero. The founder of the Empire himself was a Julius, or a patrician at all, only by adoption; but both he and his successors, down to Nero, were Cæsars according to that familiar legal fiction, and both he and most of them had also real Julian blood in them by the female line.* But with Nero the family succession, even as a matter of legal fiction, came wholly to an end. Whatever family sentiment had attached to the divine race, the heirs and kinsmen, if not the literal offspring, of the deified Dictator, came to an end with the last and vilest of the stock. The progeny of Æneas and Aphrodite was at an end; their place was now open to every Roman, a name which was soon to take in every free inhabitant of the Roman Empire. Here, then, is one marked point of change. The Cæsar Augustus who owed his power purely to the vote of the Senate or to the acclamation of the soldiers, was something different from the Cæsar Augustus around whom lingered a kind of religious reverence as the representative of gods and heroes. On the fall of the Julii, after a short period of anarchy, succeed the Flavii. Vespasian came nearer to founding a hereditary dynasty than any that were before him, or any that came after him, till we reach the second Flavian dynasty, the house of Constantine. Vespasian was succeeded by his two sons, the whole amount of his offspring, in peaceful succession. On the death of Domitian, Nerva was peacefully elected, and from him the empire passed, by a series of adoptions, to Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus. With the extinction of this artificial house of the Antonines we may place, with Mr. Merivale, another great break. We have now lost any thing like a dynasty; the last traces of the hereditary feeling are seen in the attempt of Severus to connect himself with the Antonines, and in the further attempt to connect the Syrian youths Elagabalus and Alexander with Severus. But the consecutive line of adopted Emperors, which begins with Nerva, ends with Commodus. Here is the real break. Mr. Merivale should, in consistency, have at least included Commodus in his history as well as his father. But it is with Commodus that Gibbon begins, and Marcus makes a more impressive and honourable ending for his imperial series.

The period embraced in Mr. Merivale's last volume, the period from Vespasian to Marcus Aurelius, is distinguished in

* The grandmother of Augustus was a Julia, the sister of the Dictator. Caius was the grandson, and Nero the great-grandson, of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, through their mothers, the elder and younger Agrippina. Claudius, though not a descendant of Augustus, was grandson of his sister Octavia, and consequently had as much Cæsarean blood in him as Augustus himself. Tiberius alone was a purely artificial Cæsar, a complete stranger in blood to the Julian house.

many ways from the Julian dynasty which went before it, and from the period of military anarchy which came after it. In most respects it contrasts very favourably with both of them. From the accession of Vespasian in A.D. 69 to the death of Commodus in A.D. 193, the Empire was under a really settled government. Of nine Emperors seven were good rulers, and those seven died—we were going to say, in their beds, only the first of them, as all the world knows, died standing. Two only, the tyrants Domitian and Commodus, died by violence, and they died not by military insurrection, but by private conspiracy. In both cases a virtuous successor was at once provided. The death of Commodus and accession of Pertinax read like a repetition of the death of Domitian and accession of Nerva. But the military element was now too strong; Emperors were for the future to be set up and put down at the will of the army; most of them were murdered by their soldiers or by their successors; till Rome, with her imperial High Pontiff, became like the grove of Juno at Aricia in old times:

“Those trees in whose deep shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.”

In fact, with a few short exceptions, the whole period of ninety-two years, from Pertinax to Diocletian, seems little more than an expansion to that gigantic scale of the year of anarchy between Nero and Vespasian. With the despotism of Diocletian an approach to settled order begins again, only very imperfect as compared with that of the Flavii and Antonines, but still a vast improvement on the fearful century which went before it.

We thus get three great periods—the Julian dynasty, the Flavian and Antonine period, and the period of Diocletian and Constantine; the first being divided from the second by a short, and the second from the third by a long, interval of military anarchy. Three sets of princes, whose names, order, and actions it is easy to remember, are divided by groups of others, who flit by, one after another, like a procession of ghastly shadows. This sort of alternation goes on down to the last days of the Byzantine Empire. The groups and dynasties of Emperors which we remember, the houses of Theodosius, Justin, Heraclius, Leo, Basil, Komnénos, and Palaiologos, are mostly divided from one another by groups of ephemeral princes, who rise, fall, and are forgotten. And something analogous, though of course not proceeding from the same cause, may be seen in the succession of the Popes as well as of the Cæsars. A group of important pontiffs, each of whom reigned for some years, and whose actions live in the memory, is di-

vided from another group of the same kind by a herd of momentary Popes, succeeding one another with puzzling rapidity, and who seem to have existed only in order to add to the number of Johns, Gregorys, or Leos. But perhaps no group in the whole line, either of Popes or of Emperors, is so clearly marked out as that of which, and especially of its first three members, we are about to treat somewhat more at length. This is the series of nine Cæsars, beginning with Vespasian and ending with Commodus, among whom we mean more especially to dwell on the three Flavii, Vespasian himself and his two sons.

The nature and origin of the imperial sovereignty has been well explained by Mr. Merivale in one of his earlier volumes. The causes which made it a kind of necessity we have ourselves spoken of in a former article.* The constitution of the Roman republic, which had worked so admirably as the constitution of a single city, broke down when it was applied to the government of an empire which included all the nations around the Mediterranean. Probably no form of free government could have answered for so vast a territory. A federal or a representative form might have done something to mitigate the evil; but both of them were practically out of the question. A federal constitution would have required the imperial city to stoop to the level of her provinces and dependencies. The representative system, the special invention of modern Europe, was unknown till long after. Thus, as long as the republic lasted, the essentially municipal government of a single city held absolute sway over the whole Roman dominion. The only way by which the subject races, the Latins, Italians, and Provincials, could be admitted to any share in the general government was by investing them—sometimes as individuals, sometimes as whole communities—with the local franchise of the Roman city. Such a franchise was either incapable of being exercised, or if exercised, it made matters worse, by increasing the already unwieldy numbers of the popular assembly. It was not till the votes of the people had ceased to be of any importance that Augustus devised a plan by which the votes of non-resident citizens might be collected in their own towns. Such a system was too unnatural to last. If, instead of our representative constitution, the supreme power over the whole British empire were vested in a primary assembly of the citizens of London, every inhabitant of England receiving the local franchise, we should probably welcome any Cæsar or Buonaparte who would deliver us from such a state of things. This tendency towards monarchy may be traced back at least to the days of Marius and Sulla,—according to Mommsen, as far back

* *National Review*, April 1859, p. 338.

as those of Caius Gracchus. The usurpation of Cinna, the dictatorship of Sulla, the extraordinary commands and the sole consulship of Pompeius, the dictatorship of the first Cæsar, were all steps in the same direction. Cæsar, indeed, dared to clutch the actual royalty, but popular feeling was too strong against it; and a thousand years had to pass before any man ventured to call himself King of the Romans. The second Cæsar took warning, and established a virtual despotism on a purely republican basis. The form of the Roman monarchy may be best described as an extraordinary commission continued for ever. The republic was not abolished; Senate, People, magistrates, retained their old rights; but certain powers were specially vested in one particular magistrate, which practically reduced all the rest to shadows. A single citizen was at once Imperator of the army, Prince of the Senate, and High Pontiff of the national religion. If not actually Consul, one vote invested him with the active powers of the consulship; if not actually Tribune, another vote invested him with the negative powers of the tribuneship.* At once Consul and Tribune within the city, he held the authority of Proconsul in every province of the republic. A magistrate invested with such accumulated powers, one who held all at once the various offices which were meant to act as checks upon one another, one who could at once command as Consul and forbid as Tribune, was practically as absolute a ruler as any king or tyrant. Still, in form, he was not a King, but a magistrate; the various powers and titles which together made up sovereignty had to be specially conferred on each succeeding Emperor; they were not invariably conferred by a single vote, nor invariably accepted at once by the prince on whom they were pressed. Augustus, indeed, would not even accept his special powers for life; he had them continually renewed to him for periods of five or ten years. The Cæsar was thus, in reality, an absolute monarch; his Greek subjects, from the very beginning, did not scruple to give him the royal title;† but in theory he was only a citizen, a senator, a magistrate—the first of citizens, the first of senators, and the first of magistrates. Of course, there was

* Each Emperor commonly assumed the actual consulship at least once, often much oftener. Augustus could not assume the actual tribuneship, because, though a plebeian by birth, he had been adopted into the patrician house of the Julii. Hence both he and succeeding emperors obtained the grant of the tribunitian power without holding the office, and it was more in this particular tribunitian power than any thing else that the sovereignty was felt really to reside.

† The formal equivalent of *Imperator* is of course *αὐτοκράτωρ*; but it is clear from the New Testament, to go no further, that the provincials freely spoke of even the Julian Cæsars as *βασιλεὺς*. It is curious to trace how, in the progress of the Empire, *βασιλεὺς* obtains the special sense of *Emperor*, and inferior Kings were mere *ῥῆγες*.

something of solemn hypocrisy in all this ; but the peculiar hidden nature of the imperial power had some very practical results. As compared with acknowledged kingship, we shall hardly be wrong in saying that it made the sway of a good Emperor better, and that of a bad Emperor worse.

The Cæsar then and his family had no court, no position wholly distinct from that of other Roman nobles. The very fact that the Roman Empire embraced the whole civilised world, of itself hindered the formation of any royal caste. There were no foreign princesses for the Emperor to marry ; there was no privileged order out of whom candidates were to be chosen for the vacant throne. Any man of Roman birth might, by election, adoption, or force, become Cæsar and Augustus ; no man of other than Roman birth could aspire to such a post for a moment. Any woman of Roman birth might become the wife and mother of Cæsar and Augustus ; but the thought of a foreign Queen, the daughter of Ptolemy or the daughter of Herod, was something from which every Roman shrunk as an abomination. And the citizen thus raised to the first rank among citizens was not placed in any position outwardly to lord it over his brethren. Practically they were his slaves, but no court-etiquette reminded them of their slavery. The Emperor gave his vote in the Senate like another Senator ; as Prince of the Senate he gave the first vote ; but it was open either to patriots or to subtle flatterers to vote another way. His household was like that of another Roman noble ; he mixed with other Roman nobles on terms of social equality ; he had no crowns and sceptres, no bendings of the knee, no titles of Majesty or Highness. The master of the world was addressed by his subjects by the half-hereditary surname, half-official title, of Cæsar. No Chief Butlers or High Falconers or Lord Stewards swelled the pomp of an Augustus ; no Cornelia or Æmilia waited as Maid of Honour or Lady in Waiting upon the bidding of the proudest Augusta. Such personal services as the first of citizens demanded were done for him, as for all other citizens, by the hands of his own slaves and freedmen. No Roman would have felt himself honoured by tying the imperial shoe-latchet or serving at the imperial table. It was unusual to appoint any but freedmen even to really honourable offices in the imperial service.* The children and kinsfolk of the monarch were not

* Spartianus (Hadr. 22) says that Hadrian was the first to employ Roman knights, even in what we should think the honourable office of private secretary. *Ab epistolis et libellis primus equites Romanos habuit.* But according to Tacitus (Hist. i. 58), Vitellius had long before employed knights in all the offices usually filled by freedmen. *Ministeria principatus, per libertos agi solita, in equites Romanos disponit.* Probably the innovation of Vitellius was not followed by his successors, and so had been forgotten in the time of Hadrian.

Princes and Princesses; they were magistrates, senators, or simple citizens, according to the rank which they might personally attain to.* We might perhaps say, that under the best Emperors the Senate filled the place of a constitutional King, while the Emperor was its inevitable and irremovable Prime Minister. Certainly the position of a virtually absolute monarch, without a particle of royal show, consulting the Senate on all matters, and respecting the formal functions of other magistrates, has really something in common with the private peer or commoner, undistinguishable from other peers or commoners, who practically command at once the sovereign who is his master and the Parliament of which he is a member, whose word can create the Dukes, Archbishops, and high officers of the state, after whom, when he has created them, he humbly walks, as many degrees their inferior in formal rank.

It is evident that this lack of what we may call personal royalty had, in the hands of the better Emperors, the effect of greatly alleviating the yoke of their practical despotism. The Romans were slaves, but the badges of their slavery were not ostentatiously thrust in their faces. The will of Cæsar had practically as much effect as the will of a barbarian king; but it was exercised in such a way that the Romans could, with just pride, compare the dominion of law under which they lived with the arbitrary rule of the Parthian despot. The good side of this civil sovereignty is never so clearly shown as during the Flavian and Antonine reigns. Under such princes the forms of the commonwealth had a practical good effect. They allowed greater scope for the good intentions of the ruler, and removed him from many of the temptations of an acknowledged monarch. The good Emperors were men of various personal dispositions, but they all agree in the general character of their rule. Trajan the new Romulus, and Antoninus the new Numa, the homely plebeian Vespasian and the meek philosopher Marcus, all agree in the strictly legal nature of their government, their deference to the Senate, their respect for the old traditions of the commonwealth. The forms of modern royalty would have altogether hindered the simple and genial mode of life which, in the persons of the good Emperors, veiled and lightened the reality of their absolute power.

But if the peculiar nature of the imperial power gave a wider field to the goodness of the good Emperors, there can be no doubt that it intensified the wickedness of the bad. It is manifest that the frantic excesses of some of the worst

* Claudius Cæsar, for instance, held no office at all till his nephew Caius made him Consul. Till then, he seems not to have been a senator, therefore only a knight.

Cæsars are absolutely without parallel in the annals of European royalty in any age. Both the Macedonian kingdoms of old and the kingdoms of modern Europe have been disgraced by many cruel, foolish, and profligate monarchs ; but it would be hard to find a parallel to Caius or Nero or Elagabalus. A perfect parallel, we suspect, could hardly be found even in the worst Oriental despotisms. So far as any approach to it ever existed in Europe, it must be looked for, not among the lawful Kings of any age, but among some of the worst of the Tyrants of old Greece and of mediæval Italy. But even the worst of these last—and bad enough they were indeed—hardly supply any real parallel to the frantic excesses of combined lust and cruelty which we see in the vilest of the Emperors. Several of them, we may believe, had, in some sort, lost their senses. Caius, it is clear, was a perfect madman. But if they lost their senses, it was through the practice of unrestrained wickedness that they lost them. And here comes in the seeming paradox that the Cæsar, the first citizen, the Consul, the High Pontiff, the social equal of other patricians, had really, because he was all this, more opportunity for unrestrained wickedness than even an Eastern despot. The formal etiquette of royalty, the traditional restraints and trammels which check the personal action even of an absolute monarch, if they cut him off from much good, cut him off also from much evil. The position of a king exposes him to many temptations, but it also provides him with certain safeguards. The worst king commonly retains some regard for the dignity of his person and office ; even a Sultan finds his caprices checked by various conventional forms which it is not easy for him to escape from. A king, who cannot set foot in public without being surrounded by a certain degree of ceremony, cannot play off before the world the utterly mad freaks of the worst of the Roman Cæsars. He may be cruel, he may be lustful ; but the very necessity of his position obliges him in some degree to moderate, or at any rate to veil, both his cruelty and his lust. The influence of Christianity and of modern European civilisation has doubtless largely contributed to this happy result, but it is not the whole cause ; the excesses of the Roman Cæsars stand, as we have said, alone, even in the ancient and heathen world. Some of the Ptolemies, some of the Antiochi, were very bad, but they hardly sank to the level of Elagabalus. And if we find a feeble approach to imperial cruelty in some Sicilian and Italian Tyrants, it is precisely because they were Tyrants, and therefore not under the same restraints, either of shame or of usage, as a lawful King is. The will of the Roman Cæsar was practically unrestrained ; and precisely because he was merely Cæsar and

not King, he was delivered from the moral restraints of royalty. The lack of court-etiquette, which enabled Vespasian and Antoninus to live on terms of equality with virtuous senators, equally enabled Nero and Commodus to live in a partnership of unutterable vice with the very vilest of mankind. The pride of the Roman citizen, which looked on personal service to the sovereign as the duty of slaves and freedmen, handed over a weak or viciously disposed Emperor to the unrestrained influence of the basest and most rapacious of flatterers. The corrupting influence of the imperial position on a mind at all predisposed to ill is clearly shown by the fact that nearly all the worst Emperors began well. The reigns of even absolute princes under other forms of administration do not commonly exhibit the utter contrast which we see between the first and the last days of Caius or Nero or Domitian.

The unacknowledged character of the imperial power had also another ill effect, and that one which is most strongly marked in the reigns of the good Emperors. The only advantage or palliation of the imperial despotism was that it allowed, better than the republic could, of the fusion together of all races within the empire, and of the extension of equal rights to all the subjects of a common master. The boon was, after all, a very poor substitute either for national independence or for full federal or municipal freedom; still it was better than the absolute bondage of the whole world to the Senate and People of a single city. But the republican forms retained under the empire tended greatly to check this result. The empire had its local habitation in the one city just as much as the republic had. As Consul, Tribune, High Pontiff, and Prince of the Senate, the Cæsar was nowhere fully at home but in the capital; even in the provinces he appeared as the Imperator of the Roman army, as the Proconsul of the dominant city. All this tended to keep the provinces in a state of greater inferiority than if their ruler had been an avowed King, with equal powers over all his dominions, and equally at home in any part of them. Every period of reform, while the old constitution retained any shadow of life, took the shape of a reaction, of a falling back upon old Roman traditions. Now those traditions were of course wholly founded on the one principle of the greatness of the local Rome; they taught the wide difference between the citizen, the stranger, and the slave; their whole object was Roman conquest and Roman dominion. The Dictator Cæsar seems, more than any, either before or after, to have risen above these local prejudices; but they reigned in full force from Sulla to Trajan. Cæsar wished to be King over

the subjects of Rome, doubtless as a step to being King over Rome herself. He filled the Senate with Gauls, and communicated the Roman franchise broadcast. But when his successors found that the scheme of avowed royalty was impracticable, they necessarily fell back upon the traditions of republican exclusiveness. Augustus crucified, or sent back into slavery, the enfranchised slaves who had fought under Sextus Pompeius. His legislation threw obstacles in the way of any large manumission of that wretched class. Such legislation was a sin against abstract humanity, but it was absolutely necessary if the Roman people was to retain any sort of purity as a dominant race. Claudius—whom, as far as intention goes, we may fairly rank among the better Emperors—probably thought himself a new Scipio or Æmilius when he destroyed the liberties which Lykia had retained down to that time. The imperial antiquary doubtless rejoiced in adding a province to the empire at each end. Nero, on the other hand, had no Roman feelings at all; he hated the Senate which was the depository of Roman traditions, while he cultivated a certain popularity both among the provincials and among the mixed multitude which called itself the People of Rome. But even he did nothing to break down the middle wall of partition; all he could do for his favourite Greeks was to set himself up as a sort of mock Flamininus, and restore to them a local freedom which they had lost the capacity for using. In Nero the series of strictly Roman Emperors ends; the Flavii are Italians; with Nerva begins the series of provincial rulers.* But Italians and provincials alike fall back for some while upon old Roman precedents. The Sabine Vespasian gathered in the last gleanings of Greek freedom. Rhodes, Byzantium, and other outlying Hellenic commonwealths had never been conquered by Rome; they had preserved their independence for two hundred years after the conquest of Macedonia and Achaia. Vespasian, without any assigned reason, incorporated them in the empire, by whose provinces they had been long surrounded. The Spaniard Trajan fought and conquered as completely in the interest and for the glory of the local Rome as any Camillus or Fabius of old

* See two remarkable passages of Aurelius Victor. *De Cæsar.* xi. 13: *Hactenus Romæ, seu per Italiam orti imperium rexere, hinc advenæ; nescio quoque an, ut in Prisco Tarquinio, longè meliores. Ac mihi quidem audienti multa legentique, plane compertum, urbem Romanam externorum virtute, atque insitivis artibus præcipuè crevisse.* In the *Epitome*, xi. 15, the last two paragraphs are: "*Unde compertum est, urbem Romam externorum virtute crevisse. Quid enim Nervæ prudentius aut moderatius? quid Trajano divinius? quid præstantius Hadriano?*"

time. It was Hadrian, as Mr. Merivale points out, who first really governed in the interest of the whole empire. He was the first to legislate on behalf of the slave, and the first to look on his dominions in general as something more than mere farms for the enrichment of the prince and people of a single town. Nero's expedition to Greece was the freak of a madman; but Hadrian passed through all parts of his empire in the spirit of a master anxious for the welfare of all alike. Through the whole period there is no doubt some truth in the remark which Tacitus puts into the mouth of Cerialis,* that the whole empire reaped the advantage of the virtues of a good prince, while the wickedness of a bad one was most felt by those who were nearest to him. A good prince doubtless did what he could to reform the administration of the provinces as well as that of the city. But as the virtues of a good prince commonly took the form of a falling back upon antique Roman models, it followed that the better princes were precisely those who did least to break down the barriers which divided the different classes of their subjects. It is for exactly the same reason that we find so many of the best Emperors persecuting the Christians, while some of the worst were more favourable to them. The better Emperors were labouring to preserve the old traditions of the commonwealth, and at those traditions Christianity aimed the deadliest of all blows. To equalise the citizen and the provincial, to tolerate a sect which refused the worship that every Roman owed to the Roman Jupiter, were both of them sins against the traditions of the ancient commonwealth,—sins which might well be expected to bring down the wrath of the patron gods of Rome upon the prince and people who permitted such iniquity among them.

The Flavian age was a period of reaction—for the most part, of wholesome reaction—in every way. The Julian reigns had, at least from the death of Tiberius, been a period of licensed madness, not only of cruelty, but of folly and caprice of every kind. Claudius, well-disposed pedant as he was, had always to be cajoled and bullied into crime by his wives and freedmen; but the crimes were done, though Cæsar was hardly conscious of them. Under Nero imperial wickedness reached its height; every Roman tradition was trampled on, and the only steadfast principle of the tyrant was an abiding hatred of the Senate. Then came the terrible year of the civil war, full of events which must have shocked every Roman feeling as bitterly as either the murders or the fiddlings of Nero. A real national feeling was thoroughly aroused. When Vitellius

* Tac. Hist. iv. 74.

led his army of Gauls and Germans into Italy, things seemed to have gone back to the days when the younger Marius allied himself with the last Samnite Pontius, or when Antonius led the forces of his Egyptian* paramour against the commonwealth of the gods of Rome. When the Capitol was stormed and burned by the barbarian legions, men felt that Rome had undergone a greater blow than ever Porsena or Brennus had dealt against her.† The homely Sabine burgher came to restore Rome after what was really occupation at the hands of a foreign enemy, a foretaste of future barbarian conquests, from Alaric down to our own day. Vespasian restored the dominion of law at least, if not of liberty, and reigned in Rome as a Roman, the Prince of the Roman Senate, the Tribune of the Roman people. He was indeed the choice, not of the Senate or People, but of an army quartered far from Rome; but it was an army warring for Rome's greatness in the most obstinate of her later struggles, an army which was certainly not made up of Jewish and Syrian levies, in the same way that the Vitellian host was practically an army of Gauls and Germans. But there was one thing which the new ruler needed. Rome, and the rest of the world, had long looked for something of divinity in its rulers. The lord of men must be something more than man himself. So long before as the close of the Peloponnesian War, the people of Samos had transferred the honours of their patron-goddess Hera to the living Spartan Lysander. The statue of the great Philip had been carried in procession along with those of the Twelve Gods. All his successors, from Alexander onwards, had received, and seemingly delighted in, the same impious flattery. The Athenian people had quartered Demetrios and his harem in the temple of his virgin sister Athene, and a President of the Achaian League had sung pæans in honour of the Macedonian whom he brought to overthrow the freedom of Peloponnesos. Each successive Cæsar, at Rome only a magistrate of the commonwealth, had received divine worship at the hands of the Provincials. Rome herself was gradually taught to see something more than human in the Julian house, the descendants of Rome's divine ancestress; Augustus himself, simple citizen as he demeaned himself, did not quarrel with the belief which made him the son of Apollo;‡ and he felt it as

* We employ Roman language to express Roman feelings; but to confound the Macedonian Queen, the daughter of all the Ptolemies, with her Egyptian subjects, was pretty much—to use an illustration of Lord Macaulay's—as if one were to represent Washington as a Red Indian brandishing a tomahawk.

† See the emphatic lament of Tacitus, *Hist.* iii. 72.

‡ It must be remembered, that as the connexion of Augustus with the Julian house was wholly through the female line, to attribute to him a divine father did not impugn his human legitimacy in the way that it did in the case of Alexander and others,

a compliment if men held down their eyes before the divine brightness of his countenance. But it was impossible to invest Vespasian, a man with as little divinity as possible either in his countenance or in his pedigree, with any sort of godhead, either hereditary or personal. His strong good sense utterly rejected the flatteries of genealogists, who invented for him a descent from heroes and demi-gods. In his last illness he mocked at the usual practice of canonising deceased Emperors; when his mortal strength was failing, he felt himself beginning to be a god. But a Roman Emperor, above all, one whose rise was so remarkable as that of Vespasian, could not be without a sanctity about him of some sort or other. His sanctity took a form characteristic of the Eastern lands in which he rose to greatness, and utterly unlike any thing which we find in any form of Greek or Roman religion. Earlier Kings and Emperors had received divine worship, but they seem never to have exercised any divine power. But Vespasian works miracles, exactly after the pattern of the miracles in the Christian Scriptures. The blind and the lame pray him to touch them with his sacred foot, or to anoint them with his sacred spittle. For some time he resists their importunity, but at last he goes through the required ceremony, and, as the story runs, effects the required cure. These tales are not to be taken as mockeries or imitations of the Christian miracles. The Old and New Testaments of themselves clearly show that miracles of healing, hardly heard of in Western religions, were, by the Jews and the neighbouring nations, expected of all who either themselves professed to be, or were recognised by others as being, invested with any special function as prophets, teachers, or reformers. Vespasian laid no claim to the prophetic office, but Eastern admirers might naturally invest him with it. He was eminently a political reformer, and we are apt to forget how thoroughly the idea of political reformation was implied in the mission of a Hebrew prophet. In an age when a vague expectation seemed to be universally spread that some great ruler and deliverer was coming from the East, the chief called from a Syrian command to the empire of the world might well, in Eastern eyes, assume somewhat of the character of a Messiah. The religious halo thus spread about Vespasian was one of a purely Oriental kind; but as soon as he had assumed a mysterious and miraculous character of any sort, the substitute was at once found for that earlier type of divinity which had died out with the Julian name and blood. Men's minds were better disposed to receive a prince who was thus clearly marked out as a favourite of the gods; and the cure of the Alexandrian beggars, whether instances of cringing imposture or of genuine superstition, may

not have been without effect in enabling Vespasian to form what, after the ephemeral usurpation of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, might well be called a permanent dynasty.

One chief object of Mr. Merivale's present volume is to claim for the Flavian period a share in that admiration which is commonly confined to the five reigns beginning with Nerva. In his view, the accession of Nerva marks indeed an epoch, but it is an epoch, so to speak, within another. The Flavian and Antonine periods together form a whole, as distinguished from the periods before and after them. Undoubtedly the change from Italian to provincial Emperors was a real change, as is pointed out in the passage of Victor which we have already quoted. In this way, the accession of Nerva is a marked point in the imperial history. But the cause which generally tempts us to make the fall of Domitian a point of greater moment than it really was is very different and is indeed somewhat ludicrous. Suetonius happened to stop in his series of imperial biographies with the life of the twelfth Cæsar. The work of Suetonius was the popular source of knowledge on the subject; the full number twelve was a taking one; and thus arose the popular notion of the Twelve Cæsars, as if there were some wider gap between the twelfth Cæsar and the thirteenth than there was between any two of the first twelve. But, in truth, as we have already seen, the widest gap of all is between the sixth and the tenth, between Nero and Vespasian. We do not meet with such another marked change till we come to the point which separates the legal government of the Antonines from the alternate military despotism and military anarchy which succeeded it. The difficulty of classing the Flavian and Antonine princes together chiefly arises from the tyranny of Domitian and his violent end, interposed in the midst of a period which is otherwise one of uninterrupted good government and peaceful succession. But, after all, the fall of Domitian was simply the private assassination of one tyrant: the prætorians grumbled, but there was no civil war, no general disturbance of any kind. And, again, the tyranny of Domitian must not altogether be confounded with the tyranny of some of those who went before him and of some of those who came after him. The character of this strange prince has been very carefully worked out by Mr. Merivale, and we think that his view bears a greater impress of truth than is the case with some of his imperial portraits. We must never forget, among the many merits of Mr. Merivale, that he is still, in some degree, an apologist for the Cæsarean despotism, and that it is a sort of duty in his eyes to make out as good a case as he can for any particular Cæsar. In some of the earlier reigns, we cannot

think that his success was very great. He has indeed rescued Claudius from a good deal of unmerited popular obloquy; but then no fair person ever could confound the weak, well-meaning, hen-pecked antiquary with a madman like Caius, or a monster like Nero. As for the others, Mr. Merivale is doubtless quite justified in his general cautions as to the nature of our materials. We have, as he says, no contemporary history of the earlier Emperors. Our authorities—Suetonius, Tacitus, Dion—all wrote long after the time. Suetonius is a mere collector of anecdotes; Dion loves to find fault with every body; Tacitus writes the history of the Empire by the light of senatorial and republican traditions. Undoubtedly, in reading narratives of this sort, we must allow for a certain amount of hostile colouring. But, after making every allowance on this score that can be fairly made, the undoubted facts, which Mr. Merivale does not dispute for a moment, are enough to stamp the Claudian Cæsars, as a whole, as a succession of some of the vilest of mankind. This or that particular story may be false; the general picture which we draw from the whole mass of stories may be exaggerated; but even scandal generally pays some regard to probability; it exaggerates really existing faults, but it seldom invents qualities which have no existence at all. Possibly Nero may not have been quite so bad, nor Antoninus Pius quite so good, as popular belief represents them; but there is abundant evidence to show that Nero was very bad and Antoninus very good. After making every possible allowance, the lusts and cruelties of the early Cæsars still far surpass the average of the lusts and cruelties even of the worst tyrants. And their cruelty is a loathsome, capricious, purposeless cruelty; even Nero's abiding hatred to the Senate is quite unworthy of the name of principle, or even of party-feeling. With Domitian the case is different; he was a tyrant of a very remarkable kind; and Mr. Merivale has, as it seems to us, given a very successful and probable portrait of him and his government.

Tyrants may perhaps be divided into three classes. There are some whose cruelty is simply military or judicial severity carried too far, whose blows smite persons who really deserve to be smitten, only not with so heavy a stroke. Again, there are some whose cruelty has a definite object, who strike in order to destroy or weaken some hostile party, who are ready to inflict any amount of suffering which suits their own ends, but who take no pleasure in oppression, and who are capable of becoming mild and beneficent rulers as soon as opposition ceases. Such were the authors of both the first and the second proscription. Sulla and Augustus alike shed blood without mercy as long as any thing was to be gained by shed-

ding it; but neither had any appetite for slaughter and confiscation when the occasion had passed by. Finally, there are tyrants whose tyranny is utterly reckless and capricious, and in whom the frequent practice of cruelty seems at last to create a sort of enjoyment in cruelty for its own sake. Such was the cruelty of Caius and Nero. The second and third classes are distinguished from each other by the fact that tyrants of the one class commonly get better, while tyrants of the other class get worse. The horrors of the second proscription were followed in due course by the long paternal reign of Augustus. On the other hand, both Caius and Nero began with a professed repugnance to cruelty of every kind, which we have no right to assume was wholly affected. The one form of tyranny is the cruelty of statesmen, reckless as to the means by which an end is to be compassed; the other is the cruelty of men in whom weakness and frivolity is united with a childish delight in the mere exercise of power. But the tyranny of Domitian was something which stands quite by itself. He may be said to have begun with a tyranny of the first type, which gradually changed into one of the third. Without being a man of any real power of mind, Domitian was neither a madman like Caius, a mere pedant like Claudius, nor a monster of vice and emptiness like Nero. He began as a reformer, as a restorer of old Roman manners and of the old Roman faith. He assumed, unlike earlier Emperors, a perpetual censorship, and, as Censor, he made war upon the vices and luxuries of the age. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity. Every thing seems to show that he started as a conscientious worshipper of the gods of Rome, animated by a sincere wish to restore Roman life to its ancient purity, and fully determined to discharge the functions of the pontificate, the censorship, and every other magistracy which he held, with the most exemplary and unsparing righteousness. The apparent inconsistency of all this reforming zeal, civil and religious, in a man of Domitian's personally depraved life, is well explained by Mr. Merivale. Neither the gods of Rome nor the laws of Rome required moral purity from their votaries. They may have done so in the early ages of the Republic, but the idea of personal morality had, in Domitian's age, long been divorced from the ideas of religious or political duty. Particular forms of vice were censured by law, not as morally wrong, but as injurious to the welfare of the state, or as degrading to the dignity of a Roman citizen. In so doing, the Roman law in truth kept within the proper limits of human legislation. The business of an earthly lawgiver is certainly not to punish sins or vices as such, but to prevent, and with that end to punish,

crimes against society. The difference between Roman and modern ideas on this subject consists in the difference which the Roman law drew between Roman citizens and other persons. The adultery of a Roman citizen and a Roman matron was a crime against the state and against the gods. It led to the confusion of family rights and family worship, it checked the succession of the lawful race of Rome's citizens, it was a personal affront to the gods to whom the marriage-bed was sacred. Other yet worse forms of vice were equally forbidden, as degrading to the lofty character of a citizen of Rome. But beyond these limits, neither the state nor the gods cared for any man's private vices. Domitian, himself a man of infamous life, punished as High Pontiff the frailty of the erring Vestals, and executed as Censor the Julian and Scantinian laws, without any inconsistency in his own eyes or those of others. Excesses of which only strangers were the instruments did not violate the sanctity of either character. He did not scruple—so we are universally told—to live in incest with his own niece; but he had shrunk in horror from the proposal of marrying her. No doubt the one was a far less glaring breach of formal enactments than the other. In every thing Domitian proclaimed himself as a strict and righteous minister of the ancient laws. But when a man with no real moral principle, with no real force of character, sets himself up as the severe reformer of a corrupt age, he is almost sure to introduce worse evils than any that he reforms. The merciless exercise of a merely formal justice will very easily degenerate into capricious and indiscriminate cruelty. So it proved with Domitian. The strict reformer and unbending judge gradually degenerated into a tyrant, never perhaps quite so contemptible, but fully as hateful and bloodthirsty, as the vilest of those who went before him. He began by chastising real crimes, and he probably never ceased to do so in his worst days. He has at least the credit of promptly punishing any excesses of his governors in the provinces. But, in his anxiety to spare no offender, he encouraged the vile brood of informers; and thus the innocent were often condemned, while one class at least of the worst offenders was openly patronised. At last he became utterly hardened in cruelty; after the revolt of Antonius had thoroughly frightened him, he began to live in constant fear of rebellions and conspiracies, and at last his reign became, as Mr. Merivale truly calls it, emphatically a reign of terror. And it would almost seem that the possession, and the habitually harsh exercise, of absolute power had in some measure turned his brain. Otherwise, it is certainly strange that a political and religious reformer, such as he began by being, should have plunged into

excesses of insolent and impious tyranny almost beyond any of the oppressors who went before him. Since the frantic Caius, no one had so openly indulged in the fancy for deification; Rome's human inhabitants and her divine protectors were alike insulted, when the modest style of the first Cæsars was exchanged for the frightful formula of "our Lord and God."^{*} Mr. Merivale remarks, that this assumption of divinity may possibly have been connected with the fact that he stood in a closer relation to deified predecessors than any earlier Cæsar. His own father, his own brother, were enrolled among the gods; he may have learned to think that the divinity of the Flavian house was not confined to its deceased members, but had become incarnate in the person of its only living representative. Other freaks of moody, and generally gloomy, caprice marked the latter years of his reign, which seem to show that his intellect was at least weakened, if not positively deranged. Altogether, the sanctimonious pretence with which he began only tended to make his tyranny more frightful in itself, and more odious from its inconsistency. Few, if any, of the long line of Roman tyrants went out of the world as the object of a more universal hatred; the memory of none has been the subject of more universal and unalleviated condemnation.

We have closely followed Mr. Merivale in his masterly portrait of the last Flavian Emperor, the only Flavian tyrant. It is a portrait which we think may fairly be deduced from our scanty notices. In this case Mr. Merivale neither impugns his authorities, nor does he do any thing which can be fairly called apologising for crime. The utmost he does is to hint that the evidence against Domitian is "suspiciously harmonious," and to give an "admonitory caution" about the "frightful temptations of his position." But, when we find him the only thoroughly bad prince among eight, we really cannot see so much excuse on the ground of temptations which the others contrived, more or less successfully, to overcome. We do not quarrel with Mr. Merivale's admonitory caution, as we do not find that it at all leads him to try to evade the overwhelming testimony of the facts. His account of Domitian explains, without at all excusing, a sort of wickedness which took a very peculiar form. In fact, Domitian properly takes his place in the series from Vespasian to Marcus. He was indeed bad, while the others may, on the whole, be called good; still, he was a prince whose government aimed at the same general objects; his crimes were

* "*Dominus et Deus noster.*" Suet. Dom. 13. *Dominus* in this formula must not be confounded with the Christian use of the word. The impiety lies wholly in the *Deus*. But *dominus*, implying a master of slaves, was a title on which no magistrate under the Republic, and seemingly till now none under the Empire, had ever ventured.

the excess and corruption of their virtues, not something utterly different and contradictory. He fairly takes his place in the series of reactionary or reforming Emperors; he became in truth as bad as Nero himself, yet his reign may be truly reckoned as part of the period of revulsion which the excesses of Nero called forth.

We have spoken throughout of the Flavian and Antonine Cæsars in that language of respect which, on the whole, they deserve. The men themselves deserve far more praise than blame. Doubtless all had their faults; those certainly had of whose actions we possess any detailed account. Few of them wholly escaped the degrading vices of the age. Few remained absolutely uncorrupted by the temptations of unrestrained power. But, on the whole, all, save Domitian, played their part well. Their faults, whether as men or as rulers, are altogether outshone by their merits. It would be easy to charge Vespasian with inflicting on his country the miseries of a civil war. But, in a moment of anarchy, when there was no legitimate or universally recognised Emperor, we cannot fairly blame the man best worthy to rule for obeying the call of his troops to put in his claims among others. For the special horrors of the war, for the fearful sack of Cremona, for the arbitrary and cruel acts of Mucianus and Antonius Primus, Vespasian can hardly be made personally responsible. And again, though the relinquishment of so many of Trajan's conquests by his successor is the best comment on their real value, we can hardly blame a Roman soldier and reformer for treading in the steps of all the most famous worthies of the commonwealth. And, transient as were his Eastern victories, one conquest of Trajan's had results which have lasted to this day, and which are not without influence on diplomatic questions that take their turn among the other difficulties which occupy the busy pens of ambassadors and foreign ministers. The Rouman provinces, attached to the Old Rome by their language, as they are to the New Rome by their creed, bear witness to the strong hand with which Trajan established his new dominion north of the Danube. The government of Hadrian was not free from faults; but the first prince who really cared for the provinces is entitled to lasting honour. Altogether, the Emperors of this period formed a succession of wise and good rulers, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. We may well look with admiration on so long a period of comparative good government, when we think of what went before, and of what followed. But, while we do every justice to men who did all that could be done in their position, we must not be blinded to the utterly unrighteous nature of that position itself. We must not forget, in the

splendours of the Empire, in the virtues of many of its rulers, the inherent wickedness of the Empire itself. On this head it is well, after the extravagant advocacy of Mr. Congreve, even after the more measured apology of Mr. Merivale, to turn to the voice of truth and justice speaking through the mouth of Mr. Goldwin Smith. His vigorous denunciation of the essential unrighteousness of the Roman Empire is one of those utterances where simple truth of itself produces the highest eloquence. The Roman Empire may have done its work in the scheme of Providence, it may have paved the way for the religion and civilisation of modern Europe; but this is simply one of the countless cases in which good has been brought out of evil. The Empire may have been a necessary evil, it may have been the lesser evil in a choice of evils; but it was essentially a thing of evil all the same. It exhibited, with tenfold aggravation, all that we look upon with loathing in the modern empires of Austria and Russia. The worst of modern despots is placed under some restraint by the general public opinion of the world, by the religion which he professes, by the civilisation which all Europe shares, by the existence of powerful free states side by side with despotisms, by the very jealousies and rivalries of the despotic powers themselves. But the Roman Empire stood alone in the world; there was no influence or opinion external to it. Its subjects, even in the worst times, would hardly have gained by flying to the wilds of independent Germany, or in exchanging the civilised despotism of Rome for the barbaric despotism of Parthia. But, whatever its causes, whatever its results, however necessary it was in its own time, it was essentially a wicked thing, which, for so many ages, crushed all national, and nearly all intellectual life, in the fairest regions of three continents. There is life as long as old Greece retains the least relics of her freedom; there is life again as soon as we reach the first germ of the system of Teutonic Europe; nay, life reappears even in the Empire itself, when its place and its object are changed, when it has assumed the championship of Christianity against fire-worship and Islam, and when it has finally become co-extensive with that artificial nation—Greek in one aspect and Roman in another—which for so many ages boasted of the Roman name. But, from Mummius to Augustus, the Roman city stands as the living mistress of a dead world; and, from Augustus to Theodoric, the mistress becomes as lifeless as her subjects. For the truest life of man, for the political life of Periklês and Aratos, of Licinius and the Gracchi, the world had now no scope; the Empire allowed but one field for the exercise of man's higher faculties, when the righteous soul of a Tacitus or a Juvenal was stirred up to brand the evil deeds of

the Empire itself. The bane did, in some slight degree, prove its own antidote, when such stern preachers of truth were called forth to take the place of the courtly elegance of the hired poets of Augustus. Of the great legacy of Rome to later times, the legacy of the Roman Law, the most valuable portions were simply inherited by the Empire from the days of the Republic. The Republic may indeed have ceased to be possible; but we may remember that, under the Republic, the virtues of Titus and Trajan would have found a field for their exercise, while there could have been no field for the crimes of Caius or Nero or Domitian. The Verres of a single province sank before the majesty of the law and the righteous eloquence of his accuser: against the Verres of the world there was no protection except in the dagger of the assassin. A chain is of the strength of its weakest link, and a system of this sort may fairly be judged by the worst princes that it produces. A system under which a Nero and a Commodus are possible, and not uncommon, is truly a system of Neros and Commodi, though they may be relieved by even a series of Trajans and Antonines. For the Trajans and the Antonines have their parallels elsewhere; their virtues were not the result of the imperial system, but simply existed in spite of it. But the crimes of Nero and Commodus are without parallels elsewhere; they are the direct and distinctive product of the system itself, when left to its own development. In a free state Caius would have found his way to Bedlam, and Nero to Tyburn; Domitian, under the checks of the republican system, might possibly have made as useful a Censor as Cato. We cannot close a view of even the best period of the Roman monarchy without echoing the fervent wish of the Oxford Professor, that the world may never see its like again.

We have one more remark to make on Mr. Merivale's way of looking at the establishment of the Empire. He is fond of describing both the elder and the younger Cæsars as the chiefs of a popular party, who established their dominion on the ruins of an oligarchy. This is of course true in a sense; the mob of Rome were favourable to Cæsar, and his party historically represented the party of his uncle Marius. But we need not take long to show what is the real nature of a pseudo-democratic despotism. It is a device of which neither Cæsar had a monopoly. There were Dionysii before their time, and there have been Buonapartes since. It is undoubtedly true that, in one sense, the party of Cæsar was a popular party, and the party of the Republic was an aristocratic party; but they were not popular and aristocratic parties in any sense which would make us sympathise with the popular, and against the aristocratic party. As long as

there was a real Roman people, capable and worthy of political rights, we go along with all its struggles against the domination of any exclusive caste. But sympathy with a people against an oligarchy does not carry us on to sympathise with a mob against a senate. Great as were the faults of the Roman Senate in its last stage, it was at least the only body left where free discussion was possible; it was the only assembly where two opinions could be expressed, where the arguments for both of them were fairly hearkened to, and a free vote taken between them. As such it was the salt of the earth, the last abiding-place of freedom. And we must not carry on into those days ideas which belong only to the older struggle between the orders. Many of the most illustrious nobles were technically plebeians; every Licinius and Cæcilius and Luteius, the Great Pompeius, the triumvir Antonius and the tyrannicide Brutus, Cato and Milo and Hortensius and the second Cæsar himself,—all belonged to the order which the old Appii had striven to exclude from the fasces and the senate-house. And its doors were not open merely to those who were indeed formally plebeians, but who were as practically members of a noble class as any Cornelius or Æmilius in Rome. A new man at Rome, as every where else, laboured under disadvantages; but his disadvantages were not insuperable, and it rested wholly with the people themselves whether they should be overcome or not. That government cannot be called a perfect oligarchy where the Tribes still chose Prætors, Consuls, Censors, and High Pontiffs; where the highest places in the commonwealth were not refused to Caius Marius or to Marcus Tullius Cicero. Any deliberative body where two sides can be fairly heard, whether it take the form of a democratic assembly or of an aristocratic senate, is essentially a safeguard of freedom, a check on the will either of a mob or a despot. Even in the days of the Empire, the Senate, the last shadow of the free state, retained life enough for the good Emperors to respect it, and for the bad Emperors to hate it. It is the Senate, then, with which the sympathies of the real lover of freedom lie in the last age of the Republic, rather than with the frantic mob which disgraced the once glorious name of the Roman commons. No assembly that ever was devised was less suited to undertake the championship of liberty than the old Parliament of Paris; but when the Parliament of Paris was the sole representative of right against might left in all France, when the feeble opposition of the magistracy was the sole check upon a despot's arbitrary will, our sympathies lie wholly with the Parliament in all its struggles with the royal power. It is something when even a Sultan has to ask a Sheikh-ul-Islam whether his pur-

poses are in agreement with the law of the Prophet. He may, indeed, like our James the Second, depose a too unbending expounder of the law, and supply his place with one who will know no law but the prince's will; but the mere formality is something, the mere delay is something; it is something to make a despot ask a question to which the answer may possibly run counter to his wish. And so, as the last check on the despotism both of the mob of the Forum, and of the Cæsar on the Palatine, we still hold that the Senate, where Cicero denounced Catilina and Antonius, where the last dying notes of freedom were heard from the lips of Thræsea and Helvidius, was an assembly which well deserves the grateful remembrance of mankind.

On many points, then, and those points the most important of all, we look on the history of the Cæsars with widely different eyes from those of their last historian. But, on the very ground which makes us differ from him, we can never regret a difference from an advocate at once so candid and so competent. Mr. Merivale is a real scholar, in an age when real scholars are not so common that we can afford to lose or to undervalue a single one of the order. In all the highest qualities of a historian, there are but few living men who surpass him. We look with regret on his seventh volume, when we hear that his seventh volume is to be his last. If our words can have any influence with him,—and he may receive them as the words, not of flatterers, but in some degree of antagonists,—he will even now change a determination which all scholars must have heard with sorrow, and will continue his great work down at least to the limit which he first set before him as its close.

ART. IX.—LEARNING IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Report of the Church Congress held at Oxford, 1862.

THE "Ecclesiastical Reaction," or "Church Movement" within the Established Church, has attained a spread and momentum which raise it to the rank of one of the new social phenomena of our age. Yet it obtains little or no recognition from the superior and philosophical part of the press. It meets us every where—in society, in public meetings, in books, and finally on the bench—as a diffused but invisible influence. Yet we hardly ever see any serious attempts to estimate its import, or analyse its true character. Mr. Mill has, indeed, once or twice sur-

veyed with the calm temper of a politician the ecclesiastical history of this country, but his glance has rather been retrospective than towards the present.

The reason for this neglect has probably been, that the significance of the reaction has been hitherto veiled under the guise of a theological squabble. As the practical statesman dreads before all things religious faction, so the philosophic politician throws theological controversy aside as irrelevant. It is too much a ruled point with him to take no notice of it. He leaves church parties to the clergy, and treats the clerical arena with contempt in proportion to the fuss and excitement which the party papers on either side maintain over it. He regards doctrinal dispute as the normal condition of the religious world; a *mêlée* noisy and dusty, but having no bearing on the moral and spiritual welfare of England.

If this be an oversight, as we think it is, it is one which the few remarks now to be made do not pretend to make good. It were, indeed, much to be wished that impartial minds, superior to either "church" or anti-church prejudices, should give more attention than they hitherto have done to the actual tendencies of religious opinion. We propose at present to touch upon one single feature of the church revival. The phrase "decline of learning," by which that feature is indicated, very imperfectly expresses its character.

It may be readily granted that doctrinal controversy, even where best conducted, has little more than a technical interest, and should be left in the hands of theologians. The "church movement" of which we speak is, however, something more than a mere oscillation of the doctrinal pendulum from the doctrines and practices of the Puritan towards those of the Anglican school. It may be true that the leaders of the parties in the struggle view and represent it as being this. It may be that its professed object is to repeat or reproduce a state of things which has existed before in our church. But nothing in history ever recurs. The mental horizon of the seventeenth century has been broken up once for all, and no human art avails to replace it where it was. The tendency of parties is not to be measured by what they say of themselves. Deeper than opinions lies the sentiment which predetermines opinion. What it is important for us to know with respect to our own age or any age is, not its peculiar opinions, but the complex elements of that moral feeling and character in which, as in their congenial soil, opinions grow.

All theological controversy is distasteful to thinking minds, even when it is illuminated by intellectual power and enforced by copious learning. When these humanising adjuncts are ab-

sent, and when nothing remains but the pure passion of enforcing your own opinion,—the temper of the ignorant,—the aversion of such minds becomes complete. The High-Church movement appears to be entering this phase. But this very fact, if it be one, deserves most careful consideration from all those to whom it is of importance to watch the signs of the times. The time has arrived, long ago foreseen,* when the church cause “would, as years went on, make less apparent but more real progress.” If it be true that the feelings and sympathies which make up this movement are yearly spreading over a wider area, drawing yearly larger numbers of both clergy and laity within their influence; and at the same time that learning, knowledge, liberal cultivation, and intellectual grasp are becoming more and more alienated from the movement; that whatever amount of these gifts the English Church may contain is taking another direction; that the party, as it acquires strength, is becoming more of a party, and making common cause with all the social elements which are against intelligence,—this is surely a feature of our social life which cannot long be matter of indifference to any of us.

Were this phenomenon nothing besides, it would be at least an abandonment by the High Church of its principal vantage-ground, a renunciation of its own peculiar tradition.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen recently called the Church of England “the most learned church in Christendom.”† Without by any means adopting this compliment in its literal extent, we may yet say that learning, from Queen Elizabeth’s day onwards, has always been a conspicuous mark of the church. The estimation it has commanded has been sometimes more, sometimes less, in amount; but these ups and downs of opinion or policy do not interfere with the general truth of the assertion, that in the Established Church there has prevailed all along a general respect for learning and learned men; that a fair proportion of our higher literature has been the work of clergymen; that the Episcopalian clergy as a body have contrasted very favourably in respect of mental cultivation and refinement with the Nonconformist clergy, and especially with the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland. It may be that the highest type of learning has not been the type exhibited by the Church of England; but that learning has stood its ground at all in this country, has been owing wholly to the tradition of the church and its habits of education. The limits too of studies allowable for the clergy have been stretched quite widely enough, and far more widely than in any other com-

* *Christian Remembrancer*, January 1860.

† *Defence of Williams*, p. 85.

munion. It has not by any means been held requisite that a clergyman should confine himself to strictly theological studies. Classical philology the clergy have vindicated as their proper domain. During its whole career in this country it has been in their hands. Philosophy is not the forte of our countrymen; but such as English philosophy is, the church has had its fair share of it. One of the founders of political science was a clergyman, and the present Archbishop of Dublin its first professor in our universities. In devoting time and talent to natural science in various branches, Watson, Kirby, Peacock, Buckland, Henslow, Sedgwick, Whewell, have not been held to derogate from the sacred obligations of the Christian ministry. It is not to our purpose to assign to our church its proper rank in competition with foreign churches. It may be that our learning has been at best defective in grasp and independent thought. The works of our divines have been too occasional. Even those of which we have most reason to be proud are tainted with a tone of advocacy, and want symmetry and repose. In historical criticism we have been too timid and conservative, and have accordingly been left behind by the freer development of the Lutheran bodies. However this may be, it concerns the quality of our learning, and not the esteem it has obtained among us. We are only concerned now to insist upon the fact, that the tradition of the church has for nearly three centuries been on the side of a "learned clergy."

Further than this, it is by the High-Church section of the church that the tradition of education and secular learning has been emphatically cherished. It is not an accidental taste in them. It originated with them; or rather both they and it grew up in the political position forced upon the church during the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth. Anglicanism is not, as is often repeated by ill-informed assailants, an artificial creation of Laud and the courtier-bishops of Charles I., but the legitimate and necessary form which the church intelligence of England took, as soon as it had time to repose from the turbulence and volcanic upheaving of the religious revolution. Thus it is that Anglicanism has always been the religion of the educated classes exclusively. It has never at any period been national and popular, because it implies more historical information and a wider political horizon than can be possessed by the peasant or the artisan. The masses require either an intuitional religion, such as is provided by the grosser forms of Dissent in Great Britain, or a ceremonial of drill and parade, such as the Latin and Greek churches offer to their subject populations. The apathetic attitude of the labouring class towards the Church is no nineteenth-century paralysis. It has

been thus from the beginning, and its cause lies in the complex nature of the political problem of which the Anglican Establishment was the solution. The most recent historian of the Church is aware of this when he says :

"To the strong conservative element in the English Reformation we owe the sad but undeniable fact, that the uneducated classes have never heartily embraced and lovingly cherished the mild and temperate spirituality of the Established Church. They unlearned the extravagance of the Roman superstition only to throw themselves readily into the arms of the scarcely less unreasonable Puritans ; and under one name or another, in varying forms but similar spirit, there has existed from the days of the Reformers to our own a popular antagonistic feeling to the church of the Reformation."*

In defending against the sectaries the necessity of a "learned clergy," the Caroline divines were defending, not an outwork and accessory, but the very key of their position. By the Act of Uniformity, though zeal and piety were brutally expelled, yet learning, almost without an exception,—Baxter, though a voluminous writer, has no pretensions to learning,—remained within the pale of the Establishment. The Restoration divines handed on the torch of knowledge to the eighteenth century ; and when the Evangelical school arose, it was the high or orthodox party which again vindicated the prerogative of secular learning in the Church. Finally, in the present century, and within recent memory, the existing church revival owed its origin in no small degree to the professed contempt of all learned inquiry, which was a principle with the Evangelical school. Evangelism, in its origin, was a reaction against the High-Church "evidences ;" the insurrection of the heart and conscience of man against an arid orthodoxy. It insisted on a "vital Christianity," as against the Christianity of books. Its instinct was from the first against intelligence. No text found more favour with it than "Not many wise, not many learned." It did its work : it retained in the Church, or attracted to it, thousands whom the learned "demonstrations of the Being and Attributes," &c. could never have reached. But it soon lost its vitality, and fell a prey to a dogmatism as rigid, and far less rational than that of the High Church. It had forgotten its spirituality, and had replaced it by a new orthodoxy of its own. In 1833 Evangelism was already effete. The helpless imbecility of Evangelical writing and preaching ; their obvious want of power to solve, or even to apprehend, the questions of which they are nevertheless perpetually talking ; their incapacity to explain the Scripture, while assuming the

* Perry, *History of the Church of England*, vol. i. p. 15.

exclusive right to it; their conceit of being able to arrive at conclusions without premisses; in a word, their intellectual weakness,—contributed very greatly to the fall of the Evangelical school before a better-informed generation of men. Certainly there were other causes besides its ineptitude which concurred in producing the catastrophe. And the High-Church leaders had other recommendations above their learning. But at the first rise of the Tractarian school above the horizon in 1833, and before its other features were obliterated in one desperate effort of assimilation to Ultramontaniam, it was instinctively felt to be a revival of the spirit of learned research. Hugh Rose, Newman, R. H. Froude, and Keble, were first awakened by the study of primitive antiquity in its original remains. The new leaders were recognised by all the orthodox party as descendants in the direct line from “our great divines.” Even Dr. Pusey in his better days could write:

“In proportion as every class of society advances in secular knowledge or intellectual cultivation, in that degree do men need a balance of increased religious knowledge; nor can their new wants be supplied without an enlarged compass of knowledge on the part of their spiritual instructors. Christianity is the same at all times and in all countries, yet the same truths may be conveyed in different modes to the cultivated and to the ignorant. . . . It is of importance that the nation shall have confidence in their instructors. Truth depends for its reception often more on the character of him who enforces it than on its own. What in the first preachers of the Gospel the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, and the mighty works following them, were to the confirmation of the faith, such must now be a well-grounded knowledge of its evidences, and a deep insight into its nature.”*

Names such as those of Bilson, Bull, Patrick, Cosin, Waterland, who had long been laid on the shelf as unenlightened men, were again in honour; and the bookselling trade began to ask long prices for folios which a few years before had been selling as waste-paper. The appeal was very soon extended from the Fathers of the Anglican to those of the Catholic Church. The criterion of truth was found in a wide “*Apparatus Criticus*.” The complex historical position of the Established Church in its birth and early growth was set in a true light; the fallacy of “*Scripture only*” was exploded; and even new ground was ventured on in the theory of ‘development.’ All this was in the spirit of learned research. To those who were without some tincture of classical reading, even the terms of the dispute were unintelligible. All that the mass of Englishmen understood in it was, that the ultimate test of religious truth was taken out of their hands, and placed where they could no longer follow it.

* Pusey on *Cathedral Institutions* (1833), p. 27.

The very earliest objection urged home against the new "doctors" was, that in their system the road to truth seemed to be laid through learning, and by consequence the plain and unlettered man was excluded from salvation.

This was the aspect of the church revival in 1833 and the subsequent years. Thirty years (January 1863) have now elapsed,—the life of a generation. From a school of writers the movement has grown into an influential party. Evangelism, then effete, now merely cumbers the ground with its ruins. The ranks of the Evangelical clergy are being thinned yearly. Their social ascendancy has departed from them. Their organs in the press fight with the desperate recklessness of men who know that the day is irretrievably lost. The Church of England is Anglicanised. Not that every young clergyman goes to his cure imbued with the tenets of Archdeacon Denison. Far from it. The extreme Puseyites, if we may use the term, form an inner nucleus, inconsiderable in numbers, of the whole High-Church party. But Anglican feeling and sentiment is now the feeling and sentiment generally diffused over the face of the Established Church. Its spread is not confined to the clergy. The educated laity, especially in the highest circles, have largely imbibed the same tone. The impression tells every year more and more upon the middle classes, but is far from yet having pervaded *them*. Below them it has not begun to penetrate. It has not yet, in its downward spread, reached the limits of education. Whether it can ever pass those limits, whether the Church of England can ever become a church of the people, is a problem for the future. The masses are outside the present question, and count for nothing in it.

How the Church may be brought home to the classes which have never yet been at home within it; how it may extend its area, and reach the uneducated,—this is a momentous question, and one that calls for far other consideration than it appears to have had. Our present inquiry is a different one. We are not consulting as to what should be done, but inquiring what is already effected. We wish to ask what the movement has done for the educated class in aiding them to realise and apply the principles of the church to which they belong. Has a movement which originated in a deeper hold of moral and religious truth continued faithful to its origin, to purify, elevate, and enlarge the religious ideas of English churchmen? The Church rebelled against the narrow bigotry of the Evangelical school, and threw off its yoke; has it found a freer system? With the rise of the Anglican on the ruins of the Evangelical party, has the Church of England gained in solid learning, in enlargement of view, in liberality of sentiment?

Has it made a step towards freedom from the bondage of the latter, towards assimilating the results of science and the rich elements of modern thought? Has Christian truth been brought by it out of the state of frozen dogma to which it had been relegated, and become an inspiring source of spiritual life?

The influence which has been infused by the movement, and its action upon the understanding of the educated, has penetrated much deeper than is often suspected, but in so insensible a way that it is not easy to bring it before those who do not recognise it. In attempting to estimate the influence of orthodoxy on the moral ideal of our contemporaries,—any attempt must be exceedingly imperfect,—it is natural to begin with the clergy. Bishops' chaplains complain of the inferior calibre of candidates for ordination. Yet even the prelates themselves of recent nomination are apt to be thought by the public, perhaps unjustly, to be rather estimable for good intentions than to be looked up to as leaders of thought. If this were so, we should hardly expect the standard by which examining chaplains try their candidates to be a very high one. We believe that this standard is much below what the bishops, or many among them, would gladly see it. But, even at this depressed standard, it is found impossible to supply the cures with curates. While the population of England and Wales has been steadily increasing,—more than cent per cent in the last fifty years,—the number of persons ordained, literates included, is not relatively but absolutely smaller. An ordination examination, it is to be remembered, is confined to the very rudiments of professional information, and has nothing of scientific theology about it. It tests ability hardly at all, and general attainments not at all. These are supposed to have been tested previously during the university career. A little inquiry, however, at our universities reveals the fact, that the Church is almost entirely recruited from the *Passmen*—this is a name for the students who do not study; that the pass examinations are at the minimum of requisition, if any thing at all is to be required, and that even this minimum is surmounted with great difficulty, and after many failures, by a large portion of the future clergy.

This, it may be said, has been always the case. The very earliest complaint which made itself heard in the beginnings of our Church was for a more learned and able clergy. If there be any alteration in this respect, it is for the better. We must distinguish between talent and mental refinement. If the amount of native talent engaged in the clerical profession be less, its average mental refinement is equal, even superior, to

that of the other professions. The symptoms here are not those of decline, but of metamorphosis. Some conservative tempers have been disposed to indulge the wish that there were a little more simplicity of living, a little less of the frippery of the drawing-room, and the conventionalities of society, among our clergy. Whatever may be to be said for this, we gladly miss in our clergy the lineaments of the generation who haunted the fair and the race, who drank with the squire overnight and administered justices' justice by his side in the magistrates' room in the morning. But we cannot but remember that the grossness of clerical manners has been refined only because general manners have refined. One form of easy conformity has been substituted for another. The parson of the "freeholders'" day has not given place for the reproduction of the saintly type of earlier times, whether of the variety of Herbert or of Baxter, of Ken or of Horneck. The model clergyman of our own day belongs to a type which appears now for the first time in the Church of England, though it is one of which the prototype is very familiar to us in the history of the Church of Rome. The revival of the idea of "churchmanship" rather than of the Church,—a revival which is in fact the degradation of the idea of Christ's kingdom into that of a secular party,—is forming a bond of union and sympathy among the clergy such as no previous era of our history since the Reformation has afforded. The *esprit de corps* of "the cloth," which could be evoked in the last century against the Dissenters or Catholic Emancipation, bore a very faint resemblance to the organisation which the freemasonry of churchmanship is creating. Besides that, in the last century an independence, not of thought, but of character, often saved the beneficed country rector from being carried away by those church agitations which have become so frequent in our own time. The division of the clergy, too, into two hostile camps neutralised their power of combining against any other element of the body-politic. And the very torpor of which the Church of the Georgian era is accused consists, in part, in the absence of those public demonstrations, to which we are accustomed. The awakening of zeal and professional energy in the clergyman can only be regarded with satisfaction, provided it be accompanied by a corresponding awakening of the conscience, and the ambition of spiritual growth. Otherwise zeal and organisation are but materials upon which an ecclesiastical agitator may work—a *ξίς ἀνευ νοῦ*. Not that sound practical sense is not still found among the English clergy. Even in Convocation there has been enough of this element to balance hitherto the doctrinal *entêtement* of the Archdeacon

of Taunton. But good sense is a much rarer quality than is often imagined, and at best has never been found, at the moment when wanted, able to stand against either enthusiasm or party spirit. The spiritual mind, which was the chief ingredient in the power exercised on society by the early leaders of the Evangelical revival, was a purely moral force, and the sympathy built upon it could not be directed against any social interest.

Energy, without development of either mind or character, appears to define the type of clergyman which the church revival tends to form. There is a weakness of individual character which relies upon the lead of the chiefs of the party, and a feebleness of intelligence which supplies the place of judgment by tenacious adhesion to dogma. In such natures there is no foundation for a full and living Christian faith, as there is no appetite for the more accessory parts of knowledge. The tradition of learning is in this barren field fast drying up. Already the phrase, "a divine and a scholar," long the highest eulogy of the clerical character, sounds old-fashioned in our ears. "Active clergyman" is now our favourite form of approbation. The term is an appropriate one; for the merit commended consists, in no small degree, of bodily locomotion. The active clergyman is much about in his parish doing parochial "work." He builds new schools, and looks in upon the schoolmaster daily. He substitutes open seats for pews, of course, and works the fabric of the old church, inside and out, up to the mark of the established fashion of the day in decoration. This is often done at a great sacrifice of his own, perhaps slender, means, and still greater sacrifice of his time and means in begging from his personal friends. He attends public meetings far and wide; there is an "opening," or at least a "reopening," once a month in the diocese. The number of societies to which he belongs is large: he is on the committee of half of them, is secretary of one, and treasurer of another. He is not "idle," as he can truly boast; for indeed he has not spent an hour a day in solitary and studious retirement since he was ordained. He speaks with complacent superiority of the sloth and worldliness of the clergy in the last century. And justly so; for he is as different from the easy-going divine and scholar of the eighteenth century as he is from the Hookers and Herberts of the seventeenth. Amid our luxurious refinements, and in our growth of churchmanship, we are fast losing even the lowest form of the tradition of learning,—the form of respect for the well-read gentleman, which has been as a feeble ray from the distant sun of knowledge, never leaving the Church of this country wholly dark.

It so happens, too, that the High-Church party has come into possession of the stage at a moment when there was a better prospect than there has been at any time since 1688 of the final reconciliation between Christianity and science, between the Church and the philosophers. All the philosophy that is now influential is spiritual. Scepticism and materialism are daily losing their hold on the English mind. Perhaps an exception ought to be made of the Positivist tendencies which profess to deny "God and a soul." "God," to use Mr. Curteis's words (*The Guardian*, Nov. 26), "is daily inviting us to higher though more difficult views of his revelation." No existing Christian community was more favourably situated for the work of fostering the Christian tendencies of modern ideas than our own Church. The Anglican school especially was invited by its best traditions to undertake that work. We fear that we must say that, so far as the church movement is influencing our Church, it is carrying her further away than ever from any such renewal of her strength. If at this critical juncture the spirit of orthodoxy shall succeed in enveloping her body in its deadly coils, the little mental life which still animates it must be crushed out. The everlasting contest is still waging between science and opinion, knowledge and ignorance, intelligence and majorities; and it is but too plain with which of these the ecclesiastical movement will side. It had its beginning in the appeal of a learned minority from the shallow dogmatism of the Puritan creed to the broad field of Christian history and antiquities. The minority has become a majority, and has outgrown its learning. It prefers force to reasoning. The tone of the High-Church triumph, as it swells louder and louder on the breeze, becomes more vulgar, more violent, more partisan. Not merely learning in any sense of the word, but knowledge, is deserting it, and with knowledge the power of being impartial. It has long ceased to want discussion for itself. Now it will not suffer others to discuss in its presence. The calm tone of historical inquiry is intolerable to it. Storm and rage and commination, the borrowed note of Machiavelli or *L'Univers* is becoming its style. Instead of the comprehensive wisdom of a church-system winning its way to regain the esteem and affection of a nation which it had all but lost, we have the factious triumph of a party clamouring for more rigorous tests, to expel whatever of attainments and intelligence still harbours within the shadow of the Church. The illusory promise of the early days of the revival has come to nought, and a noble opportunity is being wasted. The best traditions of Anglicanism—its moderation, its learned repose, its tolerant

comprehension—are thrust aside, and in their place we meet the passionate temper of its worst days, the spirit of Laud and Sheldon, and of the vengeance of the Restoration. To traduce critical inquiry as scepticism or rationalism, to hound on the mob to hunt down the small handful of clergymen who have dared, however unskilfully, to put their hand to theology, is the absorbing passion of a party which once sat at the feet of Dr. Newman. And such are the means of terrorism at the command of the party, that they can wrest a denunciatory *mandement* from the episcopal bench, can intimidate an aged ecclesiastical judge, and poison the atmosphere of social life with scandalous aspersion. The literature of the party sinks lower with each increase of its strength. The *Christian Remembrancer*, the Anglican quarterly, though it never rose above the level of a party organ, and though it discussed questions of criticism from a party, and not from a scientific, point of view, yet did so with candour and moderation. It has paid the penalty, we fear, in a gradually declining circulation; and now, to take the intellectual gauge of the Bishop of Oxford's party, we must descend as low as the *Literary Churchman*. This is the publication from which the party derive their notions of foreign theological literature; especially it undertakes to keep them *au courant* of German theology. That literature is, we need not remind our readers, of the most complex character. There is not a shade of modern opinion which is not represented in it by erudition, by searching discussion, by profound thought. We may see in it, in free play and collision, all the elements which coexist in the Church of the present. Of all this the High-Church instructor is entirely unaware. It lumps it all as "scepticism." Every work of first-rate learning which has appeared in Germany for some years past has been consistently vilified by it, without the least glimpse of the author's purpose or meaning. The only exception made is in favour of feeble Roman-Catholic manuals, or the books of the clique of Romanising Lutherans who haunt the court of Berlin. With this exception, the whole is passed off as "shallow rationalism;" and such is the level of information among the party, that the conductors of the journal probably utter this in as good faith as their readers swallow it.

The same phenomenon reveals itself in the Church Congress held in Oxford in July last. There was animation, unanimity, vigour, arrayed on behalf of the most meagre poverty of conception, the most disappointing barrenness of moral purpose. The Congress exhibited the party in a most imposing light, and spread out in the broad light of day its growth in numbers, in consequence, in union, in the consciousness of power. But

though held in academical halls, the learning and talent of both Universities was conspicuously absent. Not a single professor or tutor whose attainments have earned respect or influence took an active part in the proceedings, if we except Dr. Acland, who good-naturedly lent his name. The leaders in the debate were either "Bishop of Oxford's men" or professors whose chairs have been reached by other qualifications than those of knowledge of the subjects they have to teach. The debates were sham-fights; for the real difficulties of the Church of England were tabooed, to begin with. The discussions were mock-discussions, which led to a prearranged conclusion. The impartial onlooker turns from the Oxford Congress as he might go away from a field-day where some Continental monarch had reviewed his troops. We all know what a parade-day at Potsdam is worth. A great deal of powder is burnt, cuirasses flash, and plumes nod magnificently; the commander-in-chief and his high-born officers have had important work, by which nothing was done. The party exult over the Congress as a "success." They have reason; for it at once showed their strength and cemented it. It demonstrated at the same time the difficulty of erecting theology into a party bond, without at the same time degrading it into a party watchword. "*Summa nequicquam pelle decorus.*"

It is peculiarly unfortunate that Englishmen have ever since the Reformation been accustomed to this partisan style in theology. To take up with a set of opinions, and then to enforce them in a damnatory spirit upon all comers, is a mental process so unhealthy, that in all other topics we are indefatigable in guarding ourselves and others against it. In religion it is the only procedure we know and practise. Nothing but inveterate habit could reconcile us to this daily violation of the first principle of intellectual education. Is this to be so for ever? Is there any prospect that the elementary laws of correct thought will ever be exemplified in religious thinking? that theology will ever be raised in the Church of England even to the rank of any of the other branches of knowledge? For we dare hardly go further than this, and ask, as we might do, Is it within hope that religious truth, instead of the degraded instrument of clerical animosities, shall be reinstated as the "*mater scientiarum*," embracing in one compact hierarchy of science all the natural and historical knowledge now open to us?

We must first ascertain the cause of the disease before we can say if any means of mitigation are within our reach.

There is a very common explanation current, which finds in endowments the sufficient cause of this mental malady, the

perpetuation of opinion without faith. To endow opinion, it is said, is to bring about and render inveterate a collision with science. The whole external history of science is a history of the resistance of academies and universities to the progress of knowledge. The first discoverers have always been the heretics, and often the martyrs of science.

Without disputing the truth of the historical experience appealed to, it must still be allowed that it goes a very little way towards the explanation of the fact. For the same circumstance is found where endowments are wanting. The religious idea among the English Dissenters, with whom opinion has no legal guarantee, is even more debased than it is in the Church. Intellect and knowledge are quite as much estranged from orthodoxy among the French Catholics, where the ministers of religion are paid a miserable pittance out of the annual budget. The desiccated and unspiritual Christianity of the orthodox communions in the United States, under the voluntary system, is a caricature of our own condition. Orthodoxy, as a cause, is rapidly rallying adherents. It is developing, in the same proportions, its intrinsic antipathy to the life of the intellect and the health of the soul. A stiff and blighting dogmatic spirit is destroying our intellectual life, while the Church is displaying an unparalleled energy in building, endowing, subscribing, and every form of material outlay. As its moral vigour dries up, its material wealth expands. This is a phenomenon which, if any, has its sources in the inner heart of our time. This religious condition is not an isolated effect, but is referable to the same general causes which are operating in other parts of our national life. Ecclesiastical history is not a series apart, in which events occur according to the will of the clergy; it is but one part of our whole development. The following considerations may aid to place the subject under the point of view from which it may best be seen.

The whole body of that knowledge to which man can attain may be divided into two sorts: 1. There is the knowledge of God and of the Divine economy in the present government and the prospective destinies of man: this is theology, natural and revealed. 2. There is the knowledge of man and nature, which we acquire by experience and reflection: to this class we refer all the sciences, natural or moral, all political and historical wisdom,—all knowledge, in short, which does not come under the first head.

These two great domains of knowledge may be present to the collective intelligence of any generation in one of two modes. Theology and natural knowledge may be in harmony throughout all their parts from foundation to summit, distinct

yet one, mutually explaining and supplementing each other. Inconsistency, incompatibility, conflict, these are not dreamt of; they have never occurred and can never occur. They cannot occur; for the accumulating experience of the human race is for ever rectifying its own errors, and acquiring a deeper insight into the principles of things. This ideal perfection of human intelligence we suppose not to be realisable in this present scene, where we see the real only *ἐν αἰνέματι*, through the symbol of the phenomenal. We may perhaps please ourselves with fancying that we find an actual approach to this magnificent conception of the Temple of Truth in the Christian world, as it emerged from the turbulence of the Middle Ages. The contemporaries of Albert or Aquinas had at least no difficulty in being at once devout Christians and comprehensive philosophers. The Christian ideas of the second century were gloriously transfigured, expanded, developed, in harmony with the laws of reason and nature, as these were then understood. The exterior hierarchical harmony which reigned for a brief space throughout the church of the West was but a type of the inner beauty of the great intellectual edifice, of which the apex was theology.

Again: the realms of natural and divine knowledge may present themselves to a given generation dissociated, entangled, conflicting with each other. This in one of two ways. Either natural knowledge may be in abeyance, and the human soul may abandon itself exclusively to working out its spiritual experience. In this case, the spiritual life will be real, but it will be fantastic, visionary, irrational, fanatical. Such was the spiritual experience fostered by the eremitical and monastic efforts of the fifth century. Or, natural and historical knowledge may make a vigorous leap, while the religious conscience of man may be suspended. The intellectual horizon may be suddenly enlarged, while theology may be in the rigid custody of a priestly class, who may prohibit any others from meddling with it, while they themselves do not partake in the scientific progress going on around them.

This last case was that of the Catholic Church of the West at the time of the Reformation. The Church having once committed itself to the fatal principle, that what it once sanctions becomes irrevocable, there is no retreat for it from the accumulating arrears of blunders—errors of policy or principle, to which all long-lived societies, even the best managed, are liable. Consequently the Catholic Church has never been able to reënter upon the common line of European progress. All the social ameliorations which European states have made for many centuries have been made outside the Church, and in spite of its most strenuous opposition. It has been the con-

sistent foe of every attempt on the part of the wise and good to employ past experience for the correction of legislative error, or for softening the harsh pressure of political institutions. Since the sixteenth century its power has declined, its consistency has never yielded. The consequence is, that the sum-total of our intellectual and political gains have accumulated themselves outside of the pale, if not of Christianity, yet of the historically legitimate and venerable fabric of the Western Church. The Church's position, with feeble pertinacity anathematising in the name of religion all the triumphs of human reason and genius, has often provoked the sarcasm of the scorner and the satirist. It is beginning now to awaken other thoughts among us. We are now disposed to mourn over the invincible barrier which the attitude of the Church opposes to that reunion of the intelligence of the West to its religious traditions, which must be regarded as a preliminary condition to the final organisation of society on a basis which shall preclude crises and revolutions. Instead of sneering at the impotence of the papal pretensions, we stand in dismay before the impregnable strength of the position in which human Unreason has entrenched itself.

The Reformation, so far as it was an intellectual movement, was an attempt to restore the equilibrium of science and religion, which had been disturbed by the gradual growth of human knowledge. The early discoverers in science, the philosophers of the sixteenth century, found themselves outside the Christian pale, not because science and philosophy are anti-Christian, but because the Church's conceptions of God's truth were unscientific. Protestantism, on its intellectual side, was a movement to set right this inadequacy. A monstrous antagonism had grown up between the conclusions of human reason and the decisions of the Church. The church doctors solved this by a dualistic theory of the real repugnance of the two faculties of natural reason and illuminated faith. The antithesis is imaginary. At least it does not exist between the two terms, but between false conceptions of their meaning. The knowledge we arrive at by the use of our natural faculties is God-given, and so also is our knowledge of the gracious work of Christ. Protestantism does not set up reason against faith, but proclaims the unity of all knowledge, human and divine. When the Reformation is described as the emancipation of reason from the shackles of church authority, the account is not untrue, but imperfect. It is not the authority of the *existing* Church which is thrown off in the Protestant system. It was the authoritative decisions of a past generation of churchmen which the existing Church claimed to examine.

The Reformation vindicates the right of each generation of Christian men to form its own conception, according to its best knowledge, of the economy of God's dealings with man. Were this Christian liberty exercised, under the restraints which a right reason imposes upon its own exertion, collision between science and religion would be impossible.

It is with reluctance that we press considerations so obvious, though to the impatience of undisciplined readers they will seem too speculative and abstract. Let us hasten to apply them to the history of our own Church.

When England separated itself, in the sixteenth century, from Rome, we claimed, as a national church, the right to repudiate its jurisdiction, to remodel its discipline, and to rescind a portion of its doctrine. The right was both claimed and in fact exercised. Having been exercised, it was vindicated by argument. Such argument could but proceed upon principles admitted by the persons to whom the argument was addressed. We have nothing to say at present on the validity or invalidity of either these arguments, or the admitted premises on which they proceeded. But it has been a capital circumstance in determining the character of Anglican theology, that the principle upon which the secession was originally defended was gradually abandoned, and that another and quite opposite principle was substituted for it. This is as much an historical fact as the Reformation itself. But it was not a change made by power, and engrossed in a public act, but one wrought out by public opinion. Its date may be fixed—so far as such insensible changes admit of chronology—in the latter half of Elizabeth's reign. In the first period of our Reformation our divines made common cause with the foreign reformers. They alleged the supremacy of Scripture. Scripture was posited as a principle. It was not proved, but approved itself to the individual or congregational conscience. Our divines knew of no church but the "*cœtus fidelium*," the saints upon earth, whose illuminated conscience was the "witness" of Holy Writ (Art. 20). As the Church was emphatically the present church, so the Scripture was not regarded as a historical relic, but as the living oracles of God. Such a system, regarded as the basis of a theology, seems to give free scope to conscience, piety, reason, and science, but none to history, criticism, or what we may call learning. It breaks with the past; has no other use for it but to sweep it away as rubbish. Such was the career on which our Reformed Church seemed originally embarked.

But the circumstances of Elizabeth's reign induced or compelled the apologists of the Church of England to abandon

this position. Threatened, like all reforming movements, by the "extreme left" of its own friends, to prevent itself from being forced further in the direction in which it had made more than one step, it chose to relinquish the grounds on which those steps had been justified. Pressed by the Puritans, it was unable to resist their inferences, while it allowed their premisses. The only course was to reform the basis on which the church institution, such as it in fact was, was rested. This the Anglican divines of James and Charles's reigns did by claiming for the English Church a legitimate descent from the primitive Church. They gave up to the Puritans the theory of Scripture and the Congregation, and recurred to the Roman theory of church tradition. They occupied against the intestine foe the very position which, as held by Rome, they so long besieged with small success.

The first visible effect of this principle working in the minds of English divines was one favourable to learning. Their appeal to Catholic antiquity, and the church system as understood in primitive times, gave them, in the judgment of scholars, a vast superiority when compared with the arbitrary textualism of the Puritan divines, and the wilful egotism of the Independents and later sectaries. Round the names of Pearson, Bull, Hammond, Stillingfleet, and the rest of the Caroline divines, gathers a faint lunar reflection of the noon-day glory which surrounds the majestic edifice of the Catholic theology of the Middle Ages. The Anglican scholars appeared to have reopened for Christendom the long-lost records of its early faith and discipline. In those forgotten documents they believed with sincerity to have found the archetypal lineaments, at least in outline, of the pure and apostolical Church of England as it existed in their own day. It is true their learning went only a little way. It was the learning of the lawyer who searches for precedents, not of the historian who resuscitates the whole spirit and form of a buried age. A thorough philological inquiry reveals at once the vast gulf between the religious ideas and usages of the second and the seventeenth centuries. An inquiry into the whole contents of Ante-nicene Christianity was beyond the reach of these divines. But to admit this in no way interferes with the fact of the elevated tone which was communicated, both to the Church and to its theology, by this direction being given to study. Of all social forms, religious society, more than any, demands of those who are called to guide or govern it a knowledge of its history. We never break with the past with impunity. The pretence of the Puritans to legislate for the Church from the Law of Moses and the Acts of the Apostles was simply the presump-

tion of ignorance. The opening of patristic antiquity by the Anglican divines was, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, a signal enlargement of the intellectual horizon of the English Church, and the admission of a new stock of facts, the knowledge of which was indispensable to the discussion.

But this hopeful beginning led to little or no substantial results. Like fruit in a wet autumn, learning in our Church promised well at first, but has hung on the tree ever since still immature. It is shrivelled and puny, from want of the sun and the winds which play freely every where else, but not on it. "Multi pertransibunt, et augebitur scientia;" this process has been going on ever since Bacon placed these words in the front of the *Advancement*; only from theology has it been shut out. The consequence is, that we are on the eve of a collision between knowledge and opinion; with every prospect, as far as we can see, that our Church will make the same choice which has been made by the Roman Catholic Church, and will ally itself irrevocably with the cause of ignorance.

We are not writing the history of English theology, and must therefore be content with selecting from among a number of circumstances two points in which the intrinsic weakness of the High-Church school of divinity betrays itself. In the first place, it received its whole form from the exigencies of controversy, and that, controversy under the special circumstances of the sixteenth century. The Caroline divines never conceived the idea of historical investigation; they wanted to refute an adversary. They looked into primitive antiquity for just so much as served their purpose. In the skill and learning with which they achieved this purpose they have probably never been surpassed by any advocates. They took from Rome its principle of church tradition. But they fixed a limit of time below which it was not to be valid. That the decrees of the Nicæan Council were not to be subjected to criticism was agreed between Anglican and Catholic disputants. They took from Protestantism its principle of reëxamination. But they fixed a chronological limit above which such reëxamination might not ascend. That all the later accretions of Catholic orthodoxy might be reëxamined by the light of Scripture and reason, was agreed between the Anglican and the Protestant. With this composite basis of operations the Anglican disputant was in a situation eminently favourable for argumentative attack. He could sally out and overwhelm the foe on either side, while he could shelter himself from reprisals under cover of a principle which was admitted valid by either antagonist. To demolish the chair of Peter, canonisation of saints, monasticism, relics, pardons, and

indulgences, he reinforced himself with Protestant criticism. To sustain episcopacy, or sacramental efficacy, against the Calvinist, he could array the whole of primitive consent at his back. The strength of this position lay wholly in the attitude of the assailants. A ground may be impregnable polemically, and may yet be no basis for a scientific system. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a telling resource in disputation, but is useless as a medium of proof. The Catholic hypothesis of a perpetual living organ of true doctrine affords a broad basis for a scientific or logical exhibition of church law, upon that hypothesis. The Protestant principle, which demands the rigid application of the rules of historical evidence to historical phenomena and the written records of them, opens the vista of a retrospective induction which shall present the Incarnation of Deity, with all its momentous consequences to the past and future of mankind, not as an isolated intervention, but as a part of the whole evolution of our race. Catholic theology is a compact, harmonious, imposing whole of legislative dogma, exactly parallel, both in the fact of its growth and in the theory of its origin, to the imperial civil law. Protestant theology appeals to the Bible, *i.e.* to the whole spiritual history of the human race; a precious experience, but an experience only then intelligible when interpreted by all the other experiences attainable by each generation according to its means. Either of these modes of dealing with Christianity are intelligible, and satisfy that human mind to which all verbal exhibition of Christian faith must appeal. But it is impossible to combine them into one system of theology, though it is possible to argue for controversial purposes upon each principle alternately.

If the unsteady position of the church establishment between two extreme parties imparted a vacillating character to its theology, the principle which Anglican orthodoxy adopted from Rome has had a still further incapacitating effect upon our divines. The first foreign reformers, and our own with them, had acknowledged no rule of belief but Scripture, as interpreted by the existing congregation of believers. This view was incorporated into our Articles. But though it remained in the Articles, it early disappeared from the writings of the Anglican divines. The word "church" began with them to stand for a past abstraction, no longer any where to be found upon earth. But the whole system of the church, or whatever could be attributed to it, was now covered with the same infallibility which the Roman Catholics attributed to the decisions of theirs. This idea of the sacred inviolability of all notions and usages once adopted by the "church," an idea

fatal to all improvement in human affairs, is the heritage—a *damnosa hereditas*—which the Anglican school of English divinity carries over with it from Rome.

The paralysing effect of this notion of unalterable precedents is one that is felt more the further the world advances in its destined course. Any institution which is tied up to such a system drags at each remove a lengthening chain. Each year the living thought and ideas of educated Englishmen are passing more and more out of sympathy with the orthodoxy of the Anglican school. And yet, at the same time, that party in the Church is at this moment (1863) the most numerous, wealthy, and influential. It engrosses all the zeal and activity, and is fast winning its way to ascendancy in the State. It is proud of its success, and confident of still further victories. But the victories are not intellectual victories. It gains numbers, enlarges its area, stirs up sympathies. But there is a fatal weakness within. It has no true grasp of Christian history. The only clue to the past is not in its hands. It has a set of borrowed dogmata, but no theology. It feels that intelligence is against it. Having renounced the use of reason, it is compelled to go on to denounce reason. The Church of England has a historical position beneath the venerable shadow of English traditions. It has committed mistakes of policy, but its faults, after all, have not been—like the bloody deeds of the Roman Church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—unpardonable crimes against humanity. It has in these latter days awoken to a new sense of strength. Its first impulse is to stand upon its political position; to ally itself with a party in the State; to strengthen its connexion with property; to plant its fabrics over the face of the land; to get the primary schools into its hands; in short, to carry the visible institution every where. If it be the case that our clergy have awoken from a literary or self-indulgent lethargy to a sense of practical duty, it is not altogether unnatural that this desire of usefulness should take, in the first instance, an outward and material direction. It is the universal order of human progress. We attend to our material necessities first, and we go on to satisfy our spiritual wants afterwards. Material church extension has not kept pace with the material progress of the English people. Let this, then, be remedied by all means. Let churches and schools be built. Let there be more curates, more bishops, more services, and more people to attend to them. Let "every church in England have its stalled chancel, duly filled with its surpliced choir; let every church have at least its weekly celebration at its altar duly surmounted with the emblem of salvation" (*Christian Remembrancer*).

All this should be done. But when it is done, to what end will it have been done? Something would certainly have been gained for the well-being of the community, should the clergy succeed in visibly reuniting the masses with the Established Church, in giving them one link which could connect them, even externally, with the existing institutions of their country. The great social difficulty of our time is the gulf between the rich and the poor; the clash of interest, unsoftened by any bond of union, between labour and the employers of labour. If the revived energy of the parochial system can do any thing whatever to heal *this* schism, it ought to be warmly welcomed and promoted by all true Englishmen. Our fear is, that the spirit in which the church revival is being pushed by the Bishop of Oxford's party is doing little or nothing towards this much-to-be-desired end. We do not perceive that that party ever attempt to grapple intellectually with the actual facts of our social life. They are very zealous; but their zeal is too exclusively a blind zeal for the recognition of the Church. They march forward like a Saracenic host, with the Koran or death as their watchword. They wish to conquer, but not to reform or renew the social life of the regions they invade. The anti-intellectual stamp of the party interferes with its real comprehension of the elements of our daily life. The High-Church clergyman carries with him into every thing he does a fatal stereotype of theological opinion. Trained not to employ his reason in his theology, he never thinks of employing it in any other direction. Hence it is that remedial measures of social relief originate outside the clerical body, and often find in it their most uncompromising opponents. The High-Church clergy are, as individuals, generous beyond their means, sympathetic with affliction, unselfishly ready to bestow their time and their money upon doing good among the poor. But let any public question, involving those very interests, be brought before them in at all an abstract shape, and they are as little capable of giving it an impartial and cordial examination as an assemblage of Belgian or Spanish priests.

Under these circumstances, we cannot look so hopefully as we could wish to do upon the practical portion of the church revival. Unfortunately, however, its practical side is its bright side. Parochial activity is its best element. In its ideal of public worship, it has, if that is of any moment, both the spirit and the letter of the Book of Common Prayer on its side. Its choir-service is, compared with the practices it supersedes, an immense step in the right direction; that direction being not a recurrence to usages of the 16th century, as if those usages derived any value from their date, but the development of an

ideal form appropriate to the substance of worship. But beyond parochial organisation, and the beauty of praise, a Christian ministry is charged with duties which transcend those in excellence as in difficulty. A Protestant church does not save souls independently of their moral condition. It is an instrument of instruction, of training, of guidance; a home of holy example, a nurse of pious sentiment. The function of teaching is one of quite other importance in a Protestant, from that which it is in the Catholic, Church. In the Roman Church, the teaching office of the church is only one among many other subordinate functions of the body. In a Protestant Church, it is not by the efficacy of a sacrament, but by instruction, and discipline, and moral preparation, that the heart is made ready to be the recipient of the influences of the Holy Spirit. The church is not merely a temple of worship, but a school. When the organ is hushed, and the congregation silent, and the teacher ascends the pulpit, then the weak side of Anglicanism reveals itself. Still more out of the pulpit, in that wide arena of teaching where all the world are learners, is this weakness painfully apparent. The impotence of the pulpit, it may be said, is the fault of our congregations, whose ear expects a recurrence of phraseology to which they do not attend, but will not dispense with. But what shall we say of the written theology of the Anglican school? The press is wide and free to all. Through the press a prodigious amount of moral instruction is being given daily; the whole sum of our ideas is being constantly fed, modified, altered, through its instrumentality. The influences thus kept at work upon the public mind are some better, some worse. Of the good influences, how small a fractional part can be traced to an Anglican origin! According to the theory of the Anglican school, the Church claims the exclusive right to teach the nation; claims therefore the whole of this influence. If the voluntary teachers were to abandon the field to-morrow, and the press as well as the pulpit were the monopoly of the Anglican school, what has it got to teach? When we look at the power of the Anglican school to grapple with moral difficulties, to adjust the social machine, to aid the soul to rise above the weary cares of life, or the distracting tones of controversy, to aid it to contemplate the "depth of divine wisdom and philosophy"—*βάθος σοφίας καὶ γνώσεως Θεοῦ*,—what impotence, combined with what pretension, do we find there! The theme is the most sublime to which the powers of the human mind can be dedicated; the treatment of it the most grovelling and pettifogging. Having nothing to say itself, its chief effort is to run-down the attempts of others to handle the mighty theme. Little angry

books, in which the bad temper is more conspicuous than the bad writing, dealing in denunciation of certain imagined "enemies of the faith;" an enormous mendacity and disingenuousness, which is not ashamed to enlist in its cause all the prejudices of the ignorant,—such is the staple of High-Church literature, the utterances of the party who claim to be the exclusive teachers of truth. While the practical success of the school has been great, its literature has sunk to the level of that of the Evangelical school, upon whose ruins it had risen. Its arrogance and its incapacity are commensurate, while it breathes any thing but the calm temper of a mind in possession, as these persons claim to be, of absolute truth. "If dogmatism were the result of sincere religion," Dr. Donaldson writes, "its effect would be to make us pity our brethren who thought erroneously; we should endeavour to point out their errors, but should leave the consequences in the hand of God. The dogmatism which now prevails refuses to enter upon any argument; it denounces a difference of opinion as *ipso facto* wrong; and proceeds by all available means to inflict personal injury on those whom it is unable to convert."*

The fact is, that all the intellectual capacity which exists in the Church of England has moved away in another direction. The Church is not now, more than in past times, destitute of learning, scholarship, mental cultivation, powers of thought. But what it retains of these gifts are not found attached to the Bishop of Oxford's party. The surd and irrational complexion of that party is due to the circumstance that all its best minds went from it, some in the Ultramontane direction, others in the Latitudinarian, leaving it only a residuum of practical men—the working clergy. All those various *nuances* vulgarly denominated "broad" are in fact nothing more than an offshoot of Anglicanism; they constitute the intelligence of Anglicanism. To have attempted in any degree to apprehend religious truth, to appropriate it as a living knowledge, to seek its meaning, to give it access to the understanding, to penetrate below words to that which they would convey,—this effort transports the mind which makes it immediately beyond the pale of the Anglican party, though the person may in other respects retain unbroken the ties which attach him to that party. Accordingly, a manifesto, which evidently proceeds from one who has a right to speak in the name of his party, claims these scholars and divines as substantially friends and allies.

"The definition of a Broad Churchman, as such, is merely the negative one, that he does not choose to be called either High or Low.

* Christian Orthodoxy, p. 417.

There are persons using the name who consider church merely as an expletive, and in whose eyes 'broad' is synonymous with indistinct and undefined,—Christians unattached, in short, who have not openly left the Establishment. But it is most unjust to impute this character to Broad Churchmen as a class; for we are convinced that, under that vocable are included many men really zealous for the church cause, and for the *bono esse* of the actual Prayer-book Church, but to whom the name and idea of party in connexion with religious affairs is peculiarly offensive, and who accordingly take refuge in an appellation which they consider has come into existence as a protest against the High- and the Low-Church parties. To such as these we gladly bid God speed; and from their coöperation, whatever be its degree, more or less hearty, more or less complete, we anticipate great good for the cause, which might perhaps have continued unattainable, had they not found a name under which they could work for that cause, without identifying themselves with that party in which, from however unfounded suspicions, they were unwilling to enlist." (*Christian Remembrancer*, January 1860.)

This does not at all overstate the sympathy and hearty attachment which the scholars and divines in question entertain towards the institutions of the Anglican Church, as these have come down to us. The majority of these clergymen would, we are persuaded, repudiate the epithet "broad" by which they are designated, and claim to be simply "Anglican." They, and not the Cuddesdon party, are, to our thinking, the genuine representatives, *mutatis mutandis*, of the best traditions of the Church of England. But with party aims they never can be in sympathy, because the law of their thoughts is Christian truth, and they know that truth never can be promoted by party. They have learnt from Church history that, from the moment a doctrine is made a party watch-word, it has lost its religious significance, and becomes a mere cloak for sinister interests or fanatical malignity. Many indeed of those who most deplore the crusade against knowledge into which the Cuddesdon party is drifting, may not be unwilling to keep on good terms with that party at present. Every clergyman is compelled, on pain of professional ruin, to maintain a fair repute as "orthodox." His orthodoxy is his point of honour, and, like a woman, to be suspected is to be lost. If he would not debar himself all opportunities of future usefulness, a clerical writer must not allow the imputation of heterodoxy to be fastened on him. At the present moment the Church is under the terrorism of the faction, who are not slow to avail themselves of this powerful weapon to destroy their adversaries. When *incivism* is a capital crime, and education is sufficient evidence of *incivism*, every one is na-

turally anxious to prove that he can neither read nor write. We cannot but excuse the eager timidity with which almost all clergymen, especially those who had become theological *suspects*, hasten to whitewash themselves by denouncing the Essayists, and leaving them to their fate. We willingly allow all clergymen to take refuge from the storm under the denomination of Anglican. Let them by all means keep themselves beyond the reach of the "judicial constructions" of an ecclesiastical court. But when the tempest of unreason and theological suspicion shall be allayed, and men are at leisure to reconsider their ground, it will be impossible for any man who possesses any share of philological or theological acquirement to countenance the party of ignorance in tendencies so injurious to the highest interests of the English Church.

Could we hope that the handful of scholars and divines who still represent the tradition of learning in our Church—they are but a handful out of 17,000 clergy—would be allowed to pursue their researches in peace and freedom, and to transmit the torch of learning to another generation, we might hope that the spirit which has recently been kindled in the Church might be productive of a new and noble result. The English Church, in the exercise of her measured freedom, might be the instrument of carrying on the work of the Reformation, and restoring the destroyed harmony between the Christian tradition and human science. At least the attempt, however little successful, would have a beneficial influence. As long as there is room within the Church of England for free learning and a philosophy having its roots in science, so long will that healthy intelligence be maintained, which is an indispensable element of the life of all teaching bodies. But we cannot be blind to the fact, that a spirit is slowly but surely gaining strength within the Church, a spirit which is incompatible with any exercise of the intelligence, and which, if it succeed in gaining the upper hand, must end in expelling all intellect from her bosom. The "Conservative reaction" may be, as the Liberal press is even endeavouring to show, a mere temporary movement, the oscillation of the pendulum of parliamentary politics, a reaction against over-liberalism, a reaction which is in antagonism to the general progress of society, and which will be ultimately absorbed by that progress. This may be so. But looking only at the condition of religion among us, we cannot but think that, far down in the deep waters of society, below the surface which party combinations agitate, causes are at work more fatal to freedom of opinion in religion than any crisis through which we have passed since the Reformation. These causes and influences are new to English society, and

operate, not in antagonism to the general movement, but—and this it is which makes them formidable—are entirely of it, and are strong by its strength.

These causes are to be found in the general levelling tendency exerted by the advancing tide of civilisation. In its superficial aspect, this tendency shows itself in that spectre of the Tory party which they call "democracy." Its deeper forces are found in the increasing influence exercised over Government by a certain dead level of "public opinion." Our national Church has happily escaped political revolution for nearly two centuries; but it has not been exempt from the silent revolution which is leavening society. The tyranny of opinion has been making steady advances in Western Europe; nowhere more rapidly than in England. At one time it was worth the Church's while to ally itself with the State, *i.e.* with the Government. But it is now understood that Government has a master, and it is found to be better policy to contract the alliance directly with that master. This master is the public opinion of the majority. He who has a good understanding with this can afford to quarrel with power, even though it be the power of a Napoleon. Whatever other merit the opinion of the majority may have, it is, in the present condition of our population, an unenlightened opinion. It must be founded on passion rather than on reason; on prejudice, not on knowledge; it will prefer the interests of its class to those of the whole, and its own immediate to its remote interest. The numbers of the wise who think are little capable of increase at any time; but the numbers of the public who are influenced by opinion become yearly greater. Knowledge has less and less influence on affairs, and opinion more and more. This is not only the case in secular politics, but in religion also. Theology has absolutely no weight in this country, where there is not even any faculty of canonists. But religious opinion operates over a larger area than any other opinion whatever.

The only home of theology, and the learning which must minister to it, in this country, were the cathedrals and the universities. Within the last thirty years the cathedral endowments have been broken in pieces, and scattered in dust over the English parishes. This wanton havoc has been committed, not by confiscating statesmen, but by the hands of the bishops, and the consent of the Church herself, which has come to believe that more churches and more services were what were wanted, and that if she got them, she would do well enough without learning. The English cathedral, as it now stands, reformed in the spirit of the age, reformed by the Church herself as she now understands her mission, has been transferred from the learned

class to the working clergy. A modern Bishop is a mere vicar-general, having a peculiar department of official business to transact. Up to the moment of his consecration he was a working clergyman. If any crisis of opinion arises, he is sure to reflect the prejudices of the majority. Of the Deaneries only three or four have been left with an independence. Even those are threatened by the same public opinion which desires to utilise them by converting them into endowments for more bishops. The Canonries have come to be considered as mere means of rewarding some deserving parish priest, and appendages to his income. The Universities have long been diverted from the pursuit of the higher branches of study to the purposes of elementary education. In 1854 the opportunity of restoring the balance by the endowment of chairs was lost. After much flourish of trumpets, nothing worth speaking of was done in this way; while the compulsory theological degree was abolished, and a large portion of college revenues was converted into exhibitions for young students. The election of heads of colleges being left in the hands of the fellows, experience has shown that the man of business and social habits will be preferred by them to the man of culture and learning; while at Oxford the only two unappropriated canonries in the cathedral remaining to the Crown were recklessly sacrificed to the same furor for practical purposes. All this was done in compliance with public opinion, in the face of which it was found impossible to proceed with the creation of a professoriate. The public could not see the use of higher knowledge. In Oxford, too, the annual income is more and more voted away for non-academical objects by the Bishop of Oxford's party, which has now acquired a large numerical preponderance in the academical convocation.

The same animus which has levelled the whole Church, including the episcopate, into a parochial machine, when it turns to theology, will tolerate nothing above the level of sermons. Not only must the clerical writer not rise above the pulpit level, nothing must come from his pen beyond the phrases which are expected in the pulpit. Any thing which travels beyond these conventionalisms shocks the expectation which knew what ought to have come next. The Church party speak of all that a clerical writer utters as "teaching." Teaching is become their cant term. As if there were no such thing as discussion, or learned research; no unexplored fields in historical criticism; as if the relation of the theological writer to his reader was that of spiritual guide, and the public sat at his feet to receive dogma. It is an evil incident to the pulpit, as too often employed, that it spreads a loose and superficial

conception of Christianity. Designed properly for Christian exhortation, it has become in our day chiefly a vehicle for a popular and attenuated theological opinion. But the evil is magnified a thousand-fold when the corrective which learned discussion out of the pulpit might furnish is withdrawn. What would be the condition of any other of those branches of knowledge which bear on social life, if all attempts to handle them had to be made with the halter round the neck? What sort of notions would prevail among us on political economy or jurisprudence, *e. g.*, if Mr. Mill or Mr. Austen were required to put nothing on paper which could offend the prejudices of the common run of Englishmen? The matters which the divine would seek to treat, were it open to him to do so, are so high and intricate, that their intrinsic difficulty might alone deter him, without having error made criminal and punishable.

Even this might be borne, were it an honest desire to take security against error in treating topics so momentous. It is not error which is offensive to the world of religious party. It is the philosophical spirit which is so obnoxious to them. We know the hatred of practical statesmen for the "ideologists." It is ideology in religion which irritates beyond control the susceptibilities of the vulgar. Philosophising in other matters does not touch them. It is an idle waste of time, which they can despise, but will not quarrel for. But revealed religion, that is their affair. They understand it thoroughly. There is nothing in it with which they have not been long familiar. To have any one endeavour to go behind these familiar phrases, to bring to light some part of their deep significance, to sound the unfathomable "mystery of godliness,"—this is an insult to the popular religion which the modern religionist will not bear. The suspicion that he has been all his life feeding on words is a very painful one. To be told that just where his phrases leave off, there that which is indeed spiritual religion begins; that the symbols of ideas are not those ideas; that an effort of heart and mind and soul is requisite for the apprehension of spiritual truth;—all this is extremely galling. A man need not be a Pharisee to resent it. But the mass of orthodox English is not merely well satisfied with its own notions, but with itself for entertaining them. It can better bear to be contradicted than to be treated as of no account. It can tolerate dissent, or even unbelief, but not ideology. A philosophical Christianity which admits, but leaves below it, the popular formulæ, trenches upon the egotism as well as the prejudices of the community. Our church public is, perhaps we ought rather to say was, strongly opposed to Romanism; yet it would hear with patience the Romanist argu-

ments, and defend its own notions against them with temper. But when, some twenty-five years ago, a rich genius within the Church of England, revolting against the popular theology, endeavoured to escape its arid barrenness by glossing it with patristic and catholic interpretations, the irritation of the religious public knew no bounds. It was not the Romanism, but the "treason within the Church" that excited the clamour. Those who are old enough to remember 1840 will remember that "mystical," not "popish," was the public epithet of dislike for Dr. Newman's mode of treating Christian truth at that period. Its doctrine of "reserve in communicating religious truth" was that which first embroiled nascent Tractarianism with the religious world. Just so in the recent ferment on occasion of *Essays and Reviews*. It was not the crudities, blunders, and hasty opinions that volume contains which has stirred all the indignation, but the transcendental treatment of religion from within. Newman's constant effort was to "realise" the doctrines of the Church; it was his favourite word at one time. Jowett is ever idealising the language of Scripture. To the common understanding both alike are felt to be not only passing beyond its ken, but to be taking truth away with them into some region into which it cannot follow.

For, over and above the wound inflicted upon the vanity of the semi-instructed by these supercilious pretensions of an aristocracy of illuminated minds, we must remember that such persons are *bonâ fide* unable to see truths and relations of truths which are nevertheless matters of habitual intuition to those whose minds are further opened. The instincts of a democratic majority not only lead it to hate culture which it believes to be real, they compel it to disbelieve the existence of such culture. The public claims to be arbiter in religious controversy, because, like James I., it believes itself qualified to be so. The mass of religionists feel towards mysticism in religion as the artisan does towards political economy. He has an idea that it is his interests treated of in a pedantic jargon, for the purpose of being made unintelligible to him. The evil against which we have to strive is partly a denial of the utility of theology, but partly also the negation of its possibility. That the Gospel is for the poor, the simple, and the unlettered, is construed to mean, that there are no ideal elements in religion but what are accessible to them. Because the uninstructed can use the Bible for devotional reading, it is denied that the instructed can see in it a historical record of past events. In all ages the multitude of the semi-educated have resented these transcendental pretensions, whether of the philosopher or the saint. It is the old standing schism of the *ψυχικός* and the

πνευματικός,—the man of the letter and the man of the idea. It is not the wholly unlettered who at first come into collision with these claims, but those who have gone through some educational routine without ever having had their minds awakened. Large numbers even of those who read and write books are in this predicament. To this large and increasing class abstract truth has as good as no existence; but they have acquired a sort of vested interest in the language they have been accustomed to repeat about it. With respect to religious truth we are almost all in this condition. We have all got the Christian terminology by rote long before we quit childhood; and we are most of us already immersed in practical life before we have capacity to follow the terms into their meaning. Affliction and the trials of life do something for many of us towards opening the mind to moral and spiritual ideas; but many even these never touch. And at best how imperfect is the qualification thus given for passing judgment on the whole range of religious ideas, involving often special knowledge, critical and interpretative! Yet this is what our religious public assumes the right to do, and without any misgivings as to its own competence. How great is the contrast with the humility of true learning! "I found," said Porson, "that I should require fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity, to satisfy my mind on all points; and therefore I gave it up. There are fellows who go into the pulpit assuming every thing and knowing nothing; but I would not do so."

With this popular opinion to work upon, it is not difficult from time to time to bring an overwhelming amount of public reprobation to bear upon any original mind that dares to treat religion as any thing beyond a superficial string of ineffectual commonplaces. It is a necessary consequence of the advance of education that every subject becomes vulgarised and superficialised. Superficial knowledge is a very different thing from incomplete knowledge. The knowledge which an occupied man has of any extra-professional subject must be imperfect. But be it ever so partial, if he be aware of its imperfection, that portion which he does possess will be of some value to him. But of superficial knowledge it is the characteristic, that it believes itself exhaustive,—that is, it is negative of all beyond itself. A majority so educated will not require in its church ministers a body of teachers; for what has it to learn? There is too much truth in Dr. Donaldson's picture of the moral level of the lower middle class among ourselves, though we might wish it more charitably expressed.

"The man of business is prone to acquiesce in the consciousness of

his own respectability. This is the idol of his heart. He imitates the expensiveness rather than the refinements of the class above him. If he lays down the law in politics or religion, he is the unconscious mouthpiece of some short-sighted utilitarian or canting bigot, whom it is respectable to follow. He cares for little beyond the uncontradicted maintenance of the sentiments he has adopted from his newspaper or his preacher, his personal and domestic comfort, and the decencies of his outward appearance. Abundant meals, good clothes, and a well-furnished parlour, are the extent of his wishes. He measures things without his circle by the ideas which suffice for his narrow world. Hence he is too often the tool of bigotry, the echo of stereotyped opinions, the victim of class prejudices, the blind or obstinate advocate of measures which have no connexion with his own or his country's interests. He has no wish that his sons should be more cultivated and enlightened than himself. I regard the middle class as practically the great stumbling-block in the way of a general diffusion of higher cultivation in this country; for though they have really no opinions of their own, it is impossible to induce them to listen to any argument which runs counter to their inveterate preconceptions." (*Classical Scholarship*, p. 88.)

The increasing influence which minds of this stamp exercise in controlling the religious teaching of the clergy is a circumstance of very grave import. Hitherto the tendency of the congregation to legislate doctrinally has been kept in check by the presence, in the Church, of superior attainments and more comprehensive knowledge. The Church has (it is true, too faintly) maintained a protest against the grossness of popular conceptions, and opposed a higher standard of knowledge to the assumption of popular ignorance. But the continued degradation of the intellectual level of the clerical body on the one hand, together with the continued spread of the area of religious opinions on the other, are gradually doing away with this safeguard. The small band of men of mental acquirement in the Church is coming to occupy a more and more isolated position within it. Their knowledge appears alien, almost outcast, amid the recognised conventionalities of the popular theology. In another generation there will, in all probability, be no room for such within the Establishment. They are already struggling hopelessly against a majority,—a majority such as described by Mr. Mill,—a majority which is supreme, and therefore "has no longer need of the arms of reason. It can make its mere will prevail. Those who cannot be resisted are usually far too well satisfied with their own opinions to be willing to change them, or to listen without impatience to any one who tells them that they are in the wrong." (*Representative Government*, p. 174.)

If this result should be attained, if the High-Church movement should succeed in stifling the voice of conscience and

reason, and the Church of England should be beaten down to the dead level of democratic orthodoxy, what would be the result to the Church, and through it to the nation?

We are not left to mere speculation to answer this question. History furnishes us with a parallel case. The Church of Rome had at the Reformation the same option which the Church of England now has. It had to choose between conforming its doctrine and discipline to the accumulated knowledge of the time, or of breaking for ever with the intellectual progress of Europe. We know which side it took. Was its choice a right or a wrong one? a wise or an unwise? The history of the three centuries which have elapsed since that choice was made, are not more than enough to enable us to answer this inquiry. Looking to the spiritual duties which a church is called to perform, it was the wrong choice. It threw up for ever the office of teacher, renounced the dangerous and troublesome duty of raising man above himself, of guiding and shaping the intelligence of Christendom. The Church ceased at the Reformation to do that which it had done ever since the first promulgation of Christianity. The education of mankind was from that time forward handed over to the impersonal and irresponsible moralists of the press. That education went on, but outside the Church, under its ban. On the other hand, looking to the temporal and selfish interests of the Church as a corporation, it was the wise choice. It was the wise instinct of the Italian statesmen that led them to choose ignorance and the masses as the solid foundation for the edifice of their ecclesiastical power. An aristocracy of intellect is a very precarious institution. Power always finds its way back to the majority in the long-run. The press may be troublesome at times; but the majority can always tie it up when they please to do so.

The church movement in the Church of England is arriving at power at the moment of a similar crisis. It has to choose between the knowledge of the few and the ignorance of the masses. Will it rise to the high calling of combating prejudice, resisting popular delusions, vindicating learning, maintaining the standing protest against superficial religionism, restoring the superior education as a preparation for the ministry, asserting its rightful place as the instructor of the nation? The party guided by the Bishop of Oxford will not be so unwise in its generation. To an arduous and responsible struggle it will prefer an easy and certain party-triumph. The loss of caste which the Church will suffer by an overt breach with the intelligence of the country will be far more than made up to it by its becoming more at home with the majority, whose opinion

controls the Government. "With a uniform 50*l.* suffrage," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, "the Church would be politically omnipotent. With universal suffrage and electoral districts the power would be vastly greater than it is. The line is now drawn at that precise point which is most inimical to her interests. For it is with the class of the 10*l.* householders that Dissent has struck its roots."* If the party now uppermost in the Church choose to act with a single eye to her interests, irrespective of her duties, they seem to be on the eve of strengthening her political position by a sacrifice of her moral and religious usefulness, to an extent which has not been achieved since the Restoration.

ART. X.—LANCASHIRE IN 1862.

Lord Derby's Speech; "Times," Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1862.

THE authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, if we are not mistaken, ventured on one occasion in the presence of a Lancashire working-man to compassionate him and his fellow-operatives as "white slaves;" and was surprised to find her compassion civilly but decidedly disclaimed. Mrs. Stowe's ignorance might be forgiven; she only repeated the nonsense which had for years been current among English philanthropists and New-England declaimers. But it is not easy to forgive the wilful perversity of some of those English friends from whom she learned her absurd error; the gentlemen who, living where a peasant's family thought themselves lucky to earn ten shillings a week, undertook the championship of the imaginary claims of a class whose incomes were thrice as large, and who were able, if any body of working-men are able, to take good care of themselves. Lord Shaftesbury's labourers and Mr. Kingsley's parishioners would have been astonished indeed, if, two years ago, they could have had a glimpse of the real condition of the factory folk of South Lancashire, Cheshire, and the West Riding; and we are afraid that many men who ought to have known more of the state of the most prosperous, wealthy, and influential districts in England, were almost as ignorant on the subject as if they had depended for information on the orators of Exeter Hall and the pamphlets of the Christian Socialists. It is this ignorance which must be our apology for prefacing what we have to say about Lancashire in 1862 by a brief reference to the Lancashire of 1860,—the last year of the prosperity of the cotton-manufacture.

* Liturgy and the Dissenters, p. 7.

The last grievance of the operatives was long ago removed by the enactment of that which is popularly known as the Ten Hours' Bill. They worked in the factory five days a week from six to six, with an interval of half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner; on Saturday work ceased at two o'clock. Their labour was not fatiguing; it involved no severe physical exertion, and its one great drawback was, that it was necessarily performed within doors, in an atmosphere somewhat overheated and generally close. But it was not an unhealthy occupation, and it would have been a healthful one for the vast majority of the employed, if that fear of fresh air which characterises the working-classes of most countries, and not least those of English towns, had not thwarted all the efforts of intelligent masters to insure a constant and adequate ventilation. The people were well paid; better paid by far than any other large class of labourers in any old country are paid for any work requiring no greater skill and no severer exertion. Children could earn from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, and were obliged to spend half their day in school; boys and girls of thirteen and upwards could earn as much as 7*s.*; women, up to 15*s.* or 18*s.*; and men, not engaged as mechanics, from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.*; while the wages of the higher class of mechanics sometimes exceeded 2*l.* It is plain, therefore, that the income of a family of six, of whom there would be two, two and a half, or three labourers, could range from 75*l.* a year to 150*l.*, or even 200*l.*; and that 100*l.* a year would be by no means a high average. Once in five or ten years came a period of depression, when for three or even six months only half this amount was to be earned; when the mills worked "short-time," or "half-time;" and when, consequently, the people had idle days upon their hands, and were sometimes severely tried by privations which, to agricultural labourers in Dorsetshire or Somerset, are simply the condition of every-day life. But for the most part work was abundant; so abundant that a steady workman could never feel much anxiety about the prospect of finding employment, or providing for a growing family. Men who were not actually reckless were well off in ordinary times; prudent men might reasonably expect that, save by some unexpected visitation of Providence, they would always be able to keep themselves above want; men who were at once clever, prudent, and ambitious, might not unreasonably dream of attaining one day the position of masters. Even now, there are scores of manufacturers and merchants in Lancashire—among them some of the richest and best known—who rose from the ranks, and hundreds whose fathers did so. It is not so easy to rise now as it was once, when capitals were small and profits enormous; but it is

even now no unreasonable aspiration in a young and clever mechanic or overlooker, if he look forward to owning one day a mill of his own, and leaving a fortune to his children. No common talent is required to do this; but uncommon talent has a fair chance and an ample field.

Up to the end of 1860—indeed, up to June 1861—the operatives were therefore in a condition which the vast majority of their countrymen would have envied, with which they themselves had reason to be contented, and which seemed to sympathising observers full of hope and promise. Circumstances were favourable, and the people were fit to make the best of those circumstances. Education had spread rapidly among them. They were all aware of its value, they had many facilities for its acquirement. Even of the older generation many had at least learned to read and write; and having thus the key of knowledge in their hands, they were not without leisure to use it. In every considerable town excellent Mechanics' Institutions opened their doors to adult students; and the numerous places for which a certain amount of education was an indispensable requisite afforded every inducement to self-instruction. For the younger men, the half-time system has made education compulsory. A factory child must spend half of each day, between nine and thirteen, in school; and the schools provided are for the most part very good. It is found, too, that children of that age learn nearly as much in half a day as in a whole day, and thus, while they are acquiring their trade, get on almost as fast as their companions whose whole time is given to their books. Consequently the Lancashire operatives are, for working-men, an educated class. Their intelligence, sobriety, and practical good sense, are far above the average; and their independence of spirit, while it is sometimes carried to an excess, and becomes troublesome to their employers and offensive to strangers, has nevertheless done much to raise their character, and stimulate them to efforts which have resulted in successes of no small moment. The progress of Coöperation is a striking proof of their capacity to take care of themselves, and their resolution to do so. The pattern Coöperative Society, the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale, started with about thirty members, and a capital of 28*l.*; it had, when we last saw its quarterly statement, about 30,000*l.* and nearly 4000 members. It began with a little shop for the sale of flour and groceries; it has established butcher's, provision, drapery, tailoring, and shoemaking concerns, and has created an excellent reading-room and library. It has been the parent of two other societies in the same town, whose joint capital in 1860 did not fall far short of 100,000*l.* Its achieve-

ments gave rise to the establishment of many scores of similar institutions throughout the manufacturing districts, several of which were doing a very flourishing business so long as there was in Lancashire any business to be done. All these societies were founded and managed exclusively by working-men; working-men were their sole shareholders, and almost their only customers; and through them it seemed that the *élite* at least of the factory operatives were likely to emancipate themselves not only from debt, but from that absolute dependence on the week's wages which had hitherto been accepted as the normal condition of all working-men. The opportunity of making even small savings available gave a powerful impulse to thrift; and the business of the societies gave their members a lesson in political economy, a notion of the relations between capital and labour, and an insight into the nature of trade and manufactures, which was of the highest practical value. By giving five per cent on money at call, by making every shareholder participate in the control of their affairs, by saving for their members in the form of dividends, which were generally reinvested, ten or twelve per cent on each man's household expenditure, the Coöperative Stores rendered an amount of service, moral, educational, and material, which it would be difficult to estimate.

The homes of the workpeople were for the most part decent and comfortable—those of the more thoughtful and fortunate very comfortable indeed. For half-a-crown or three shillings in country places,—for rather more in the large towns,—a good cottage was to be had; and if the master were also the landlord, and were alive to the advantage of promoting the health and happiness of his people, the cottage would have a bit of garden attached to it—a privilege which is highly valued by the operatives. These modest homes were neatly furnished, and as well kept as was possible when female labour was too valuable to be reserved for home consumption. The mechanic himself and his family were well and sufficiently clothed; and the appearance of a factory village was proof to the most careless observer that the condition of the people was prosperous and improving.

And they were worthy of their prosperity: how worthy, they have proved since adversity came upon them. But even before they were tried, those who knew them did not doubt that they would bear the trial well. The old times of violence and riot are passed away,—belong to the past so completely, that no amount of suffering could revive them. It is true that even of late years there have been senseless strikes, and that the men on strike have exercised much lawless tyranny over their

fellows ; but strikes were becoming more rare and more respectably conducted every year ; the workmen were learning to understand the conditions on which wages depend, and to appreciate the conduct of their employers more fairly than workmen generally do, to deal justly where they were justly dealt by, and to listen patiently when facts were fairly and frankly put before them. As they grew richer, they grew not less but more manageable. They used their prosperity to good purpose ; they became more thrifty, more solicitous to maintain their own independence and to improve the prospects of their children ; and, contrary to the general rule with men in the receipt of high wages, they were among the most sober of the working-class. Let us add that, whether in good times or in bad, they were ever charitable towards one another ; and that when they accept, reluctantly enough, the assistance which their wealthier neighbours and their distant countrymen now tender them, they only receive what they were ever willing to render to those less fortunate than themselves.

Owing to the character and condition of the operatives, the outward signs of distress were for a long time so slight as greatly to mislead distant or careless observers, and even those whose business it was to make themselves acquainted with the actual state of the suffering districts. The manufacturers of course knew what was passing, and had a sufficiently accurate prevision of that which has since come to pass. But the language of the Government, so lately as last July, showed that they altogether underrated both the actual and the prospective extent of the evil. Mr. Villiers refused to believe that the provisions of his Rate-in-Aid Bill would be brought into operation ; that is, he did not expect that by Christmas there would be many unions, or even many parishes, where the expenditure on the relief of the poor would exceed the rate of 5*s.* in the pound per annum, or 1*s.* 3*d.* per quarter, the limit fixed in his original measure as entitling parish or union to assistance from its neighbours. He relied, of course, on the information which reached him through the Poor-Law Office, and that information was necessarily deceptive. The people of Lancashire are not, like those of some counties, accustomed to pauperism. It is not their wont in time of need to look to the parish for aid, and they regard the receipt of parish pay as a degradation scarcely less dreadful than imprisonment. There are districts where the labouring classes, educated under the demoralising system of the old poor-law, have learned to consider the parish allowance almost as much their right as their wages ; where most, perhaps, have at one time or another been paupers, and where old age looks to the workhouse as its na-

tural and legitimate refuge. This has never been the case with the factory folk of Lancashire. They have been accustomed to depend on themselves, to feel it their duty to do so, and to be proud of doing so; they would be reluctant to ask for assistance even from a neighbour, and still more from an employer; they may be said to have made independence their point of honour. In their eyes, the distinction between the pauper and the labourer is greater than that between the labourer and the peer. They considered pauperism disgraceful; they looked down on the few paupers among them as a class composed for the most part of incorrigible idlers—a class more nearly allied to professional criminals than to honest and respectable workmen; and we are not sure that those who best know the pauper class of our towns would not indorse their opinion. They made, therefore, the most desperate efforts to keep “off the parish;” and so long as they were able by any possibility to do this, it was obvious that the increase of pauperism bore no proportion to the progress of distress. It was clear, too, that a time must come when all the workman’s resources would be exhausted, and that then the influx of claimants upon the rates would set-in in earnest, and go on more and more rapidly, until the whole unemployed population had become dependent on alms. That time has arrived; and the only reason for surprise is, that it did not come sooner.

The distress may be said to have begun towards the end of the summer of 1861. For six months previously the manufacturers had, as a class, been losing; some of them had been heavy losers, for the demand for goods was slack, and the price of cotton was steadily though not rapidly rising. But in September mills were working short time, or closing altogether; it had become evident that this process would go on until all but a small percentage had entirely stopped; and masters and men were compelled to look in the face a prospect as terrible as ever threatened a wealthy, thriving, and industrious community. And they faced it in a sensible and manly spirit. We do not mean to say that all of either class did their duty. There were masters who showed a selfish hard indifference to the interests of their men; there were cases where the men behaved ill and unreasonably. In a few instances there were strikes against a reduction of wages—acts of folly which seemed to promise ill for the future. But we believe that most of these were traceable to an idea which was not altogether unsound, though not under the circumstances practicable. The men maintained that as the want of cotton, and not of a market, was the danger that threatened them, not a reduction of wages, but a reduction of the quantity of work, was the proper

remedy, and they demanded a recourse to short time, by which their earnings would be much more diminished than by the proposed alteration of the wages-tariff, but which would, they conceived, economise the supply of cotton. However, the progress of events soon satisfied all parties that even half-time could not long be maintained; and the operatives patiently and manfully submitted to their fate. There were no murmurs against their employers or against Government, for it was perfectly understood that the former could not have done otherwise than as they did, and that the latter could only avert the cotton famine by sacrificing the policy of the nation to the interests of Lancashire; a sacrifice which, to their honour be it said, the Lancashire operatives would even now most indignantly repudiate. We believe that there is no part of England where an intervention in America, with a view of breaking the blockade and releasing the cotton-crop of the Confederate States, would be less popular than in Lancashire. The operatives have shown themselves readier to endure wrong than to commit it; and the expressions of indignation and impatience which have been provoked by the sufferings entailed on them by the American blockade have not come from them, nor from those who regard the subject from their point of view.

There have been no murmurs; but few of us have any idea how much suffering there has been. At first, men lived on their savings, if they had any. With a heavy heart they drew from the savings-banks the funds which, as Lord Derby said, "represented the small sums set by, by honest, frugal, persevering industry, by years of toil and of self-denial, in the hope of its being, as it has been in many cases before, the foundation of colossal fortunes." From seven banks alone, up to last June, the excess of withdrawals above the usual amount was 71,000%. And it should be remembered that not the excess, but nearly the whole amount of the year's withdrawals represents a sacrifice of this kind—a sacrifice sometimes of great aspirations, oftener of modest ambition, or of the hope of securing a decent competence for old age. In ordinary times a large part—in Lancashire, probably by far the larger part—of the sums withdrawn by workmen are withdrawn for investment; this year they have been withdrawn to stave off the cruel alternative of starvation or pauperism. Again, by no means the whole of the savings of Lancashire were stored in savings-banks. The Coöperative Stores were the great bankers of the poor, or rather of those who were ceasing to be poor; and we are informed that from all these stores—which by their rules allow withdrawal of money invested in the form of shares—considerable sums have been drawn out. We cannot pretend to calculate

the extent of the loss thus sustained by the working-classes; but we are sure that the figures given by the savings-banks represent only a small portion of the capital which they owned in 1861, and which has now ceased to exist. And when their savings were exhausted, a still severer trial came. Their homes were dismantled; they sold or pawned, with little hope of redeeming them, the ornaments or the superfluous furniture which had adorned their dwellings—the reward of hard work and self-denial, in which they took an honest pride, and for which they felt an affection which those only do feel for their possessions who have earned them. Then went things that could ill be spared, but that must go to buy bread: the clock that was no longer needed to warn the workman when it was time to prepare for work, or the wife when to expect her husband home—the table that could no longer be covered with a plentiful and wholesome meal—the household linen—the blankets, which in summer might be dispensed with—the best clothes, of which there was no longer need, now that there was no distinction between days of work and days of rest—every thing that could be sold must go to buy bread, and little enough of that, for men and women who had been wont to live well as they worked steadily, and for children who hardly knew what want might mean. It makes the heart sick to write of these things; men who know Lancashire can hardly bear to speak of them; what must those have felt who suffered them? But they were patient—patient even when they sat looking at bare walls and fireless hearths, and heard the children crying for the bread they had been used to earn and could not endure to beg. There were hundreds, nay thousands of families who would not ask charity even in that dire extremity. “Nay, but we’ll clem first,” they said; and some of them came terribly nigh “clemming” to death. One case came to light at the beginning of this autumn in which a family had been found in a dwelling bare of every thing but the bedstead, literally awaiting death by starvation. For two or three days they had not tasted food; and if food had not been brought them, if they had not been sought out by those who had undertaken the work of relief, they would have perished by famine rather than stooped to ask for that which their countrymen were not only ready but eager to give them.

This case was extreme, of course, but hardly exceptional. Of those who were thrown out of employment at the commencement of the pressure, numbers were in utter destitution before the machinery of relief was properly organised, before the country was roused to a sense of the fact, that Lancashire was afflicted by a cotton famine as terrible in its way as the

potato famine of Ireland, or the dearth that recently desolated some provinces of India. And there were hundreds of these who would have done just what the family whose case we have cited did,—who would never have stirred abroad to ask for charity, and who accepted it with shame and reluctance when it was brought to their doors. We know that there are many who have behaved very differently—many who were ready recipients even of parish pay, and who vex the souls of the visitors by their clamour and complaints. On the verge between labour and pauperism, in Lancashire as in other populous districts, hangs a class which dislikes work, and objects to the parish dole only on the score of its insufficiency. In prosperous times there are a certain number of hands of this sort in most of the town-factories, many of them Irish, all of them idle, dissolute, and dishonest: in times of trouble, these are of course the first to be dismissed, and as they never save, they are immediately destitute. But that this class is a very small one is evident from the police returns, which show no increase in the number of depredations. The vast majority of the operatives are, as we have described them, proud of their independence, shamefaced in asking aid, however sorely they need it, and disposed to shrink from pauperism as much as the ruined tradesman or the broken-down gentlewoman. And when we find that there are now a quarter of a million of these people in the receipt of outdoor relief, we know how to estimate the mental sufferings, the shame and the sorrow, which the American war has entailed on the most innocent of its victims. No matter what their extremity of need may be—no matter how clear and how readily acknowledged their title to assistance from without—to those who have been wont to eat the fruit of their own labour the bread of dependence cannot but be bitter.

And we think that their actual physical sufferings have been underrated. Something has been done of late to increase the amount both of parochial and of charitable relief; and when 2s. a head has become practically, as it is theoretically, the minimum income allowed, and when, in the case of single persons, this is raised to 3s. or upwards, we suppose that at least the people will have enough to eat, will not actually suffer from hunger. But it is only recently that the Central Executive Committee have begun to insist effectively on this scale, which even yet is not recognised by the Poor-Law authorities. For a long time the average grants of the latter were considerably under 1s. 6d. a head, and those of the Relief Committees did not reach a higher figure, even where they constituted the sole income of the family. There were hundreds of cases where a family of six had an income of about 7s. per week, and in very

few instances would they, if none of them were in work, be receiving more than 9s. And be it remembered that they were worse off, in two important respects, than the families of ill-paid labourers in some southern counties, who contrive to exist on such a pittance. They were used to better things. They had not been accustomed to the barest sufficiency of the coarsest food, nor had their life fitted them for such fare. They were less robust, and much more delicate in their appetites, than an agricultural peasantry; and we suppose that no man of experience or medical knowledge will question that there is great physical suffering in descending from a generous to a poor diet, even though the latter be sufficient to sustain in life and health those who have never known any thing better. And again, the Lancashire sufferers had deprived themselves of every thing they possessed before they were reduced to depend on charity for this miserable pittance. Their homes were bare of furniture, their clothing was worn out, their shoes let in water,—many of them had no shoes at all, and very insufficient clothing. We read of men obliged to go barefoot, to whom this must have been as severe a trial as it would be to their employers; of girls crouching behind a door to hide from visitors the scantiness of their apparel, who were wont to be as well clad as domestic servants. And this is still the case, although large quantities of clothing and blankets have been contributed in London and throughout the country, and large sums have been voted by the Committees in Manchester and at the Mansion House to redeem the clothes pledged by the operatives during the earlier months of the distress, or to purchase new clothes. Still the people suffer sadly from insufficiency of apparel during the day, and of bedding at night; and they are, we repeat it, peculiarly ill-qualified to endure privations of this kind. The mildness of the weather during the whole of November and the greater part of December has been a happy accident; had winter set in early and severely, the sufferings of the poor people, before assistance could be effectually rendered, would have been horrible. As it is, we fear that they have suffered nearly as much from cold as from hunger; and happy shall we be if it should prove that the timely influx of funds from all quarters, which has enabled the Committees to extend their operations and increase the rate of relief, has come in time to avert a more terrible scourge than either cold or hunger. Some weeks ago, there were alarming rumours of the appearance of fever of that type which is always found to follow closely in the steps of famine. We heard of typhus at Preston; and one of the chief medical officers of the Ashton Union reported: "I have daily

experience of the prevailing misery and want. Increase of sickness is the natural result. Fever, measles, scarlatina, rheumatism, pulmonary and other diseases are rapidly increasing, and I fear there will be great mortality during the winter; for the poor people have neither money nor credit, and are destitute of the common necessities of life, many of them subsisting on Indian meal and other cheap articles. My district includes the north side of the borough and adjoining villages. You will understand the ratio of increase when I report 300 cases for the last four weeks, as compared with only fifty-four cases for the corresponding weeks of October 1861. Eighteenpence a head is not sufficient to recruit the strength of sick people who are wasting for want of proper food; and a form of typhus is setting in which will spread through the country and affect the rich as well as the poor." At present we do not hear much of disease of this kind, and we may hope that a generous and judicious use of the means which the national liberality has placed at the disposal of the Local Relief Committees will spare us the shame and grief of seeing the patient sufferers in Lancashire decimated by a pestilence traceable distinctly and solely to want.

We agree with Lord Derby in thinking that the relief administered should not go beyond what is necessary to maintain the health of the unemployed population, and we feel sure that they would approve his remarks on that point as fully as we do. But there is not much danger of excessive liberality in general, whatever may happen in particular instances. Two things are chiefly to be borne in mind by those who are the almoners of the nation: first, that they must give judiciously; and second, that they must give fairly. They must make their relief sufficient—and this they are trying to do; and they must take care, either by giving it in kind or by other precautions, that it shall always be properly applied,—and this, we believe, they have in most cases successfully endeavoured to do. Fairness is more difficult. We do not mean that there has been any thing like intentional partiality. On the contrary, we believe that, in face of so great a disaster, all personal and sectarian prejudices have been overpowered, even in the Local Committees; and we are quite certain that the charge of being influenced by such feelings, which was made by one insignificant speaker at the Mansion House against the body over which Lord Derby presides, was utterly without the pretence of a foundation. We mean, that it is very hard for the central authorities to apportion their grants fairly between different districts, and still more difficult for the Local Committees to be quite just in their dealings with individuals. The Executive Committee at Manchester has taken great pains

to do its duty in this respect ; and has had the use of so much private information and local knowledge that it has probably succeeded, as far as success is possible, in doing justice to local claims. But the London Committee has done much to thwart its efforts, and destroy its salutary influence over the local distributors ; and the existence of this second centre, as a centre of distribution, and not merely of collection, is an unmistakable evil. The Relief Committees of each township, in their turn, are constantly liable to mistakes—liable to give to clamorous impudence what was meant for honest, and generally silent, want,—to overlook those who need their aid the most, and to be liberal to those who deserve it least. Errors of this kind are inevitable. In all cases of widespread distress, those who undertake the duty of relief must often be deceived, must often omit the good they ought to do, and do harm without intending or being aware of it. We hear now and then of imposition ; we hear complaints that the Irish, who have no shame in living on charity, and who fear work more than want, are so successful in their demands on the visitors and the Committees, that they would be almost sorry to return to their employment. But, on the whole, there can be no doubt whatever that the public charity is as well and wisely administered as it is liberally bestowed.

The extent of the calamity which has befallen our most prosperous districts is such, that the organisation of a machinery for the relief of the distress it involves, so complete and efficient as that which is now at work, reflects great credit on the business capacities of Lancashire, and is in itself a warranty for sound and careful management. The twenty-one distressed unions included in the weekly Poor-Law Report contain a population a little exceeding 2,000,000. Of these, about 280,000 are paupers—nearly all of them pauperised by the cotton famine. About 180,000 more, not in the receipt of assistance from the unions, are aided by the Local Committees which report to the Manchester Executive. Including the not inconsiderable numbers maintained by private charity, of whom we shall presently have to speak, we are sure that we under-rate the number of persons now dependent on alms in stating it at half a million. Half a million more are probably on the verge of pauperism or dependence, in consequence of the almost total suspension of trade and industry throughout the cotton districts. But, leaving these altogether out of the account, the fact that 460,000 souls, or one-fourth of the entire population of the manufacturing district, are to be maintained by parish rates or public charity, sufficiently proves that too much has not been asked of the country ; that though the sum raised

by voluntary contributions amounts already to 800,000*l.* or 900,000*l.*, more will probably be required ere long.

And more will doubtless be forthcoming as it is wanted, in spite of the persevering efforts made in certain quarters to discourage the excellent spirit which animates all classes, sects, and parties, by imputations of neglect of duty on the part of those who are more especially bound to be diligent and earnest in the good work. Foremost among individual sinners in this matter stands one of those men whose faults of intellect and temper make their goodness more noxious than the vices of others—the Rev. Charles Kingsley. That gentleman has three capital disqualifications which render him utterly unfit to deal with a question like this. He hates rich men as a class—capitalists above other rich men, and employers of labour above all other capitalists; and he cannot, if he would, believe any good of a Lancashire manufacturer. He is profoundly and amazingly ignorant of political economy,—so ignorant that he commits blunders on matters of fact which no ordinary man of business could perpetrate. And he has a mind incredulous of figures and impenetrable to statistics. He, without waiting to be sure of his facts, or to understand their bearing, commenced a fierce attack on the ratepayers and parish authorities, whom he confounded with the capitalists of Lancashire, because the rates in the distressed districts were lower than those in what he is pleased to call by the name—meaningless for eight hundred years—of Wessex. On this fact he based a charge, first of general and then of particular stinginess. He inferred that, as a general rule, the wealth of Lancashire did less for her poor than that of the southern counties—a childish absurdity, which was at once disposed of by the obvious reply, that wages in Lancashire were so high and work so abundant, that pauperism was very rare, and rates consequently very low; while the high rates of Wessex are a consequence of low wages and scanty employment—a proof that capital there, from whatever cause, does but little for labour. Secondly, he accused Lancashire of keeping down the rates, in order to compel the charity of the country to maintain her poor. And here he did good which he certainly had not intended; he provoked proof, clear, certain, and irrefragable, that there was not the slightest truth in his accusation. In the first place, his facts were wrong. He had got hold of the rates levied in certain parishes and unions at Lady-day or at Michaelmas last, and on these he founded his assertion, that the expenditure on the poor did not reach 3*s.* 4*d.* in the pound. The truth was, that, up to Midsummer, the people were still able, to some extent, to help themselves; and the charity extended to them by neighbours and strangers enabled a large

proportion of the sufferers to avoid the humiliation of pauperism, and therefore the rates were low. But the present expenditure is such that it will require for the quarter rates varying from 1s. 3d. to 3s. in the pound; and if it continue for a year, the rates for the twelvemonth will in few places be lower than 5s. in the pound. The following table exhibits, on the authority of Mr. Farnall (the Special Commissioner of the Poor-Law Board), the proportion of the present expenditure to the rateable value of some of the most afflicted districts, and the relation between the actual and the normal rates. The annual rate required now is in

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Ashton-under-Lyne	11	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	last year it was	0	7
Blackburn	7	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	" "	1	0
Burnley	5	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	" "	0	9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Bury	4	6	" "	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Glossop	12	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	" "	0	7 $\frac{3}{4}$
Haslingden	9	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	" "	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Manchester (township)	5	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	" "	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oldham	8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	" "	0	9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Preston	8	2	" "	1	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rochdale	6	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	" "	0	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Stockport	6	8 $\frac{1}{8}$	" "	0	8 $\frac{7}{8}$
Todmorden	6	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	" "	0	10 $\frac{5}{8}$

So far, then, from being low, the rates in Lancashire are rising to an enormous height. And we must not forget the condition of those on whom they are levied. For a year or more the manufacturers of Lancashire have been losing money—losing, perhaps, one-tenth of their capital, according to Mr. Cobden's calculation. For six months the majority of the shopkeepers have been doing no trade; for some time previously they had been dealing on credit, trusting their poor customers to the utmost of their ability, and being trusted largely in return by the wholesale dealers. One firm of the latter class alone is said to have owing to it, from the retail tradesmen whom it supplies, as much as 20,000*l.*, which for the present is irrecoverable. That sum probably has passed through the hands of some hundreds of shopkeepers, to each of whom fifty, a hundred, or two hundred pounds is owed by unemployed workmen, who of course cannot pay a sixpence. For six months the owners of cottage property have received no rents, or a very small proportion of their rents. The operatives, who formed, perhaps, a majority of the ratepayers where the Small Tenements Act is not in operation, are not now ratepayers, but rate-receivers. Under such circumstances, a heavy rate is an enormous cruelty. Exemptions must of course be

numerous, but payment must be exacted from thousands who really cannot afford to pay. Yet borrowing, the only resource, is not allowed till the *expenditure* reaches the *ratio* of 3s. in the pound per annum, which, under present circumstances, means a *rate* of 4s. or 4s. 6d. in the pound. In the counties where a 3s. or 4s. rate is normal, it is paid by the owners of property, seeing that their rents are lowered thereby. But when it is levied suddenly, in places used to a rate of ten-pence, it falls actually as well as nominally on the occupiers; and these, who can in many instances but just keep their heads above water, are in no condition to bear it. A letter from the Secretary of the Blackburn Relief Committee, which appeared in the *Times* of the 6th December, throws so much light on the question of the ability of Lancashire to bear heavy rates, that we make no apology for quoting the greater part of it. The writer (Mr. Fielden) says:

"Blackburn is entirely dependent on one trade, viz. cotton manufacture, and three-fourths of the machinery is employed for one market; and any merchant can testify that the trade in East-India cotton fabrics has been most unprofitable for the past two years.

Out of a population of 63,125, no less than 24,845 earn their livelihood and the means to support those at home in our cotton mills and sheds.

It scarcely needs remarking that the value of property, the profits and loss of shopkeepers, and all the various trades that are necessary to supply the requirements of cotton and its workers, are regulated and governed by the prosperity or adversity of our staple trade.

The present state of employment, including mechanics and other artisans, is 5713 full time, 4769 short time, and 16,791 entirely unemployed. The present weekly loss in wages is fully 13,500*l.*; and the total deficiency since the crisis commenced averages 19% to every worker, or the enormous sum of 51,800*l.** This amount is equal to 3½ times the whole assessment of the town; and taking 10 per cent as an average profit, it represents a loss of 100% from this cause alone to every shopkeeper in Blackburn.

From the above items it is easy to conclude that great losses must have been sustained from idle and unproductive machinery and buildings.

There were 73 firms in the cotton business, 18 of whom have suspended payment, compounded with their creditors, or have been made bankrupts. The rateable value of 63 firms is 42,541*l.*, on which during this year a 6s. poor-rate and 2s. 5d. for improvement rates have been levied and paid, making an average of 284*l.* to each firm, or a total sum of 17,902*l.* Twenty of these firms are rated at 32,469*l.*, and the remaining forty-three at 10,072*l.*; thus showing that two-thirds

* There is some misprint here. The real sum is over 470,000*l.* And, as will subsequently appear, the rating of the manufacturers alone is over 40,000*l.*

of these consist of men in a small way of business, and refuting the idea that has been pressed upon the public, especially in the South of England, that they are as a rule men of fabulous wealth.

The subscription-list contains the sum of 6,940*l.* from our local manufacturers, and this is no real criterion of what they have done. Many of them are supporters of sewing and educational classes; several other funds for special purposes they have given liberally to; and, together with what has been done in such movements, it is not too much to estimate their subscriptions at 13,000*l.*

Without going into details, I may state that the Blackburn overseers of the poor are more than 10,000*l.* in debt, and there is exceedingly little of the old rate that can be collected.

The present weekly relief by the guardians is twelve times the amount expended in ordinary times; and were it not for the Relief Committee and the private efforts made in the town, a 30*s.* rate would not meet the case, assuming the distress to continue as at present for the next twelve months. If it is considered a desirable thing that small-property owners, small manufacturers, and small shopkeepers, composed chiefly of, and regularly recruited from, the most thrifty, intelligent, and industrious operatives—I say, if it is desirable that this class should be reduced to the condition of receiving relief, then the most effectual way to do this would be to levy a 5*s.* poor-rate. *I know that manufacturers who have been ruined in this crisis are now receiving flour and meal from the Relief Committee.*

I unhesitatingly say, that the great bulk of the property in the town is unproductive, and that no more rates in Blackburn will be quietly submitted to by a large body of struggling tradesmen, until better times shall again bring cheerfulness to this at present gloomy Lancashire."

On the day on which this letter appeared, a deputation of tradesmen waited on the Blackburn Board of Guardians, to request that they would apply for a loan from the Consolidated Fund. They pleaded that "many of the small tradesmen and cottage-owners are in that financial strait that they *know not how to obtain food*. Some of them have paid rates and extended aid in goods to their unemployed customers, until their own credit and stocks are exhausted; while those among them who, after a life of struggling, had succeeded in obtaining an interest in a few cottages, in hopes of preventing dependence on charity when old, find that the value of their little properties is almost consumed by the claims for mortgage interests and *the payment of excessive rates*." Heavy rates levied at such a time as this must prove to these men—including the *élite* of the operative class—that "last straw that breaks the camel's back;" and we cannot but rejoice that the amended Act, carried at the close of last session, has opened a chance of rescue for those who do not less deserve our sympathy and respect

than those who are actually and directly deprived of bread by the failure of the supply of cotton.

The ratepayers of Lancashire have done what they could ; and the attack upon them is shown to have been as unfounded as it was malignant. But there was one complaint preferred by the pauperised operatives themselves which deserves a few words of notice and explanation. They protested against the treatment they received when they came to apply for parish relief. They said that degrading tests were imposed upon them ; and one case was quoted in which an applicant, ordered to sweep the streets, refused, went home unrelieved, and actually died of hunger. They were forced to herd with habitual paupers ; and they felt the insult much as political offenders feel that of being thrust into the company of felons and outcasts. They complained of the kind of labour exacted. Stone-breaking, they declared, overtasks the strength of men accustomed to weaving, and moreover unfits their hands for their ordinary work ; both of which assertions are probably correct. It is possible that many of these remonstrances were well founded ; it is possible that at first the Poor-Law authorities hardly knew what to do. They were trained to suspicion, strictness, and harshness of tone by habitually dealing with men whose anxiety was to avoid work and defy regulation. They may have offended the reasonable pride of the operatives. On the other hand, the latter are probably often over-sensitive and unjustly jealous. But of late we believe that all disputes of this kind have been adjusted ; that the labour-test has been suspended with almost too much readiness ; and that the operatives have learned to acquiesce in the justice and necessity of such regulations as are still maintained. Complaints on their behalf against every body who is labouring, officially or voluntarily, to relieve their distress, are preferred from time to time by the secretaries of certain trades-unions ; but most of their charges are palpably frivolous, and the rest are discredited by their authorship. No statement that comes from such a quarter is entitled to the least attention or respect.

We wish that it were possible to close this article without reference to another set of accusations, which have been preferred without due consideration, and persisted in, in despite of knowledge, and in the face of unanswerable evidence of their inaccuracy ; we mean, those which have been advanced against the proprietors, merchants, and manufacturers of Lancashire. It has been asserted and reasserted that the immediate neighbours of the suffering operatives—those who have grown rich by the cotton trade, who are most directly and closely connected with those whom the cotton famine has reduced to indigence—

have been backward in the work of charity. Lord Derby and Mr. Farnall have furnished the answer to the general charge. The distressed unions are spending from 15,000*l.* to 18,000*l.* a week in out-door relief; and by the end of this winter will have spent over 200,000*l.* in this way. The contributions of Lancashire men to the Central and Local Relief Funds exceed 400,000*l.*, and subscriptions are still pouring in. In the face of figures like these, it is something worse than folly to pretend that Lancashire has been backward or lukewarm. Lord Derby himself has given 6000*l.*, and services of the highest value, to the Central Relief Committee; and the example set by the first gentleman of the county has been followed by the rest of its proprietors and merchants. Lancashire as a whole has certainly done and is doing her duty.

But what of the manufacturers? They have been reviled as the creators of the distress, either by over-production, or by an exclusive preference for American slave-grown cotton, or by both; and they have been reviled for having done little or nothing for the relief of their destitute workpeople. Is there any foundation for either of these charges? We venture to affirm decidedly that there is not.

First, as to the origin of the distress. Some persons have actually been perverse enough to affirm that there is no dearth of cotton; that the mills are closed, not because material is wanting, but because manufactured goods find no market; and this is because in 1860 the markets of all the world were glutted by over-production. If over-production were the cause of the present distress, it would not be the fault of the manufacturers, but of the merchants, wholesale dealers, and shippers, whose demand immediately regulates production. The mill-owner must make as much as he can sell while he can sell it, even if he be aware that the general production is excessive; all he can do is to be prepared for a sudden cessation of demand. While his cloth is demanded, he must make the most of a good season. But it is not true that the markets are glutted. The slackness of demand proves nothing of the sort; it proves only that merchants, tradesmen, and consumers are keeping their stocks as low as possible, and buying as little as possible, because the price is high, and because they do not know how long the present high price will be maintained. But there are two facts which of themselves refute the accusations of those who attribute the present distress to any other cause than the American war—the stock in Liverpool and on its way to Liverpool, and the price of cotton in that town. The former proves that we have not more than enough to keep our mills for a few weeks in full work; the latter, that prudent men expect this

condition of things to last for a long time to come. A famine price for cotton is irrefragable evidence of the terrible reality of the Cotton Famine.

Nor was it the fault of the manufacturers that they were absolutely dependent on American cotton. They were forced to buy the best article at the lowest rate at which they could get it. To do otherwise would have been to court inevitable ruin; and no country could compete with America in price and quality. So long, therefore, as American cotton was forthcoming, it had a practical monopoly in the European market. The manufacturer could not choose but use it; the growers of cotton in India and elsewhere, finding that they could not compete with it, ceased to grow more than a very limited amount for exportation to Europe. No doubt it was most unfortunate that we should be dependent for the material of our largest manufacturing industry on a foreign country and on slave-labour; but the misfortune was not one for which the manufacturers could possibly have provided a remedy.

But, granted that they could not have averted the distress, have they done their best to relieve it? With few exceptions they have. Put aside the idea that the manufacturers are all rich men, men of large realised wealth. Spinners, indeed, must have a considerable capital,—their own or borrowed; but of the manufacturers who are not spinners, but only weavers, multitudes are very poor; scores are now scarcely better off than their work-people; hundreds could only contribute to relief funds by defrauding their creditors. Those who are rich have, as a rule, behaved nobly; how nobly, let the following list given by Lord Derby—one list among many which we have seen—assure the most sceptical. It contains extracts from reports sent us from a few places taken at random, and fairly represents the general conduct of the maligned class.

“1. Nearly 3000 operatives out of work. Most of them are the hands of Messrs. —; and Mr. —, at his own cost, employs 555 girls in sewing five days a week, paying them 8*d.* per day; sends 76 youths, from thirteen to fifteen, and 332 adults above fifteen, five days a week to school, paying them from 4*d.* to 8*d.* a day, according to age. He also pays the school-pence of all the children. Mr. — has hitherto paid his people two days' wages a week; but he is now preparing a scheme like Mr. — to a great extent. I should add, that, in addition to wages, Mr. — gives bread, soup, socks, and clogs.

2. Mr. — has, at his own expense, caused fifty or sixty dinners to be provided for sick persons every day.

3. Messrs. — are giving to their hands three days' wages, about 500*l.* a week. Mr. — and Mr. — are giving their 130 hands, and Mr. — his 230 hands, two days' wages a week. *I may mention that Messrs. — are providing for all their 1700 hands.*

4. A great deal of private charity exists, *one firm having spent 1400*l.* in money, exclusive of weekly doles of bread.*

5. Messrs. — are providing all their old hands with sufficient clothing and bedding to supply every want, so that their subscription is merely nominal.

6. The ladies of the village visit and relieve privately with money, food, and clothing, or all if needed urgently. In a few cases distrait has been threatened, but generally the poor are living rent-free.

7. Payment of rent is almost unknown. The agent for several landlords assures me that he could not from his receipts pay the property tax ; but no distraints are made.

8. The bulk of the rents are not collected, and distraints are unknown.

9. The millowners are chiefly cottage owners, and are asking for no rents, and sacrificing a large amount of income they had a right to count upon."

Before the larger benefactions of this kind, the most munificent gifts on the subscription-lists sink into insignificance. Of course some manufacturers who could well have afforded to do likewise have failed in their duty. There are in every class men who do not understand their own interests, and men who care for no interests but their own. And, especially in the towns, the absence of any habitual intercourse or personal relation between master and men has made shortsighted and cruel selfishness more possible,—less palpable and less unnatural,—than would be a similar indifference on the part of a landowner to the sufferings of a destitute tenantry. Nevertheless, a wise master knows that he has a great interest, if his mill is ever to reopen, in keeping his workpeople from being dispersed, and even in seizing this opportunity to cultivate a friendly relation with them ; a kindly man, even if he know nothing of his hands except in the mill, is pained to think that they are starving ; a Christian cannot forget the duty he owes to those to whom he is bound by an especial tie of Christian neighbourhood. And the millowners are generally clear-sighted, kindly, and Christian ; they have done what they could for their hands, not generally by subscribing to relief-funds, but in a far better manner, by attending themselves to the wants of their own people. The man who is foolish enough to give up all care for his hands,—the man who is shameless enough to allow them to starve while he can fairly afford to help them,—is a rare exception among millowners, as he would be in any other class.

By them, and by those who have come forward to supplement and complete their work, provision has been made, or is about to be made, for the present. ¹ The prospect of the future

is as yet utterly uncertain. Every thing is doubtful. No one can venture positively to predict that the cotton of the Confederate States will, or that it will not, be liberated this year. None can say what quantity of cotton actually exists there. We have seen estimates, official, commercial, and speculative, ranging from two to five millions of bales. The first figure is probably too low; the last is almost certainly too high. Our own impression, gathered from a comparison of conflicting statements, is, that not more than three millions of bales would be forthcoming, if peace were declared to-morrow; a quantity which would suffice us until the crop of 1863 came forward, but which would not reduce the price of cotton to its normal rate. If—which is hardly to be hoped—peace should be restored before the planting season of 1863 arrives, we should probably be able to rely on a sufficiency to keep the mills in full work for the future; if not, little or no cotton will be planted this year, and that already existing will, whenever liberated, have to last us until the winter of 1864-5. In the absolute impossibility of forming any reliable opinion on the time and conditions of peace in America, those who have endeavoured to forecast the future of Lancashire have turned their eyes elsewhere, and chiefly to India. The *Economist*, which expresses the views of the most sanguine, anticipates a supply of 2,175,000 bales; which, it affirms, would suffice to provide for the foreign demand (calculated at 12,000 bales per week), and to keep the mills of Lancashire working forty hours weekly. A correspondent of that paper impugns its conclusions, on grounds which we are inclined to think substantially sound.* But the controversy is one on which we cannot pretend to pronounce judgment. It certainly seems to us that the

* "To the Editor of the *Economist*."

Sir,—Allow me to say that your 'Resources of the Cotton Trade for the next Year,' in the *Economist* of 15th inst., are not likely to be borne out by facts.

1. You under-estimate 'full consumption.' The consumption in 1861 was not 42,000 bales per week, but 45,454 bales per week, according to George Holt and Co.'s statement, which is admitted to be the best authority. But 1861 was not a year of full consumption, owing to considerable reduction having already taken place during the last months. In 1860 the deliveries for home consumption were over 50,000 bales per week: making allowance for extra stock in spinners' hands, the real consumption, according to Holt, amounted to 48,523 bales per week. For the sake of round numbers, we will say that full consumption in the kingdom requires 48,000 bales a week.

2. You under-rate the consumption of the Continent. The average of the two years 1860 and 1861 has been 1,746,000 bales—say 33,577 per week—which I will prove to you, if you wish it.

3. You forget that the average weight of India cotton is only 380 lbs. per bale, and of Brazil cotton 180 lbs. per bale; while the average weight of bales consumed in Great Britain in 1861 was 426 lbs., and in 1860 429 lbs.

4. You begin your statement with the supposed stock in ports on 31st De-

millowners do not believe in the immediate large relief which the *Economist* expects; and that a gloomy view of the future prevails generally among those who are best acquainted with the circumstances of the trade. If that view should unhappily be realised, some years may elapse before prosperity returns to Lancashire; and during those years no small proportion of the industry that has made her what she is may be withdrawn, and no small part of the wealth on which that industry depends may have perished. The evil effects of this terrible season will not soon pass away. Nor, we trust, will the lessons it has taught—lessons of mutual trust and goodwill between masters and men, lessons of charity, good understanding, and frank and fair dealing—be lost on either rich or poor. England has learned to be proud of Lancashire; Lancashire men have learned to be proud of and grateful to one another; and we hope and believe that the adversity which they have endured together will bind them closely and kindly to one another through the years of plenty which Providence may yet have in store for them.

cember next, which is a guess; while it would be better to take the stock on 31st October last, which is a fact.

The amount then will stand thus for England and the Continent: Stock in British ports, October 31, 1862, 365,000; ditto, in Continental ports, 50,000—total 415,000, of which the average weight at the outside is 380 lbs.: these 415,000 bales are, therefore, equal to 370,000 bales of 426 lbs. Suppose India sends you 1,400,000 bales during the twelve months October 31, 1862, to October 31, 1863, they are equal to 1,248,000 bales of 426 lbs.; Egypt you estimate at 200,000 bales, which I will increase to 240,000 bales of 426 lbs., including what goes to Marseilles and Trieste; Brazil you estimate at 150,000 bales of 180 lbs., equal to 64,000 bales of 426 lbs.; and the other small kinds, 25,000 bales of 426 lbs.; which will give a total supply of 1,947,000 bales of 426 lbs.; stock, October 31, 1863, England and Continent, 123,000 bales of 426 lbs.; would leave for consumption 1,824,000 bales of 426 lbs., or 35,077 bales per week. Full consumption of Great Britain is at least 48,000 bales per week; ditto of Continent, 33,577—total per week, 81,577 bales. The highest possible supply for the twelve months ending October 31, 1863, is therefore equal to 43 per cent of full consumption, or sufficient for 2·58 days per week, provided always no cotton comes from America and no cotton goes to America.

But you will not even get the 2·58 days per week; because the Continent, as a whole, will take more than its proportion. Spinning on the Continent has not been reduced, and, unless you prohibit the export of cotton from Liverpool, will not be reduced in the same proportion as is done at Manchester, for which I will state my reasons if you should wish it.—Your obedient servant,

Zurich, Nov. 18, 1862.

OTT-TRUMPLER."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

I. *Eugénie de Guérin, Journal et Lettres.* Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier.

Two years ago this Review contained a short notice of Mdlle. de Guérin's journal and letters, which had then only been printed for private circulation. The wish expressed in these pages, and felt we believe by many in France and England, that a book of rare charm and value should be given to the world, has at last been acceded to by the author's relatives. M. Trebutien, to whom the task of editing it has been intrusted, was singularly fitted to perform it, from his antiquarian habits of accuracy no less than from the instinctive good taste which is born of profound sympathy. He has omitted the dithyrambic preface, which formed the one blemish of the first edition, and has replaced it with a few pages of his own, which we could wish longer. A happy chance has enabled him to recover a large portion of the journal which had been given up as lost, and which now therefore appears for the first time. A more thorough or vivid picture of country and home life in France, as it was lived within our own generation by a woman of singularly strong and deep character, cannot be desired. We can only regret that M. Trebutien has omitted the description of Mdlle. de Guérin's daily life by her surviving sister, which we quoted from the first edition in our former article (Jan. 1861). But it will be easy to replace it; and we hope a third edition may also contain a few more of the numerous letters which are said to exist in manuscript. There are books of which it is difficult to have too much, and this is one of them.

In speaking thus strongly, we would yet guard against all misconception. Mdlle. de Guérin's life and letters are not meant to amuse an idle hour or a frivolous mind. Her casual description of one of her days,—“a reel of thread, a little reading, a little writing, a little looking out on the rain,”—may pass for a fair account of the ordinary routine of her life. But she adds a saving clause, “I do not speak of what has passed in my soul;” and herein lies the whole difference between herself and an average squire's daughter. A woman of strong will and clear mind, living in a narrow circle, with no interests but intense family loves, no support but an intense faith, she grew inwards and upwards, so to speak, rather than outwards, and having few points of contact with mankind, fed all the more upon her own heart and heaven. The old father, whom she sustained; the gifted, weak, erring brother, whom she hoped for, prayed for, and trembled for, in whose grave the best part of her own life was buried,—are the realities of her existence on earth. “My thought,” she once says, “was only a reflex of my brother's; so vivid when he was there, then changing into twilight, and now gone. I am on the horizon of death; he is below it. All that I can do is to strain my gaze into it; to see every thing without sympathy and without love.” It was probably

from this ideal of friendship, as the union of thought and soul, that she conceived a certain distaste for the less intellectual society of her own sex. "A woman's friendship is soon made up; a charm of manner, a word, a nothing, is sufficient for a *liaison*,—but they are commonly like ribbon-knots, so that it is said women cannot love one another. I do not know; we can love for a day or two, more or less, but can we love perfectly?" Gradually, as her life was left desolate, she seemed to grow in grasp of thought and insight into the spiritual order. "In the desert," as she once observes, "one can only learn thought. I told Maurice, when he talked to me about Paris, that I could not understand its language. And yet I have met people there whom I could understand. Certain souls meet through all distance. One rises, the other descends; and thus is there the meeting; thus has the Son of Man descended among us. May we not believe that those who go before us in the great things of life have pity on us, and in love send us some impulse toward the other world, some gleam of faith, some flash of light, which had else been wanting to the soul?" An ascetic by one half of her nature, finding "void and nothing every where in the world," she had the ascetic's power of rising above suffering and the things of sense. "It is true we are all born, as it were, devoted to misery. Every one has some grief; but the Christian is like the martyr, he suffers, but he sees the heavens open."

With all this, and perhaps all the more that she was real as only intense natures can be, she had a power of appreciating the little surroundings of life, and of seeing beauty everywhere where there was not sin. Her style, which is commonly marked by the strength of severe concision, at times rises into eloquence, and at times plays round her thought with the purity and light of a sunbeam. "Louise told me the other day that I found a great deal to say where other people see nothing. 'Hold!' she said; 'you would say a hundred things about that.' It was a door-latch which she raised as she went out. Assuredly there is much to say and think about this bit of iron, which so many hands have touched; which has sprung up under so many different emotions; under so many looks, under so many men, days, years. Oh, the history of a door-latch would be long!" What can be more womanly, in the pleasantest sense, than the following, or more instinctively just than the criticism of *bourgeois* government under Louis Philippe! "'The gods have only made two things perfect—the woman and the rose.' Amiable saying of a philosopher, whose tribe are not famous for them, and which for that very reason has been preserved, and which for that very reason I have extracted from a journal where it lay among the dry politics, like a flower in the shingle. I am not fond of state matters, in spite of the great interest that attaches to them; because the way in which they are treated makes one despise the men; a feeling that is painful for me: then these great and cold questions have no meaning for me, and I understand nothing where the springs of action are speculation and diplomacy. When his papers come, my father seizes on the debates, and I on the *feuilleton*. It is there that I read the Rose, and Solon's

pretty speech about the flower and us. It is a trifle, a perfume from the East, which has pleased me; a scent-box in a wilderness. It was some pretty Greek who made him say that; or perhaps it is true; how shall I say? Is there any thing to compare with the rose? Is there any thing to compare with the woman? When these two flowers of the earthly paradise appeared, the question must have been asked of God himself which he thought the more beautiful." Almost invariably these playful thoughts end in religion. In the early part of her journal, written when she was quite young, she has a great grief for a sick dog. "My Bijou is so pretty, so winning, so well-bred, so unspeakably dear as coming to me from Lili. A dog is so cheerful, so caressing, so tender, so quite our own. I think I shall cry over it; but it will be here in my room, where all my secrets pass." And she goes on to decide, that she will be justified in praying to God to save it. Similarly, on one occasion, she sees a figure on the wall. "Never have I seen a head more sublime, more divinely sorrowful, with the features attributed to our Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire the effect of my candle behind the handle of a water-jug, whose shadow encircles three flowers on the tapestry, which make up this picture." Among the secular books which composed her little library, Xavier de Maistre seems to have been the only one which at all influenced her style. Competent French judges say that no better has been written by a woman since the days of Mme. de Sévigné. The masculine thought underneath it was probably fed by Corneille, Shakespeare, St. Augustine, Pascal, Bossuet, and Lamennais. After all, a modern lending-library might not have added much to this list. Βατὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ῥόδα ought to be the motto of every private collection. Perhaps no better could be found for Eugénie de Guérin's Journal and Letters.

II. *The History of English Nonconformity.* By R. Vaughan, D.D.

Dr. Robert Vaughan is in some sense a representative man; for he is one of the best known, and not the least successful, of those numerous writers who think they are leading opinion when they are following in its wake, and who contrive, with the best intentions, to degrade great truths into very commonplace truisms. No province of literature is more infested by these feeble platitudinarians than the history of the English Puritans. At the beginning of the century no slander was too foolish to be believed against the men who ruled England at nearly the most critical crisis of her fate. The progress of historical investigation, a gradual change in political feeling, and, above all, the publication of Cromwell's Letters, has brought about a revolution in sentiment; and now there is perhaps no one living except the lady writers of high-church novels, who either believes that Cromwell was a brewer, or that Charles was a martyr. This is just the state of things to enlist on the Puritan side the disastrous aid of dull defenders. There is still a certain appearance of boldness in saying, with Dr. Vaughan, "our spiritual forefathers may not have been

perfect, but my impression is, that, take them for all in all, neither the world nor the church has seen such men elsewhere in modern times ;" whilst in reality there is no originality or vigour needed for repeating sentiments which, true or false, have become so popular that they may, in all probability, soon appear in copybooks. The natural tendency which impels weak men to crowd and impede the triumph of a great cause has, most unfortunately, in the case of the reaction in favour of Puritanism, been increased by accidental circumstances. English Dissenters, who, for a length of time, let the deeds of their forefathers moulder in oblivion, are now prone enough to plume themselves on the achievements of the men from whom, in a sense, they may trace their own descent, and, as it were, use the tombs of Baxter and Owen as convenient pulpits from whence to harangue in favour of modern voluntarism. Most unfortunately, the very motives which lead Nonconformists of the nineteenth century to celebrate the history of Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, make it hardly possible that they should tell that history either with dignity or with truth ; whilst almost the worst effect of the iniquitous legislation of 1662 has been to take from the Dissenters of 1862 that liberal culture and thorough education which is needed to produce considerable historians. Thus, Dr. Vaughan exhibits throughout his well-meaning volume a certain want of mental cultivation. The subject which he has to treat is one of immense difficulty and immense interest. A writer whose sentences and thoughts had the compression of Gibbon's would find it difficult, in the space of five hundred quarto pages, to give even a clear outline of all those marvellous changes of sentiment and belief involved in the history of English Nonconformity. Dr. Vaughan obviously does not even see the difficulty of his task ; for, while writing in a diffuse style, he fills the two first chapters of his work with topics absolutely irrelevant to the matter in hand, and, intending to write on Nonconformity, commits the practical bull of descanting on religious life in the first Christian centuries, and religious life in the Middle Ages, when Nonconformists had no existence. At last he buckles himself to his task, and narrates with considerable detail the story of Puritanism from the death of Elizabeth down to 1662. Much that he says is true, many things that he tells are full of interest ; but his truths have all been better stated before ; and his facts are known to every one who has paid any attention to the events which preceded and followed the Great Rebellion. Not one new discovery is added by Dr. Vaughan to the stock of information possessed by competent students ; not a single new thought is suggested to any thinker who is even moderately acquainted with the historical literature of the last thirty years. The treachery of Charles II., the vices of his mistresses, the irreligion of his bishops, are not, as Dr. Vaughan would appear to think, in any sense facts not generally known. On the controversy between the churchmen who passed the Act of Uniformity and the ministers who thought it a less crime to disobey the Church than to disobey their God, the moral feeling of Englishmen has already pronounced a decision. Few persons now doubt

that a measure which deprived the Establishment of Baxter and of Calamy was not dictated either by care for religion, or by far-sighted views of church-policy. On the points where every liberal-minded man is agreed, Dr. Vaughan says much. Of the points on which the judgment of the most candid and most able critics is still divided, he says little, and that little is not worth saying. No one, for example, can read the details of the Savoy Conference without being struck by the fact that the moral dignity and the controversial ability of the Puritan leaders were at least equalled by the narrowness and intolerance of their opinions; hence it happens that, while Bishop Morley was in heart and intellect infinitely Baxter's inferior, most modern English churchmen feel that on the isolated points at issue Bishop Morley held wiser opinions than the author of the *Saint's Rest*. England would have gained much had the prelates of Charles II.'s court not driven the low-churchmen of their day into dissent; but England would have lost much had Baxter been able to substitute the narrowness of his proposed Liturgy for the comparative breadth of the Prayer-Book. Whence arose the strange paradox, that good men held the opinions of bigots, whilst men whom it would be a compliment to call bigots supported opinions which now command the assent of the best educated amongst good men? Perhaps the question never occurred to Dr. Vaughan; he certainly gives it no answer. Another inquiry he could not entirely blink. That the Puritans held views as to pleasure which are opposed at least to the ordinary feelings of respectable English society is sufficiently apparent; and the question inevitably arises, whether it be the sentiment of the Puritans, or the feeling of modern Englishmen, which is false and unchristian. To answer this question satisfactorily would involve a most profound investigation into the foundations on which the whole Puritan theory of life rested. Dr. Vaughan does not see this, and gives an off-hand reply by quoting one of the least convincing of the many inconclusive arguments put forth by Mr. Kingsley. To urge that modern manners bear more likeness to the habits of the Puritans than the habits of the Cavaliers is, after all, as far as it proves any thing, only a proof of what needs no demonstration; for there is, we suppose, little doubt that whatever the faults even of Cromwell's Ironsides, their moroseness was more akin to religion than was the profligate levity of the bravos and gentlemen who crowded the court of Charles II. After all, the real problem to be solved by any philosophic inquirer into the history of English Nonconformity is,—what were the causes which, in spite of the immense virtues of the Puritans, made Puritanism terminate in failure. Dissenters, perhaps, hardly see how completely their great Nonconformist ancestors did fail in their endeavours; but persons who have no narrow admiration for the Church of England cannot fail to perceive that the decline of the English Nonconformists has equalled, and not been altogether unlike, the decline of the French Protestants. In both cases a religious party, which at one time held commanding influence in their respective countries, has sunk into the position of uninfluential sects. As regards the English Puritans it is

clear that before the Act of Uniformity their power was on the wane. Baxter, Calamy, and Owen were the surviving heroes of a great age; they left no successors; and perhaps the most important, though doubtless the least agreeable, labour which falls to the lot of the historian of Nonconformity is to form a careful estimate and account of the alterations in the character of English dissent after the Revolution of 1688.

Dr. Vaughan shirks this part of his subject. Having in the earlier part of his book tried to undertake a task which did not fall to his share, in the latter portion of his history he utterly neglects his appropriate work. Some few pages, stuffed with sentiments about the progress of religious liberty, are made to do duty for what should be a most important chapter in the annals of religious opinion. The meagreness of our author's concluding remarks at once saves them from criticism, and proves him unfit for the work he has undertaken. If his faults were peculiar to himself, they might be left unnoticed and unproved; but his platitudes, his truisms, and his wordiness, are characteristics of a whole school of writers whose amiable respectability and want of originality too often saves them from criticism. But critics are occasionally called upon to do summary justice on literary offenders; and it is time that worthy gentlemen who do no harm as long as they confine their literary activity to writing sermons, or to composing biographies of their equally worthy friends, should learn that they do offend, and that grievously, when they meddle with subjects which require for their proper treatment immense learning, and even greater powers of imagination and force of intellect.

III. *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Thomas Duffus Hardy. Vol. I., Parts 1 and 2. Longman.

Giraldi Cambrensis Opera. Vol. II. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Brewer. Longman.

Royal and other Historical Letters illustrative of the Reign of Henry III. Selected and edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley.

It is not often that three books of such singular and varied excellence as the three we have mentioned above can be looked for—within the space of three months—in a series naturally so unequal as the edition of our popular records must be. Mr. Duffus Hardy's *Catalogue* is a monument of learning, which perhaps no other scholar in England could have produced. The historian now sees before him the full extent of those various sources of history,—legends, chronicles, or letters, as the case may be,—merely to discover which might well tax the whole labours of a life-time. Our knowledge of the broad outlines of history, of the succession and interdependence of events, will not be materially affected by this publication, as the most reliable chronicles and the most important extracts from obscurer works are already familiar to the antiquarian. But

our knowledge of the household life of our ancestors, of their mechanical arts and appliances, of the practical working of their laws and customs, may easily be trebled and quadrupled by those who will explore where Mr. Hardy points. What can be more curious, for instance, than the notion of artificial hands and feet, in Anglo-Saxon times? Or more valuable than to trace the progress of the sea-banks, which have wrested so much of England from salt-water?

Mr. Brewer's book is of a widely different kind. The *Gemma Ecclesiastica* of Giraldus Cambrensis was "the whole duty of a priest" in the Middle Ages; a manual of practice by an archdeacon of the twelfth century. Written with an especial eye to Wales, it probably paints the Church in somewhat blacker colours than were deserved for other parts. Written for and presented to no less a pope than Innocent III., it may be taken as a fair view of that clerical tone which is quite distinct from formularies of faith; and it is thus an invaluable supplement to the decrees of synods. The peculiar character of the author, garrulous, boastful, and quarrelsome, fond of good stories and apt illustrations, makes the book more like a private journal than a grave treatise on divinity. Here we read of a prelate who scandalises the faithful of England by carrying a nun about with him, presumably, of course, for the sake of devout conversation only, but in unwise disregard of St. Paul's conduct toward Thecla. In another passage we come on the trace of one of those biblical superstitions which were so common in the Middle Ages; the first chapter of St. John's Gospel being read aloud by the priest, as a charm against ghosts. Luther mentions in his *Table-Talk*, that the same practice prevailed in Germany, as a preservative from thunderstorms, probably from some confusion of ideas with the name of "the Son of Thunder." The scepticism of the twelfth century,—when a certain Master Simon, of Tournay, ventured to ask publicly, "How long shall this superstitious sect of Christians and this modern invention endure?"—is curiously contrasted with the mercy of the early Church, which allowed absolution, as Giraldus tells us, to the most hardened sinner on his death-bed, if he expressed a wish for it, or—in case of his severe illness—if his friends testified to his desire. On the other hand, the stories of priests who commit the worst crimes, sometimes in the most sacred places, would delight Exeter Hall. One narrative of a miraculous judgment on an offender of this sort reads extremely like a case of spontaneous combustion, recorded at a time when there were no theories on the subject (p. 253).

Mr. Shirley's selection of letters illustrative of the reign of Henry III. takes us through the interesting period that succeeded the first confirmation of Magna Charta, when the land was distracted between the aliens who were still powerful in it, the nobles who enjoyed a brief period of anarchy, and the papal legate who was scheming to make himself regent of the kingdom, under the colourable pretext of guardianship to a minor and the son of a vassal. It is strange to think that we were once, through John's baseness, in a fair way to be a State of the Church. The vigour of our governors, the great

earl marshal, Hubert de Burgh, and Stephen Langton, represented the nation worthily, and saved us. Particularly instructive notices of private war will be found in this volume. Every antiquarian has felt certain that it was a constant form of disorder in the Middle Ages; but hitherto it has been easier to find instances where it was punished or repressed, than where it ran its course unchecked. Ordericus Vitalis speaks of it as almost unknown. Mr. Austen could only find three instances, and in one of those the offenders were brought to justice. The early letters which Mr. Shirley gives are rich in allusions to it as an habitual abuse. The volume has been carefully edited; and its successor, taking us through the Barons' War, will probably be among the most important publications of the Record Commission.

IV. *A Manual of English Literature, historical and critical. With an Appendix on English Metres.* By Thomas Arnold, B.A., formerly Scholar of University College, Oxford, and late Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Ireland. London: Longmans, 1862.

It is much to be regretted that we have no history of English literature equal to the interest of the subject and the wants of the student. Our age has produced historical works of vast research and able criticism; unfortunately English literature is not their subject matter. With the single exception of Hallam, no writer of preëminence has handled the subject; a proof of the firm hold which the Greek and Latin Classics retain, but a fact which cannot be regarded with complacency. There are some indications that the reproach will not long continue. The help given to the study of our early and heretofore unknown writers by the publications of the Master of the Rolls, and the general conviction that law and modern history ought to form part of all liberal education, will cause the want to be supplied. The subject is a grand one, and why it should have escaped our living historians, who are no less profoundly read in modern than in ancient literature, is not easy to understand. Of one class of books there is no lack, — of "guide-books," "hand-books," "compendiums," "courses," "readings," and "manuals;" to which class we may apply the words of Lord Bacon, "The opinion of plenty is among the causes of want, and the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than of lack; which surcharge nevertheless is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books, which as the serpent of Moses might devour the serpents of the enchanters." We would not undervalue the usefulness of a book because it is elementary. Elementary books are in some sort a necessary evil. Every science has its outlines and framework, and it helps the student greatly when these are correctly drawn.

Mr. Arnold's book is a great improvement on any previous one with which we are acquainted. It is scholarly and accurate, bearing

traces of careful thought and reading ; and it makes us regret that it is only what it pretends to be, "a manual." For we want more than this. We want a history in which the progress and succession of thought, the connexion between our civil history and literature, the growth of that literature from the first dawn to the latest development, the deep searching questions which produced it and of which it is the utterance, should be fully and carefully examined.

There are some distinct features in our literature, a right understanding of which is indispensable to the study of it, and which such a work would bring prominently forward. We refer, first of all, to the various foreign sources from which so much of it, in all that pertains to form and expression, is derived. In geographical position, in national institutions, in social life, in individual character, we are a most insular people ; but our literature is least insular ; as though in the sphere of thought the lines which separate nation from nation were unknown, and one purpose and inspiration made all men kin. It is not too much to say that our four great schools of poetry, of which Chaucer ; Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton ; Pope ; Scott and Wordsworth are representatives, followed and were formed upon the parallel schools of Italy, France, and Germany. Nor does this fact, which we take to be the starting-point of all criticism, lessen the glory and greatness of our poets. In Chaucer these foreign influences are most plainly manifest. His earlier poems (*The Assembly of Foules*, *The Flower and the Leaf*, *The Court of Love*, *Chaucer's Dreame*, *Romaunce of the Rose*) represent the Provençal and French Trouvères schools ; his later and more memorable works (*The Canterbury Tales*, *Troilus and Crescide*) owe their subject matter to the masterpieces of Italian literature of the fourteenth century. But the glory of Chaucer is not dimmed because the stores of antiquity were opened to him by Italian students. If he drew the outline from "the Laureat Poete," or from Boccaccio, it was out of the rich fulness of his own genius and observation that he filled up the picture with the manners, deeds, and passions of his countrymen. He was not less an English poet because he had learned all that the poets of his time could teach him ; indeed, he had read, as few men have done since, the very hearts and lives of Englishmen.

Italian influences are no less apparent in the second great period of English poetry, which begins with Surrey and Wyatt and culminates in Milton. Puttenham in his *Art of Poesie*, 1589, says of the two former in a well-known passage quoted by Hallam (*Literary History*, i. 430, fifth edition), that "having travailed into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had bene before." Educated Italians to whom Shakespeare and Milton are as familiar as their own poets, would readily admit that in the higher gifts of imagination and truth to nature the English poets are more than equal to their own. The melody of the noble Tuscan, without diminishing the vigour, smoothed

the roughness of a tongue destined to utter truths that would speak to the hearts of Italians, as well as of Englishmen, for all time.

It is well known how strongly French influences acted upon the poets of the Restoration and the time immediately following, and how the revival of German literature in Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, contributed to awaken that more natural and truer poetry which belongs to our century. Each one of these four periods is marked with its own distinctive character, can boast of its own excellences, is necessary to complete what without it would be wanting to the *ensemble* of English poetry. The freshness and simplicity of the first, the strong national and yet no less universal interest of the second, the elaborate skill and polish of the third, and the high aim and aspirations of the last, could ill be spared from our literature. Nor ought we to omit the influence exercised by the Neapolitan Marini* over many of our poets, *e.g.* Donne, Cowley, and Waller. It is Milton's praise to have been unaffected by his and their example. He is eminently free from the borrowed conceits, whimsical comparisons, "poetical punning, and research," which disfigure the best pieces of his contemporaries.

We think that a history of English literature should examine the causes of the periodical character of that literature. Why, *e.g.* is there such a void between Chaucer and Spenser? In that long time, no work appeared worthy to be compared with what preceded and followed, and the absence of which would be missed by any but professional students. It is instructive to find the same void in Italian literature. Sismondi (*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, vol. viii. c. lvii. p. 5) observes of the Italian literature which rose and set with the fourteenth century, that all at once the Muses are silent, and at the close of the century not one genius remained to do honour to his mother tongue, which seemed already exhausted, and to need a century of repose, before being employed upon new creations. "L'antiquité avait été découverte; et, dans un saint respect pour elle, on avait voulu lui faire occuper la place du temps présent: l'étude des langues mortes avait tout-à-coup suspendu la vie chez cette nation, si prompte à prendre des formes nouvelles." The wars with France, followed by the swift retribution of our thirty years' civil war, partly explain the silence of the fifteenth century in England. The shaking of men's minds, by the innovating spirit in politics and religion, which called forth the Reformation, the changing of the old order of received opinions concerning the ground on which truth rested and the authority on which it was to be received, breathed new life into the first half of the sixteenth century; but it was not a life which spent itself upon literature. Again, the opening of the treasures of Greek literature and the new and engrossing study of ancient authors tended to overlay, rather than to quicken, for a time at least, original thought. Mr. Arnold has rightly called the fifteenth century a time of active preparation

* "The celebrated innovator on classic Italian taste, who first seduced the poets of the seventeenth century into that laboured and affected style, which his own richness and vivacity of imagination were so well calculated to recommend," as Sismondi (*Literature of the S. of Europe*, Roseoe, vol. ii. 262) describes him.

in every country of Europe, and "the first two-thirds of the sixteenth century fall under the same description." England was behind France and Italy in the extent of her knowledge of antiquity. She needed to meditate, to assimilate to herself what had become the world's literary possession. The arrival and great outburst of her literature could not fail to follow the discussion and settlement, at least for that generation, of the more serious questions concerning faith and righteousness.

Another feature of our literary history equally claims attention. None of our great poets stands alone. Each one is the sun of a poetic system. Chaucer was surrounded with Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, whose lesser light has been obscured, if not quenched, for posterity by the greater light of his. But no age is so remarkable for the number of its choice and master spirits as that between 1590 and 1620—the age which saw the publication of the *Faerie Queene*, the plays of Shakespeare, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bacon's *Essays*. There is another great gathering in the reign of Anne. Pope, Swift, Dryden, Steele, and Addison make up one, however divided, household.

Mr. Arnold has not overlooked these features of our history: we think he has hardly given them sufficient attention. Some passages of his manual we have found faulty and incomplete. In his review of the Norman period, he comes across the venerable Anselm, and he is scarcely just to him. Whether Anselm founded scholasticism or not, whether his method of reasoning originated with himself or not, he was unquestionably the first great theologian of the medieval church, the first who opened the door of inquiry, and who tried to prove as a logician truths which he loved and believed as a Christian. His theories to explain the Atonement, the Trinity, and the existence of God, survive to this day, and in some systems of theology have been incorporated with Christianity itself. It is strange that Mr. Arnold does not even mention Anselm's striking thought, that the fact of our being able to conceive the existence of God is the sure proof of his existence: the thought which, "with no knowledge of its medieval origin, forced itself on Descartes, was reasserted by Leibnitz, if not rejected, was thought insufficient by Kant, revived in another form by Schelling and by Hegel, latterly has been discussed with singular fullness and originality by M. de Rémusat" (Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, iii. 250, second edition, 1857).

Mr. Arnold depreciates the literary worth of Wycliffe's writings. "Wycliffe cannot be said to have contributed to the progress of our literature, or aided to polish our language." If Mr. Arnold will compare Wycliffe's translation of the 21st chapter of St. Luke with that of our Authorised Version (to the literary excellence of which Version Mr. Arnold cannot be insensible, although in a manual of English literature he has passed it by without even a notice), he will find how great is the likeness between the language of the one and that of the other, how much the one is indebted to the other. Some critics will perhaps detect in Mr. Arnold's book an undercurrent of disesteem towards the great Anglican divines. We shall only complain that Mr. Arnold is content

with merely classing the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* "among contributions to moral and political science." Surely in any review, however cursory, more should have been said than this of a work which, in the judgment of so learned and impartial a writer as Hallam, marked an era in English literature.

Mr. Arnold's longest and best criticism is upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He is not wanting in admiration for the poet, holding with Johnson that whatever diminishes the reputation of Milton diminishes in some degree the honour of our country. He questions the fitness of the subject for an epic poem, without disputing the universal Christian interest which belongs to it, and its superiority in this respect to the subjects of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Jerusalem Delivered*. His criticism is sound, that the subject of an epic poem should admit of expansion and amplification, and that Milton's subject does not allow this liberty. Few critics will doubt that the episode of the revolt and war in heaven, however beautiful in itself, is the weak side of *Paradise Lost*. The images of the heavenly are all of earth and material; in strong contrast to the Paradiso of the great Italian, who needed for his description of the heavenly state "only the three ideas of light, music, and motion." We dissent from Mr. Arnold's view of the unscripturalness and inconsistency of Milton's conception of Satan. In Scripture the "archangel ruined" is no less an angel of light in semblance, than the father of lies in reality. Nor does Milton's image of a being consumed with selfishness and pride and dragging himself and others down to ruin rather than submit to the restraints of divine law inadequately represent the principle and essence of evil. We have as little sympathy as Mr. Arnold with Milton's peculiar theology; but we think it unfair to charge him with describing man as falling from his happy state, "in a sort of helpless predestined manner." The poet rises above the narrow system of Puritan doctrine in asserting the free action of the human will, as though, without that first truth of morality and religion, he could not justify the ways of God to man (cf. *Paradise Lost*, Book v. 230-245, viii. 635-643). If it be true that Eve is "a soft yielding fascinating being, who, with all her attractions, is in moral and intellectual things rather a hindrance than a help to her nobler consort," the deep corruption of the female character when Milton lived, as well as his own domestic unhappiness, explains the defect. It required two centuries of social progress to bridge over the wide difference between the Eve of Milton and the ideal of the *Princess*.

Lastly, Mr. Arnold seems to waver between the authority of Anthony Wood and Roger Ascham, as to the effect of the Reformation upon learning in England. The destruction of the Mss. of the library of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester by Edward's commissioners, and the falling-off in the number of students at both Universities, are set against Roger Ascham's testimony to the state of things under Bonner and Gardiner.* The gist of the question hardly lies here. Plato,

* "St John's stood in this state until those heavy times, and that grievous change, that chanced anno 1553, when more perfect scholars were dispersed from

Aristotle, Tully, and Demosthenes might be as little fruitful to the student as medieval schoolmen. It was the principle which the reformers proclaimed of the right and duty of inquiry which unclasped the fetters of the mind ; not whether such or such authors should be taken as models, systematised, and servilely followed. In this sense, and in this alone, the Reformation acted upon thought and literature, and with little intention called into life that critical study of the Scriptures which is now so powerfully affecting every one of us.

V. *The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier, taken from his own Correspondence ; with a Sketch of the general Results of Roman Catholic Missions among the Heathen.* By Henry Venn, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. London : Longman and Co.

"It forms no part of the scope of these pages," says Mr. Venn, "to describe at length the successes of Protestant missions ;" yet such a work would have been far more worthy of the labour he has lavished on this. Notwithstanding "the taunts of the Romanist writers," the apostolic life and labours of Xavier would have been better used as an incentive to emulation than as the subject of more than three hundred pages of not very successful disparagement. Any preëminence which can be asserted for the cause which he has at heart, by a carping criticism of its rivals, affords at best but a sorry triumph. The fact is, that Mr. Venn's position, as secretary of the Church Missionary Society, effectually prevented him from having the smallest sympathy with the man whose missionary enterprise he has undertaken to record. His book is rather a critique than a biography. It is a statement of such facts only as he finds mentioned in Xavier's own letters, while he rejects *in toto* the authority of all previous biographies. As to the more modern compilations, he may probably be right ; but it is surely hard measure with respect to Acosta's work, which was published just twenty-one years after Xavier's death, and that of Tursellinus, which appeared only twenty-three years later. The contradictions, however, between their narratives and Xavier's letters, their "loose statements," and "geographical mistakes," have, it seems, destroyed all Mr. Venn's confidence in their "competency or fidelity ;" an adoption of the sweeping critical canon which Dr. Colenso has applied to the Penta-teuch, which was scarcely to be expected from such a quarter. Once apprised, however, of the system on which he has proceeded, his work is not undeserving of praise. Cold and almost unfriendly in tone, it

thence in one month than many years can rear up again. For when the *Boar of the Wood* (Aper de Silva, Psalm lxxx. 13) had passed the seas, and fastened his foot again in England, not only the two fair groves of learning in England were either cut up by the root, or trodden down to the ground, and wholly went to wrack, but the young spring there, and every where else, was pitifully nipt and over-trodden by very beasts, and also the fairest standers of all were rooted up and cast into the fire, to the great weakening, even at this day, of Christ's Church in England, both for religion and learning" (*The Schoolmaster*, by R. Ascham: Upton's edition, 1743, pp. 177-179)

nevertheless affords evidence that the writer has tried to be just, and the failure must be attributed to the habits of thought which his position has imposed on him. The statements of fact are, so far as we can see, always to be relied on, and the style is marked by a certain scholarly sobriety of tone. The book, in short, gives us only the skeleton of the great Romish missionary ; but the dry bones are all there, and are accurately arranged with anatomical precision. For every thing that gives fulness, warmth, or life to the human figure the reader must seek elsewhere.

Francis Xavier was born in 1506, at the castle of Xavier, in the Spanish province of Navarre. His family was of the highest nobility, but poor ; and he endured considerable privation while studying at the University of Paris, where he graduated and delivered lectures on the Aristotelian philosophy. In the first of his letters which has been preserved, written at the age of twenty-nine, he speaks with the warmest gratitude of the exertions of Ignatius Loyola to extricate him, not only from his pecuniary straits, but from his "familiarity with men breathing out heresy." This seems a rather narrow foundation on which to build a claim for the influence on Xavier's future life of his "early acquaintance with Protestant truth." At all events, it did not prevent him from being one of the seven who, on the feast of the Assumption 1534, founded the famous order of Jesus. It was not, however, till 1540 that they obtained ecclesiastical incorporation from Pope Paul III. The interval had enabled Xavier to obtain some celebrity for his voluntary austerities ; and when John III., king of Portugal, proposed to intrust to the new order a mission to the Indies, Loyola, who had at first proposed to send two brethren who were both struck down by fever, finally consented to part with his friend. On the journey to Lisbon a man in his company was carried down by a torrent they were crossing, and was only saved by what Xavier calls "a manifest miracle." Mr. Venn, on the contrary, considers that it was only "a providential deliverance ;" a distinction eminently in keeping with his general tone. Either expression is open to criticism ; but it is surely unjust to blame Xavier because he used the language by which his own church expresses thankfulness for God's remarkable mercies, instead of that which would recommend itself to a Protestant. Xavier passed by the castle of his ancestors without stopping even to embrace the venerable mother whom he had not seen for sixteen years, and was never again to behold in this world. He rejected the prudent counsels by which his relatives would have arrested his departure ; and after spending ten impatient months in preparation, he at length, backed by all the authority of the King of Portugal, then the ruling power of the East, and strengthened by four papal briefs, set sail from Lisbon, in the vessel which carried the new viceroy, on the 7th April 1541, having just completed his thirty-fifth year.

After a weary voyage of eleven months they reached Goa, the capital of the Portuguese settlements in the East, and Xavier found himself forthwith engaged in labours not less arduous than any which

could have fallen to him among the heathen. In all ages, a cathedral town, a garrison town, and a seaport, have been the chosen seats of vice. Goa was all three; and the character of the population, consisting moreover mostly of men who were eager to make a rapid fortune, and who heartily despised the natives, was an insuperable obstacle to missionary success. Accordingly, after five months spent in preaching, catechising, hearing confessions, and visiting the sick, Xavier started for the pearl-fisheries east of Cape Comorin. To this population Christianity was not quite a novelty. Delivered from Saracen oppression by the arms of a previous viceroy, a Franciscan named Michael Vass had converted many of them. Xavier took with him some natives capable of acting as interpreters, and in the first place had the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Decalogue translated into their dialect. Then daily summoning them together by a bell, he recited these formularies till his hearers knew them by heart. On the Sunday he commented, through the medium of his interpreters, on the several articles of the Creed and Commandments, and afterwards delivered an exhortation explaining the necessity of a Christian life. Then followed the baptism of such as he deemed sufficiently instructed. Xavier himself tells us, that he had baptised a whole village in one day till his hands failed him with fatigue. Mr. Venn points out the worldly advantages offered to the converts, and that Xavier's ignorance of the native tongue makes it only too probable that they were but insufficiently instructed, and reduces, in his own opinion, the multitude of conversions "from something which sounded very grand to that which is very small." Doubtless great reductions must be made. Holding the Roman faith, Xavier baptised infant children with the eagerness of zeal; of the mass of his older converts the Christianity, perhaps, was little more than nominal; but enough will still remain to justify his fame. For the admission of converts to baptism in a very early stage of their novitiate, he might plead apostolical example (Acts ii. 41); and he openly avows, that he relies rather on the influence of character than of precept. Nor has any one ever alleged that he failed in this part of his duty. At one time defending the natives from Portuguese oppression, at another bringing succour to the Christians of Cape Comorin, who had suffered from an inroad of the army which collected the tribute of the King of Bisnaghur, he was always ready to spend and be spent. But his ardent spirit was already longing for fresh fields of labour. Armed with all the influence which the King of Portugal could give, it was for him to be the pioneer of Christianity, to lay the foundations on which others might build, and set an example of enterprise which had as yet been wanting to the church. For a moment it seemed that an opening would be made for him in Ceylon. The King of Jaffnapatam had massacred the Christian converts of the Isle of Manaar, and the viceroy fitted out an expedition against him. There was, as there always is in India, a pretender to the throne, who professed himself willing to embrace Christianity if the viceroy would espouse his cause. Xavier hoped much from this expedition, which

Mr. Venn stigmatises as a relying on the arm of flesh, and an instigating of "a hostile and murderous expedition for the advancement of true religion." If Cromwell had been obliged to resort to arms to stop the persecution of the Vaudois, would Mr. Venn have called that a hostile and murderous expedition? Surely the fact that men can only embrace Christianity at the risk of their lives is a hindrance to the Gospel, and Xavier might not unjustifiably desire its removal, even by force. His desires, however, were not destined to be granted. The expedition proved abortive, and he set sail for Malacca. During the next fifteen months he went the round of the Portuguese settlements. From Malacca to Amboyna, from Amboyna to the Moluccas, he spied out the land, summoning his brethren to his aid wherever he saw a promise of a fruitful field. He even passed on to the barbarous islands to the north of the Moluccas, where, save a doubtful tradition of a priest who had made many converts, and died among them, no Christian teacher had hitherto penetrated. Here he sojourned three months, and then returned by the same route to India. His ignorance of the native languages of course prevented him from making many converts. His tour was rather one of inspection, but it also enabled him to visit and confirm the existing Christian communities. Indeed, the hostile criticisms which have been passed on Xavier are almost all founded on the fundamental error of regarding him rather as a missionary than as a director of missions. Other less impetuous souls were better fitted for the slow toil of perfecting the Christian character. It was not for this that he had been chosen by Loyola, made papal nuncio, and almost the *alter ego* of the Portuguese monarch. His part was rather to make the first impression on the obdurate hearts of the heathen, to bring them by the spectacle of his zeal, courage, and self-denial, to submit themselves to teaching, to select the spots most favourable for the exertions of his followers; and by his letters to encourage their fainting souls, soothe them in their vexations, and guide them in their toils. In the discharge of these duties he now spent some months. But after eight years, the terrible truth had impressed itself on his mind, that any rapid and remarkable adoption of the Christian faith was not to be expected where the natives were brought in contact with European civilisation. Nothing could outweigh the effect produced by the contrast between the doctrine and practice of Christians. So convinced was he of this, that he even recommended the King of Portugal to hold his lay governors responsible for the failure of the missionaries. For himself, he determined to seek a field as yet unvisited by Europeans. He handed over the government of his order in the East to Fathers Camerti and Gomez, and embarked for Japan.

The result of this enterprise certainly justified him in the above reasoning. Whatever the spirit of detraction may insinuate, a mission which after three generations numbered 37,000 converts, who mostly sealed their faith by the endurance of martyrdom, is a crown of glory to its founder. No doubt Xavier enjoyed some advantages. One Auger, a Japanese driven from his country, by what he himself

calls "the rage of his enemies," was converted by a Portuguese captain. In Xavier's hands he became an instrument of priceless value, and in a few months mastered Portuguese, became a zealous Christian, and even translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into his native tongue. Besides Auger, Xavier took with him a Jesuit named Cosmo Turrianus, who seems to have been admirably suited for the work, and three servants, one a Portuguese, one a Japanese, and the other a Chinaman. It is not necessary to pursue the details of their labours. Xavier himself remained in Japan rather more than two years, and penetrated as far as Miako, the capital. The first object to which he devoted himself was always to conciliate the ruler of the district. This also was "a relying on the arm of flesh;" but it is obvious that people must be induced to listen before they can be persuaded, and that if listening is a capital crime, hearers will not be plentiful. Xavier and his companions, moreover, could have made no converts after they were dead; and his negotiations with the temporal power seem to have been directed towards the not unreasonable end of securing liberty to preach at a smaller risk than that of life itself. The other old taunt, that he knew but little Japanese, and therefore could not himself have converted many, rests after all on Xavier's own self-disparagement; and he was not the man to exaggerate his own doings. Mr. Venn's assertion, that he failed "to acquire any native languages, whether from inability or from undervaluing the means of preaching the Word of God," is as extravagant as the Romish assertion that he had the gift of tongues, and the last words contain a sneer which is worthy of Gibbon. If he did fail to acquire any native language, he abundantly earned the right to have his shortcomings liberally construed; and the doubt whether he may not have undervalued preaching so far as to make no adequate effort to learn, is contradicted by the whole tenor of his life. That he had no aptitude for such studies is probably true, that he never spoke any native language fluently is also probably true; but to suppose that in two years he could not master the Japanese tongue sufficiently to make himself understood, is to suppose him duller than every lad who passes the examination of the civil-service commissioners. As soon as his mission was firmly established, Xavier returned to Goa to resume the care of all the churches. His arrival was none too soon. Dissension and misgovernment were already at work, and three months were consumed in the thankless task of restoring order. But his soul was bent already on opening China to the faith. The Viceroy of India furnished him with a vessel and her outfit, and he determined to seek a personal interview with the Emperor of China. At Malacca the governor seized the vessel and forbade the embassy. But Xavier was not to be deterred. With chagrin and indignation gnawing at his soul, he embarked alone in a merchant vessel, and arrived safely at Sancian, a small sandy island off the port of Canton. A bribe of 300*l.* failed to procure him so much as entrance into the inhospitable land. A fever seized on him. Without even a priest to administer the last rites of his church, he lay in a wretched hovel on the shore. Some Portuguese merchants entering the cabin on the

2d Dec. 1552, found him in the agonies of dissolution, and hastily buried him where he died. Two years later his body was removed to Goa, and sumptuously enshrined in the chapel of his order.

Of Mr. Venn's performance we have not been able to speak favourably; yet he has impressed us with the notion that he would have been just if he could. He concedes to Xavier a clear intellect, a magnanimous spirit, self-abasement, and condescension towards others, and a compassionate and loving heart. He points out five great missionary endowments in him,—energy in his calling, boldness, sympathy for his fellow-labourers, zeal as a peace-maker, and fulness and frequency in his letters to the church at home. But Mr. Venn was bound to show that Romanist opinions were not compatible with sound missionary enterprise; and the necessity has driven him into a series of miserable cavils. But the result may serve to prove that the inordinate admiration for their heroes which commonly affects biographers, and under the name of the *lues Boswelliana* has attained to the rank of a distinct disease, is not the only or the greatest danger which threatens them. A biographer requires, first, sympathy with the character and principles of the subject of his book; and, secondly, a clear head and cool judgment to hold the balance rightly and secure the interests of truth. The want of the latter quality may reduce his work to the level of a panegyric; but the want of the former degrades it into a *caput mortuum*.

VI. *A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches*. By Thos. Adolphus Trollope, author of "A Ramble in Brittany," "A Summer in Western France," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

The subject of Mr. Trollope's book will secure attention to it. Notwithstanding much travel and the making many books, it is strange how large a part of Italy is really unknown. Tourists hurry from one capital to another, passing by on the other side the cities which lie between; and more curious travellers are often deterred by reports of the insecurity and badness of the roads from leaving the beaten track. Of the thousands of Englishmen who visit South Italy, not ten yearly turn off from the high road between Rome and Naples to explore the Molise district, with its vast Matese mountain-chain, or to gain from the top of Mileto the unrivalled view of the Apennines, with their spurs reaching from sea to sea. Yet this district which contains the ruins of Alifæ and Bovianum and has Campobasso for its capital, is within an easy day of Naples.

Mr. Trollope has many qualifications for a good guide through the less known parts of Italy. He is well acquainted with the Italian language and literature; he has a hearty sympathy with the present hopes of her people. Generally he is cautious in forming and giving opinions, unless where some lying wonder rouses a just indignation, and hatred of the Roman system gets the better of him. His Italian studies are also in the right direction. It is time to say that no knowledge of ancient Italy can make up for ignorance of medieval

Italy. In many questions which concern our history and institutions, the latter will help us much, where the former is necessarily silent. Larger acquaintance with Italian topography will clear up doubtful points of Roman military history; the examination of old sites and monuments will set many antiquarian questions at rest; and happily there are learned Germans and Danes ready for the work. But there are few Englishmen who will not say with Mr. T. A. Trollope: "To me the traces and memorials of the times when that civilisation of which our own is the immediate successor and heir grew up and flourished and died, are even more interesting than the remains of a social system immeasurably more distant than our own. And I turned from the anxious speculations of the gentlemen who are hoping to discover enough of the foundations of the Eugubian Roman theatre to enable them to prove that it was exactly like all the other Roman theatres in its arrangements, to look with much livelier interest on a work executed by the free medieval burghers of Gubbio, for the more effectual prosecution of the various industries, especially that of cloth-weaving and dyeing, which produced the 'money power' that so much astonished the monk of a subsequent age" (p. 91).

Mr. Trollope visited the cities of Città di Castello, Gubbio, Assisi, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo, Loreto, Recanati, and Ancona. There is a more or less striking likeness in the fortunes of most of these cities. Once "free" self-governed communities, they sank gradually under a tyranny, "*il governo di un solo*." The citizens, harassed by civil feuds, preferred that one man should have the rule over them rather than endure the oppressions of the few. And when this tyranny became intolerable by reason of its licentiousness and cruelty, they asked for the protection and government of Rome. The result is instructive. The turbulence of a tyranny was less hurtful to prosperity than priestly rule. The sources of life were checked by the one, they were poisoned under the other. The splendid palaces, the stability and taste of private dwellings, all the signs of a widely-spread prosperity belong, not to the last 300 years of papal government, but to previous times. The blood runs cold on reading the well-authenticated details of judicial murder committed by the ecclesiastical authorities at Fermo in 1854. If such cases were common, and all testimony agrees that they were, Mr. Trollope may well say that the rule of an *Oliveretto* were preferable. We wish Mr. Trollope had stated more fully the working of those changes which have followed the incorporation of Umbria into the Italian kingdom. We learn that the expulsion of the monks under the Provisional Governor Pepoli has caused some discontent, but not the discontent which reactionists affirm and desire. People complain that the monks who gave away doles to the poor at the convent gates have been ejected because of their large possessions, while the mendicant friars who live on the scanty means of the rural population are suffered to remain, because they have no possessions to lose. The feeling is, that the one should have been done and not the other left undone.

Mr. Trollope surveys at some length Assisi and Loreto. He does

not care to describe that memorable church, long the wonder of Christendom, built to the memory of St. Francis and adorned by Cimabue, Giotto, and Giotto. And his minute account of Loreto will not stand comparison with the eloquent narrative of the author of *Sinai and Palestine*. Some omissions have surprised us. There is no notice of the celebrated Tabulæ Eugubinae which were found not far from Gubbio, and we believe are still to be seen there; no mention of Recanati as the birthplace of Leopardi; no reference to the siege of Ancona in the twelfth century by the forces of Frederick Barbarossa, and its heroic defence. Mr. Trollope intends his book to be of permanent use. If he had given us a clear history of one of these ancient cities, as told by the chroniclers and local historians (whom it is his great merit to appreciate), and if he had omitted some of the lesser incidents of his journey, which, however noteworthy to himself, are somewhat tedious to the reader, his book would have been quite as entertaining and much more instructive.

VII. *Mr. Worsley's Translation of the Odyssey of Homer.* Books xiii.-xxiv.

This is the second and last instalment of Mr. Worsley's beautiful poem. Beautiful in many parts it is—and *his* poem we may call it; for it is certainly not Homer. Judging by the paroxysm of the translation fever which has of very late years set in, we may fairly augur that we have not seen the last of the attempts which will, very usefully perhaps, yet be made to present Homer to a classical public in every variety of attire. The learned and intricate sublimity of Milton; the shrewd, sweet, limping gossip of Chaucer; the wreathed, romantic fancies of Spenser,—all in turn find their eager advocates as the proper English dress in which to introduce the actual old bard to those who have heard so much about him. In every garb but his own, however,—even Mr. Worsley's,—he looks "translated" indeed. It may be said that the metre of any English poet is something quite independent of his language and imagery. We cannot think so. It appears to us, on mature reflection, that given any language and a certain metre, the use of that metre will exercise a sort of magnetic attraction over that portion of the language, and those combinations of it, with which the metre has most affinity. The poet may fancy he controls the metre; but the metre controls him. A metre is an instrument, in the use of which the poet or translator can use his free will only up to a certain point. The water he draws from the Castalian spring will irresistibly, for the time, take the form of the pitcher he employs. When the English language is poured into the hexametral mould, there is a certain general moral and intellectual form, which it is already predetermined to take, wholly independent of the efforts of the writer at any given points of his composition. If he press it here, it will bulge out there; and so on. This being the case, that prevailing moral and intellectual colour and form which the English language takes in the hexameter, may be, and generally will be, something wholly and generically differ-

ent from the necessary colour and form of another language in the same metre. As a matter of fact, the old Greek hexameter and the English hexameter differ fundamentally in their whole spirit and effect. It is impossible, we think, for any person not the translator to look at the practical effect of the English hexameter in any given number of lines, together or singly, purporting to translate Homer, and not to feel that the total result, independently of scholarship, is not in the least Homeric, but something essentially alien to it—something less homely, less simple, less gleaming, sunny, and distinct, but more prismatic, and inevitably charged with a pseudo-romantic effect which is most of all un-Homeric. It is not that the ideas of Homer may not be partially at least reproduced. It is, that the combination of English words in that metre gives rise at every step to a sidelong moral colour and association, compounded of the sense and the music, which is essentially English, and different from the peculiar collateral associations awakened by the same ideas in the same metre in Greek. And what is true of the hexameter is true of every other metre in different degrees. Each conjures up a moral mirage of its own. Thus, generally, we may say that each particular metre, viewed as a medium of translation, is accompanied by a certain prismatic colouring inseparable from that metre, but different from the prismatic colouring which also would necessarily accompany the use of any other. Mr. Worsley quotes, as the very best and Homeric hexameters that he has yet seen, two of Mr. Arnold's lines :

"But let me lie dead, with the dark earth mounded above me,
Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of!"

Very possibly they may be the best. But they are not Homer. Nor is Dr. Hawtrey's beautiful line,—

"Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia ;"

nor this of Mr. Kingsley,—

"As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested."

though all are unquestionably beautiful in their way.

In truth, not only has the English hexameter "a plunging and floundering" effect, which, contrary to Mr. Worsley, we hold to be inseparable from it—not merely accidental—but the very genius of the English language, when forced into hexameter, seems to involve a certain mouthing tenderness, a fluffy, particoloured sentimentality, which is wholly foreign to Homer.

Another objection to the English hexameter—a very formidable one, we think—lies in the fact, that hardly any rhythm could be chosen which necessitates turns more remote from the natural idiomatic cadence of English as it is spoken. But if we compare Homer with Herodotus and Hesiod, it is impossible, we think, not to feel that the great bulk, if not absolutely all, of the Homeric idioms formed at one time part of the natural spoken language of the Greeks. Not that the Greeks spoke in hexameters. But we may more than conjecture that the bulk of the Homeric idioms—such as, taking three out of a

thousand, *ὡς φάτο, ἐς μέσσον δ' ἀναγον, βῆν δ' ἵμεναι διὰ δῶμα* (the last of which suggests our vulgarism, "they went for to go," rather than any more high-sounding words)—were at some time the common popular idioms in the common popular cadence. If so, it is easy to see how the rhapsodists unconsciously fell into the hexameter, because it was, in fact, that rhythm which lay closest to all the possible combinations of the common popular language. In English, the same rhythm is precisely that which of all rhythms lies furthest from the spoken language. Hence the uniform simplicity in the mere tone and gait of Homer's verse. Hence, too, the constant strain, "the plunging and floundering," in the English hexameter.

Nevertheless these are not Mr. Worsley's grounds for trying the Spenserian metre. He admits that the hexameter defended by Mr. Arnold is "the abstract best." But he contends that the abstract best is not necessarily the "practical best" for translation. And his defence of one metre against another is thus founded on strictly personal grounds. "Granted," he says, "that the Spenserian stanza is not the best possible form of English verse for the purpose to which I have applied it, but I feel it to be the best for me." There is some reason in this. Nevertheless we think that Mr. Worsley throws the scientific side of the question too much into the shade. To take a mathematical illustration, translation may be compared to the change of coördinates for a given curve. And looking upon English as one set of coördinates, there must be, we fancy, some expression which is the nearest approach to an undistorted view of Homer possible in our language, and only one; and the discovery of it is a matter of poetical science, not of personal feeling.

But we pass to the actual translation before us; and the first thing we observe is the courtly, romantic style of Mr. Worsley's language, in sharp opposition to the cold, clear, sibilant, and guttural—the popular idiom of Homer. The very opening line of the 13th book,

Ὡς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ

places the bard before us rapidly gossiping his endless rhythmical stories to idle but hungry ears. Compare it with the smooth, polished, rather languid, and courtier-like utterance: "He ceasing" (you can see the flourish of the poet's white hand, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief),

"all sat charmed in the great halls,
Mute, till the lord Alcinous answer gave."

The "*lord Alcinous*" indeed! Here we are at once in full romance. Then again, "answer gave" is an artificial and therefore weak inversion, alien to our common usage and the common spirit of English talk. The Greek,

τὸν δ' αὖτε Ἀλκίνοος ἀπαμείβετο,

is a plain straightforward idiom, in natural sequence. Homer wanted to say that Alcinous answered the man who spoke last, and he said it *totus in ipso*, uncumbered by care of beautiful speech.

Can any thing be conceived more elegantly alien to the homely headlong earnestness of Homer than the following :

"Therefore this charge I give you, chieftains brave,
Who here still quaff the senatorial wine,
And in my fair halls list the minstrel's voice divine."

These are the mincing, affected words of a man "who sets himself to be himself admired," not of the honest, barbaric, yet garrulous chieftain (garrulous, that is, with the poet's garrulity), who says :

ἰμέων δ' ἀνδρὶ ἐκάστω ἐφίμενος τάδε εἶρω,
ὅσσοι ἐνὶ μεγάροισι γερούσιον αἶθρα οἶνον
αἰεὶ πῖνεν' ἐμοῖσιν, ἀκούζεσθε δ' αὐτοῦ.

The burly good-natured emphasis of ἀκούζεσθε δ' αὐτοῦ sounds irresistibly comical when rendered by "list the minstrel's voice divine." Nor is there a single stanza throughout the translation against which similar objections could not be urged, and, we think, with perfect justice and fairness.

We trust Mr. Worsley will not mistake our remarks, as in any way implying hostility to his laudable undertaking, nor any insensibility to the beauty of many parts of his work. We can only repeat our conviction, that if any one reading Mr. Worsley thinks he is reading Homer, he will be much mistaken ; but if he dismisses Homer from his mind, and thinks only of Mr. Worsley, he may find much to interest and to gratify him.

VIII. *The Home and Foreign Review*. Nos. I. and II. London : Williams and Norgate.

In departing from the usual reserve which restrains us from noticing our rivals in periodical literature, we must plead as our first justification, that we have nothing to say of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* that is not to its praise. It is evidently conducted and written with singular ability ; and some of its articles, such as one on the "Secret History of Charles II.," in the first Number, and those on "General Average" and on "Manuscripts at Cambridge," in the second, display an unusual combination of rare knowledge and clear thought. Nevertheless these qualities are, after all, of secondary importance. Mere intellect and knowledge are becoming every day more and more marketable articles, to be obtained in any degree and quantity at their appropriate price. The great merit of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* is, that being a Catholic organ, even Ultramontane in principle, it represents a living idea, which, if the prelates of its own church do not suppress it, after the fashion of superiors, may go as far to make Catholicism tenable by thinking men in the nineteenth century as the conditions of the case allow. In an answer to Cardinal Wiseman, who has an unfortunate notoriety in his own communion for distrusting and opposing every movement which he does not himself initiate or control, the leaders of this new party explain their philosophical

position. Believing, as all of us believe, that there is a transcendental truth which we know inadequately because we only see it in part, they differ from us in assuming that the Catholic church is its depositary in all matters of faith. Where the Protestant believes in a perpetual progression of human thought towards its Divine Original, in a constant remodelling of creeds no less than of sciences, the liberal Catholic assumes that his creed is no subject for speculation, and that if it grow at all through accretion or substitution, its changes must still be the result of the Spirit of God speaking through the visible head of the church. It is in fact the distinction of imperialism and constitutional government; the question whether change shall originate from above or from below. But the man who holds this principle of "central rest" does not necessarily deny the fact of "endless agitation" around it, any more than we who regard the existence of a God as a first axiom are thereby bound to finality on other subjects of speculation. The results of geology, philology, and ethnology, may seem inconsistent with one another and with religion; but these contradictions, which after all are nothing by the side of the contradictions in human nature, the belief in law, and the sense of free-will, must be regarded as mere results of our own imperfect knowledge, as difficulties which will disappear when the system that we see in part is disclosed in its entirety. The cavils of orthodox sciolism against fearless science in fact arise from a latent distrust in Deity; a belief that God may have said one thing to Moses, while he did another in the great scheme of creation. The more reverent philosopher, whose religion is based on faith in the God of truth, knows that his Maker cannot be inconsistent with himself, and answers like Copernicus, when he was told that sixteenth-century observation could detect no phases in Venus such as his theory demanded, that "God will find an answer to the mystery." It is not for us to patch up a theological Kosmos, but to take fact and law as we find them, at all hazards.

We have said that the theory of the *Home and Foreign Quarterly* seems to us of the last importance to Catholicism. It opens a door for admitting the notoriously sceptical men of science, the Cuviers and St.-Hilaires, into the fold. It demands no compromise of opinion on matters outside religion, and leaves the question of faith where ignorance of theology, habit, deference for authority, and other such motives, would decide nine men in ten to conform silently, perhaps to believe. Taken with the doctrine of Development, which opens the path of repentance and change for infallibility, this new theory completes a logical system which is at once rational, tolerant, and severely orthodox. Its only weak point is the fatal one inherent in the very structure of Catholicism. It is based on the supposition of a perpetual miracle in the church's government. It assumes that the men whom all history shows to have been quite as often at least men of narrow intellect, petty motives, and imperfect knowledge, as large-minded and well-meaning, are yet not only the depositaries of eternal truth, but its sole practical administrators. The doctrine of papal infallibility may be explained away and softened down by the limits of its application to

matters of faith, by the doubt where it resides, and by its infrequent exercise ; but who is to save conscience and liberty if the church, or, in other words, the priests, are " to govern and educate, so far as government and education are needful subsidiaries to her great work of the salvation of souls" ? Who is to define the faint spiritual boundary within which the church is to be supreme, and beyond which the state and the home may be inviolate ? It is all " Plato's commonwealth." Assume the clergy all like Borromeo or St. Cyran, the philosophers like Copernicus or Pascal, and the strife of those who seek to save souls with those who desire knowledge would still be internecine ; the old story would be acted out again,—the theories of Copernicus proscribed, Pascal persuaded to burn his manuscripts. But take the clergy as they are when such a man as Cardinal Wiseman is one of their most learned representatives and not the least liberal, and what quarter would be given, let any man ask himself, to a historian who wrote honestly about Leo X., to a geologist who differed from Genesis, or to a statesman who counselled the surrender of the temporal power ? No philosophy of Catholicism will tempt us into the lion's den, while there are no traces of footsteps from it into the air and life.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

History of the Romans under the Empire. By the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D. Longman.

[Reviewed in Article VIII.]

Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam. Murray.

Scotland under her Early Kings. By E. W. Robertson. Edmonston.

[A scholarly book on a period that has been little treated of by historians.]

Lady Morgan's Memoirs. Allen and Co.

[An amusing book of aristocratic gossip.]

Ten Years in the United States. By D. W. Mitchell, formerly resident in Richmond, Virginia. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Written from the Southern point of view, but neither unfair nor unfriendly to the North.]

Waterloo. By G. Hooper. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A very masterly and thorough discussion and picture of the Waterloo campaign.]

Five Months on the Yang-Tsze. By Captain Blakiston. Murray.

[An interesting account of travels in a country hitherto unexplored by Englishmen, and with two very good chapters on the Taepings.]

My Diary North and South. By W. H. Russell. Bradbury and Evans.

Servia and the Servians. By the Rev. W. Denton. Bell and Daldy.

[A truthful account, chiefly from the ecclesiastical point of view, of travels in an interesting country.]

Kington's History of Frederick the Second. Macmillan.

Lives of the Engineers. Vol. III. By Samuel Smiles. Murray.

Greece and the Greeks. By Frederika Bremer. Hurst and Blackett.

Christopher North : a Memoir of John Wilson. By Mrs. Gordon. Edmonston.

Pre-Historic Man. By Professor Wilson. Macmillan.

African Hunting. By C. B. Baldwin. Bentley.

268 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

Collected Papers. By Mrs. Grote. Murray.

[The most interesting of these is an account of a village quarrel with a Lady of the Manor.]

Journal of a Mission to Afghanistan in 1857. By H. W. Bellew. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Amusing and very faithful.]

Lost among the Affghans. Edited by H. O. Fry. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[The romantic and incredible adventures of a boy, said to have been saved from the English army in Afghanistan, and evidently the work of one who has been in the East.]

Modern Pantheism. Translated from M. Emile Saisset. Williams and Norgate.

[A lucid review of different systems of philosophy.]

A Lenten Journey in Umbria. By T. A. Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices, No. VI.]

Roads and Rails. By W. B. Adams. Chapman and Hall.

Eugénie de Guérin, *Journal et Lettres*. Didier.

[Reviewed in the Short Notices, No. I.]

No Name. By Wilkie Collins. Sampson Low.

Orley Farm. By A. Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[Reviewed in Article II.]

Lady Audley's Secret. Tinsley Brothers.

[One of the best "sensation" novels.]

Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles. By Mrs. H. Wood. Bentley.

[Inferior to former works by the same author.]

Footsteps behind him. Sampson Low.

[Better sketched than written.]

The World in the Church. By F. G. Trafford. Skeet.

[Not equal in interest to the author's earlier works.]

Normanton. By A. J. Barrowcliffe. Smith, Elder, and Co.

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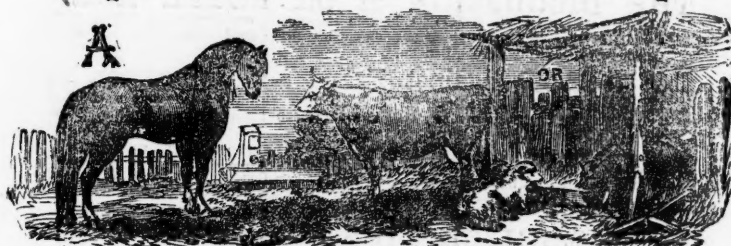
The Inland Revenue Report on Tea, for 1862, also condemns this adulteration; it was printed by command of Her Majesty, and laid before both Houses of Parliament. An able Leading Article in the "Times," August 15, reviews this State Document, which cautions all against using the highly coloured leaf, and shows the impolicy of allowing mineral colour on Tea, especially as it is used as daily food.

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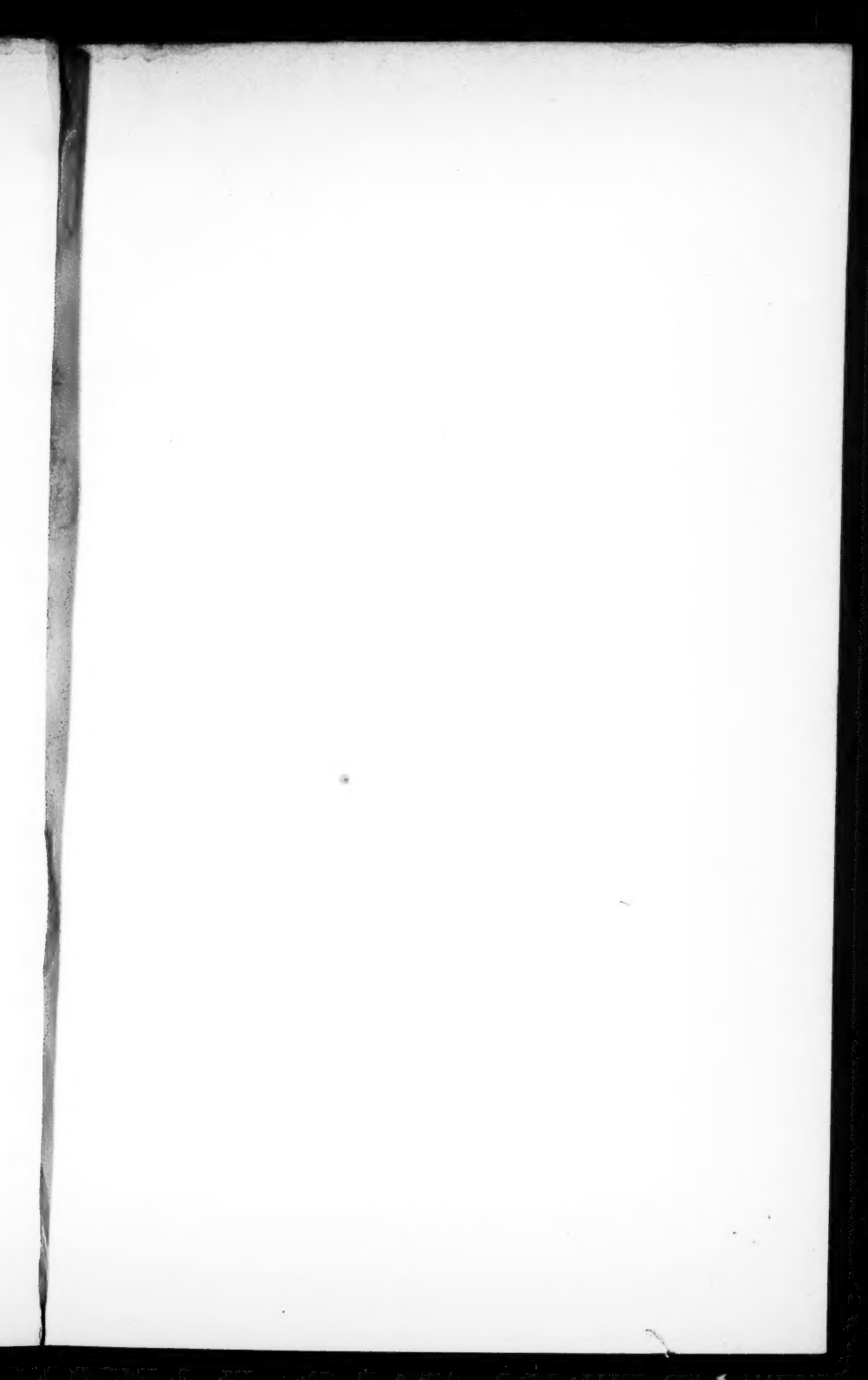
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